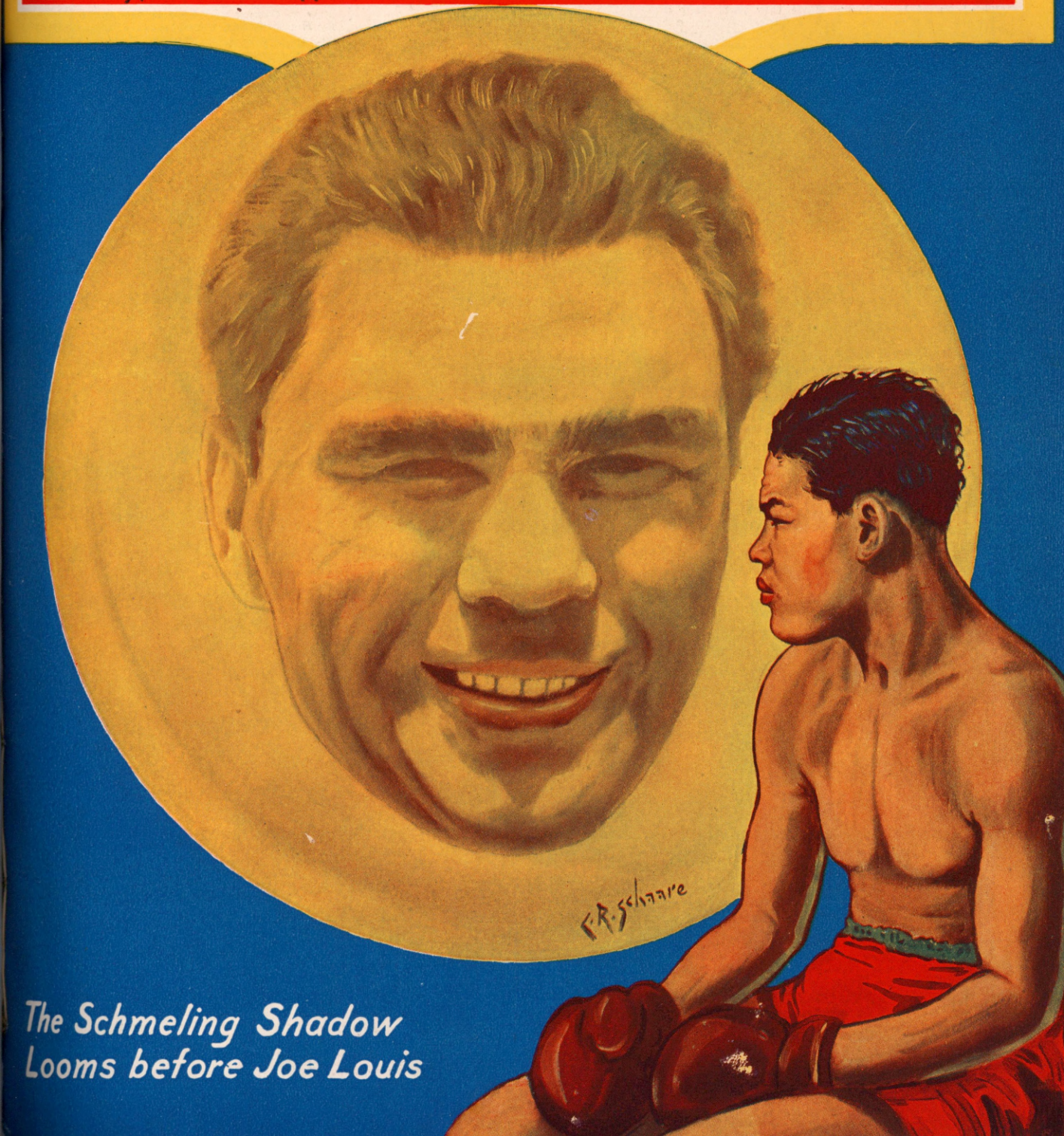
LOUIS-BRADDOCK PICTURES

25 CENTS

SEPTEMBER

The RING



The Schmeling Shadow Looms before Joe Louis

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

From Milo to Londos. The story of wrestling from 2000 B.C. to 1936. By Nat Fleischer. Price, $3.25. De Luxe Edition, limited to 1000 copies.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—The story of the greatest fighter of recent years. Revised Edition to 1936.—By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.25

"Relief to Royalty." The story of the career of Jimmy Braddock. By "LUD."—Price $1.25.

"Ruby Robert." The life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price $1.00

"The Bruiser." The greatest story on a fighting man's career ever written by this famed author. Realistic. His fighting talk holds you spellbound.—By Jim Tully.—Price $2.00

Sins of New York. While they last. Only a few copies left. Famous pictures from old Police Gazette and stories of the Bare-Knuckle Days. By Ed Van Every — Our Special Price $4.00

Sins of America—By Ed Van Every. With many old time Police Gazette pictures—Our Special Price—Only a few left $4.00
The two for $7.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

Joe Louis, Man and Superman. By Ed Van Every. (Highly recommended.) Price $1.00

Joe Louis, The Brown Bomber. By Gene Kessler. Price .....35 cents

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price $1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price .....75 cents

Ten and Out—(A History of Boxing)—By Alexander Johnston. Regular $3.50—Our price, $2.50.

Fall Guys—The story of Wrestling by Marcus Griffin. Price $1.00

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price $1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price $1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price Each $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $9.00. 1932-1933-1934—Price Each $9.00. 1935—Price $8.00. 1936—Price $7.00. No other years available.

The Post Record Book for 1937—By John J. Romano. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

The Everlast Record Book for 1937—By Eddie Borden. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

From Milo to Londos—(The story of wrestling through the ages—from 2000 B.C. to 1936.) Limited, autographed Edition—Price $3.25. By Nat Fleischer.

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curly and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price $1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustrations. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price ....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst .....Price 75 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Art of Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, and 15 cents for postage.

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—By George Hackenschmidt $1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special Chapters on Weight Lifting .....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price $1.50

Simple Strength Tests .....75 cents

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $2.00. Our Price $1.25

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $3.00. Our Price $2.00

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated $1.00

Maxick's Muscle Control. Price $1.50

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum $1.50

BOXING BOOKS

Scientific Blocking and Hitting and Other Methods of Defense. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price ...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics $1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells $1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll....$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier $1.15

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

The Technique on How to Become Scientific in the Art of Self-Defense. By Eddie Toy. Price 75 cents.

No Books Sent C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to punch the bag. 11—How to skip the rope. 12—Rubdowns. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do, with heaps of photographs.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } Money Order for ..... for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer"
"How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

{ Please mark books desired. **No books sent C.O.D.**

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

City ..... State .....

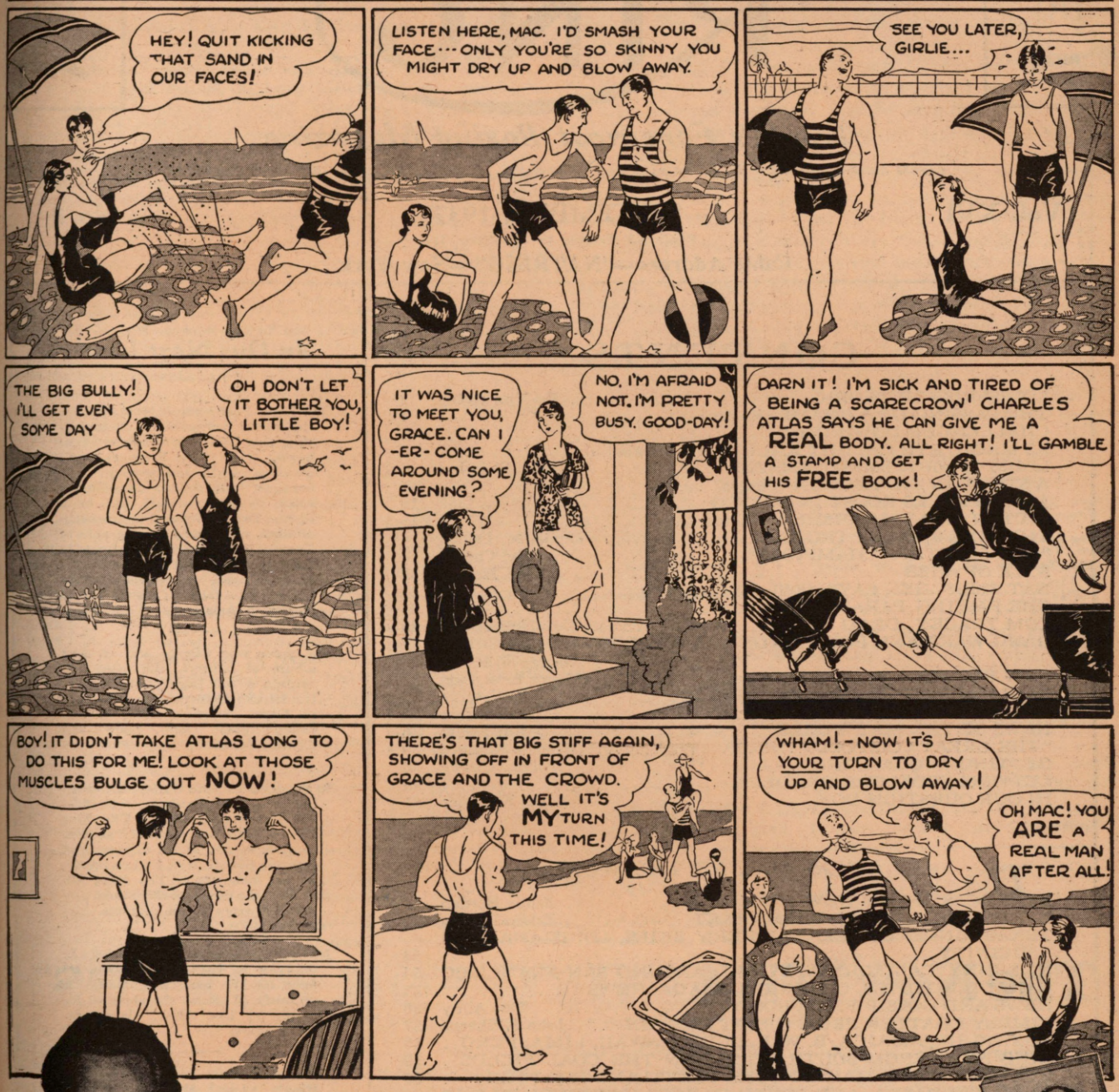
REVISED EDITION

"How to Second a Boxer and How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



The 97-lb. Weakling Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

THEY used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scare-crow. Then I discovered *Dynamic Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

At my own risk I'll give you PROOF *in just 7 days* that my same method can make you over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

I'll PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

I'll PROVE that **Dynamic Tension**—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or contraptions—that may strain your heart or other vital organs—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! In just a few minutes a day!

Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about **Dynamic Tension.** Shows actual photos. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy **today.** Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 80Y, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of the title: The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man

THIS STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY

This valuable cup stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 80Y, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1937—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XVI **SEPTEMBER, 1937** **No. 8**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

CONTENTS

LOUIS' RISE METEORIC	Ed Van Every	3
THE PASSING OF A CHAMP (Photos)		4
CHALLENGER DOWN (Photos)		6
AS MAGIC EYE CAUGHT KNOCKOUT (Photos)		7
LOUIS' IMPROVEMENT AMAZES	Nat Fleischer	8
A STUDY IN EXPRESSION (Photos)		11
JACOBS RULES ROOST IN BOXING	Hype Igoe	12
VICTOR AND VANQUISHED (Photos)		15
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER	Daniel M. Daniel	16
"THE FIGHTING CHAMPION"	Ted Carroll	18
SOCK OF AGES	Gene Kessler	20
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		22
THE PASSING PARADE (Photos)		24
TOM TRACEY, DEAD	Jack Curley	25
GANG WARS AND POLITICS OF THE PRIZE RING	George T. Pardy	26
NEW FACES	Meyer Ackerman	30
FROM MOLINEAUX TO JOE LOUIS	The Veteran	32
THE "KILLERS"	Bill Doherty	35
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Nat Frank	36
"THE GREAT" CISTOLDI	Bernice Sandboe	39
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Emery Clarke	40
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		48
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	51

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	50
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	52
TEXAS RINGS, UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES, LOUISIANA AND VICINITY		53
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO		54
CANADIAN TOPICS, ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS		55
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON	Doc Almy	56
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	57
BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I., CUBA, HAWAII, LIMA, PERU		58
RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA, IN THE COAL FIELDS		59
HOLYOKE NEWS, MAINE NOTES, CLEVELAND CHATTER		60
IOWA, NEBRASKA, AND SOUTH DAKOTA, MISSOURI, IN THE NORTHWEST, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, MICHIGAN		61
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, SOUTHERN OHIO		62
IN SYRACUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y., ROCHESTER, N. Y. AND PITTSBURGH		63
IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER	I. Q. Gross	64

In Our Next Issue

The Louis-Farr international fight for the world heavyweight championship, now holds the attention of the boxing world. The Ring, as in all previous world heavyweight title contests, will devote considerable space to this mill. It will be a Special International Championship number, with many photographs of Tommy Farr in training; Louis in training and special stories on other famed British champions who engaged in famous international battles in America.

For those who like to add to their album of fighters, this issue will contain a full page photograph of the British challenger and also one of Great Britain's other famous heavyweights, Jem Mace and Charley Mitchell.

In the death of Jack Curley, the sporting world, particularly, wrestling, has lost a dear friend. The Ring Editor, who was probably as close to Jack as any of his thousands of sporting friends, feels his loss keenly. In the next issue, The Ring will present the career of this famed promoter in story and in pictures.

Jake Kilrain who fought with John L. Sullivan in the last bare-knuckle fight for the heavyweight title, is seriously ill. Read the story of his career by Doc Almy, his pal for many years.

These in addition to stories by The Ring's all-star staff—Hype Igoe, Murray Lewin, Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, George T. Pardy.

A Knockout Issue—Order it in Advance

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to The Ring, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

LOUIS' RISE METEORIC

"JOE LOUIS has done more to bring boxing back than anyone in the game today, and deserves to be the champion." With this sincere tribute, made by Joe Gould over the air back in Jim Braddock's dressing room the night the old king of the ring had given way to the new, every fair-minded sports lover must be heartily in accord.

The new champion stands forth as uncontroverted evidence that boxing, as well as any other professional sport, rates fair play above race or color prejudice, and that true ability can carry to the heights in the prize ring without benefit of build up in the way of dubious knockouts or sharp practice in the managerial department.

It is forthright effort on the part of Louis, as well as all those associated in his fistic activity, that has made for the realization of a seeming impossibility. Even the late Tex Rickard deemed that it was a thing that could never happen again, that another Negro heavyweight could follow to the throne once occupied by Jack Johnson.

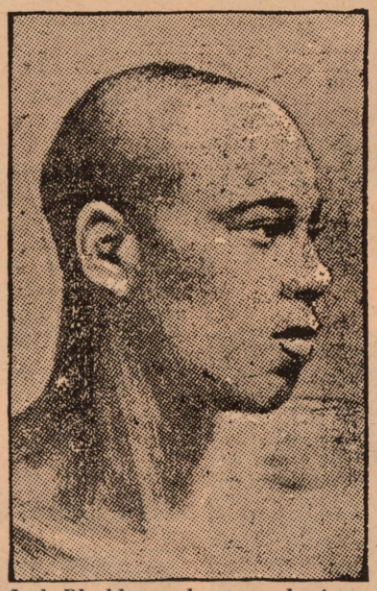
"Johnson was the last Negro champion," this writer one day heard Tex tell the Editor of THE RING, "the heavyweight division will ever know."

Rickard was wrong. But then, in fairness to Tex, it should be said that he never conceived of a Negro fighter such as Joe Louis. And it is something more than sheer ability that is implied.

* * *

IT can be, as some contend, that Jack Johnson was a greater Negro fighter than Joe Louis will ever be, and therefore a greater champion. But this much the writer makes bold to state, Johnson could not have done today what Louis has accomplished.

Johnson could not have duplicated the Louis feat for two reasons: It was not in his nature to comport himself with the modesty that is so naturally a characteristic of the new champion and, what is probably of more importance on this point, Jack never showed Joe's tremendous punching ability.



Jack Blackburn, the man who is responsible for Joe Louis' rise to fistic fame.

The writer does not bring this contention up to discredit Johnson in any way. Jack had his failings, yet was more sinned against than sinning in many respects. But the contentions we have touched on have been vitally instrumental in the making of Joe Louis, the champion.

Let Jack Blackburn, who as mentor as well as trainer, has had much to do in helping John Roxborough and Julian Black, Joe's managers, in the moulding of the Louis ring career, tell you why.

"When Black and Roxborough brought Joe to me," recalled Blackburn, "he was just a big, easy-going Negro boy with high water pants and too much arms for his coat sleeves.

"'So you think you can get somewhere in the fighting game?' I says to him. 'Well, let me tell you something right off. It's next to impossible for a Negro heavyweight to get anywhere. He's got to be very good outside the ring and very bad inside the ring. Mr. Roxborough, who has known you quite a while, is convinced that you can be depended on to behave yourself, but you've gotter be a killer, otherwise I'm getting too old to waste any time on you.'

"'I ain't goner waste any of your time,' Joe promises."

* * *

BLACKBURN had become interested in Joe only shortly before. This was on the occasion when he saw Joe in the ring for the first time, and on a night in which he saw Joe defeated.

Black's eye had been caught by a likely looking Negro heavyweight, who was about to turn professional. Black contemplated purchasing into the management of the young boxer. He took Blackburn with him to cast an appraising eye over the prospect in an amateur bout in Chicago one night a little over three years ago. The boy Black was interested in won and after the bout was over he asked Blackburn what he thought of the winner.

"If you insist on spending money on a Negro heavy," the trainer advised, "you better buy the boy who lost."

Black thought Blackburn was fooling, and the latter admits that he said what he did more for the purpose of discouraging Black than for any other reason. The losing boy really displayed something that caught Blackburn's eye, but it was not easy for the veteran to get excited over a Negro heavyweight.

The name of the loser was Joe Louis.

When Black became convinced that Blackburn thought more of the loser than the winner, the former suddenly recalled that this Joe Louis must be the young amateur boxer that his friend back in Detroit, John Roxborough, had been trying for some months to interest him in. Black had failed to be caught by his friend's enthusiasm. Roxborough was a good business man, but what did a business man know about fighters?

* * *

NOW someone who really did know a fighter when he saw one, someone who had been a great pugilist in his day and who had had a hand in the making of more than one champion, was in accord with Roxborough about this young Detroit Negro having something. Still, when Black brought Blackburn into conference with Roxborough, the trainer was still far from enthusiastic.

"Even if we can make the boy into a great fighter," argued Blackburn, "how far can we get a Negro heavyweight?"

"Jack Johnson became the champion," pointed out Roxborough.

"He couldn't do it today, though," was the answer.

"Why not?" Black wanted to know.

"Not enough of a killer," said Blackburn positively.

Johnson, as Blackburn explained in an interview during the training at Kenosha, was too exclusively a defensive fighter and far from a great puncher. At Blackburn's insistence we looked up Johnson's ring record. Only twenty-nine knockouts, he pointed out, in eighty-nine bouts.

"See how many, when Johnson had a reputation, went twenty rounds with Jack," said Blackburn. "There's Pete Everett, George Gardner, Denver Ed Martin, Sam McVey and Sandy Ferguson each twice, Frank Moran, Hank Griffin and Marvin Hart. As a matter of fact, the fans wouldn't have stood for the Johnson style of fighting today—not enough action."

All of which was brought up for the consideration of Black and Roxborough to impress on the two how big was their undertaking when it came to making their young prospect into a somebody in the fistic world.

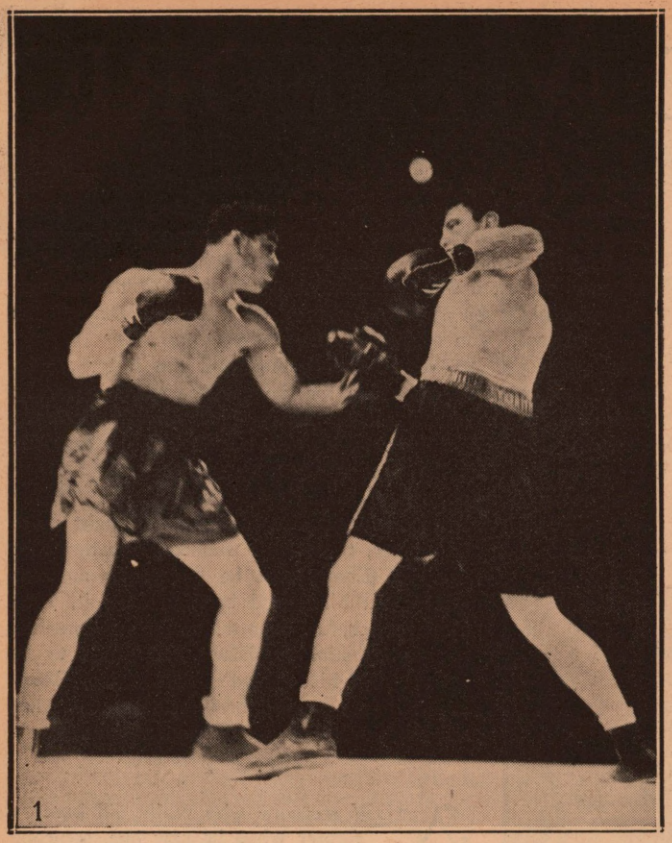
* * *

WHEN, after slightly more than six months of professional fighting, Louis had demonstrated that he had the killer requisite that Blackburn deemed so essential, this was merely the start toward the making of a Negro heavyweight into the champion.

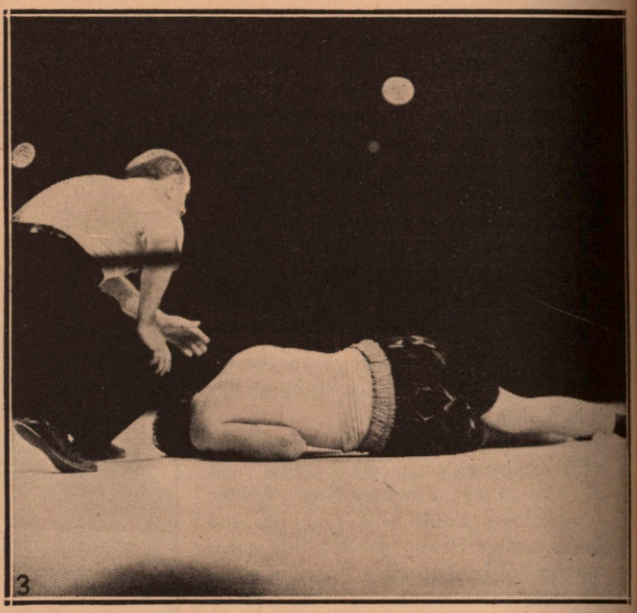
The next step was to prove the killer quality at the expense of the best men then in action. To get to the champion meant beating such ex-champions as were still active. Considerable of a task for a boy with only one year of professional fighting to his credit.

Taking on Primo Carnera, who had been champion only the year before, and who a few months before had stopped another

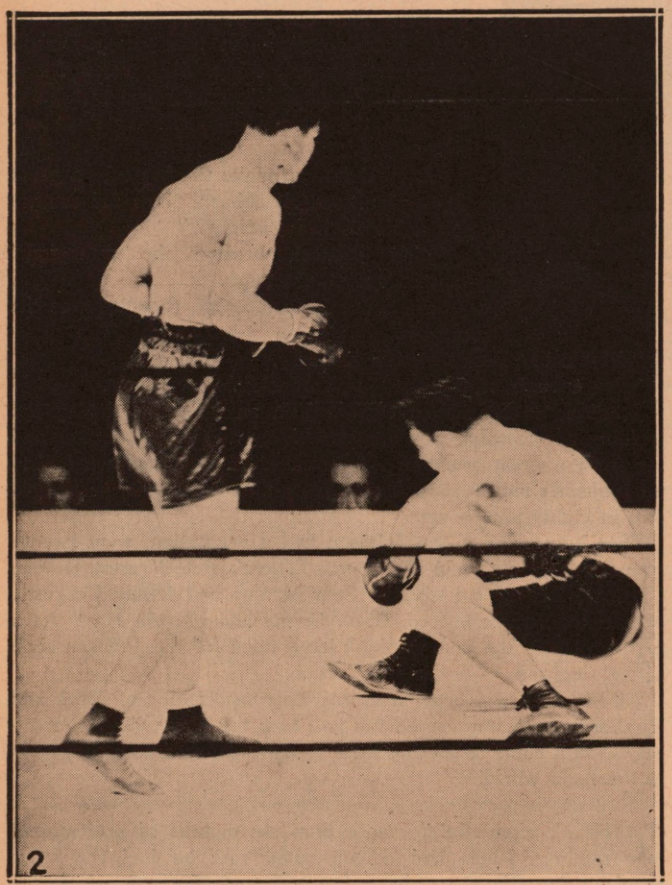
The PASSING *of a* CHAMP



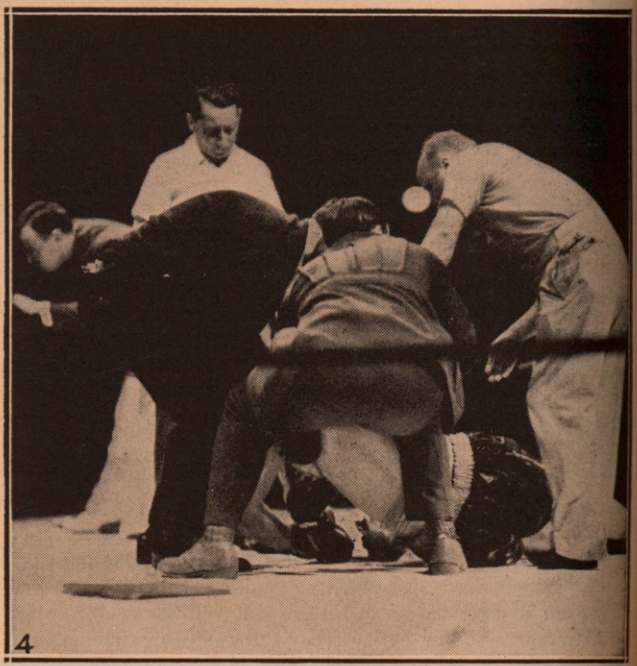
1



3



2



4

In the pictures on this page we show the start of the downfall of Jimmy Braddock and the crowning of Joe Louis as the king of the heavyweights.

1—Here is Joe Louis with his right hand cocked after his left throws Jimmy's right aside. Braddock, you will note, is set for a left hook but Louis, seeing an opening, beats him to the punch. Joe's right crashes with terrific force against Jimmy's chin and—

2—Down goes the champion. Referee Thomas rushes in to start Louis to a neutral corner and Joe, realizing the end has come for the title-holder, doesn't waste any time.

3—The champion, a pitiful sight, with one eye closed, blood pouring from bruised lips fails to hear the count of the third man in the ring and—

4—As the toll of ten is completed, the saddened seconds of the defeated champion rushed to his aid to carry the helpless form of Braddock to his corner. A new title-holder, the first Negro to win the heavyweight title on American soil.

New Champion a Credit to Boxing and to His Race—Has Learned Much Since Defeat by Schmeling

By

ED. VAN EVERY

The brain trust in Louis' camp—Julian Black (left) and John Roxborough (right).

giant, Ray Impellitiere, seemed a foolhardy undertaking.

"Joe can hit him, so he ought to stop him," was the Blackburn judgment. "If he don't, then he's just another Negro heavyweight."

* * *

WHEN Louis won over Braddock, he had met every man who had held the title since Gene Tunney. Four of them, including Braddock, have been knockout victims. One, Max Schmeling, stopped Joe in twelve rounds.

"Most everyone thought this would be the easiest fight for Joe," said Blackburn, "but at that stage of his career I knew it was a dangerous match for the boy. Not because I think Schmeling was a better fighter than Carnera, Baer, Sharkey or Braddock. Even if you only go by records, Schmeling certainly didn't prove he was better than Baer or Sharkey, and he ran out of fighting Carnera.

"What made the Schmeling fight a bad one for Joe was a couple of things. You can't take it from Max that he's got something on that straight right of his and he's one of those careful fighters that's likely to carry you along for quite a few rounds. Joe had been knocking most of his foes over in a hurry and so hadn't had the chance to learn how to rate himself. And if he got clipped by a right as mean as Schmeling's he was likely to get hurt, and you can't expect a young fighter to know what to do when he gets hurt.

"For one thing, a young fighter, if he happens to get knocked down, doesn't know enough to take the benefit of all the count he's allowed. What a young fighter does when he gets dropped is to try and spring up before anyone can see he's been on the floor. Of course, it can't be done.

"It didn't do Joe any good to get right up when Max put him down. No more did it help Joe, the sort of training he got for the Schmeling fight. Lakewood was too warm and there was too much Coney Island trimmings there. And it didn't help that Joe got bitten by the golf bug and that we had trouble keeping him off the golf course.

"I'm not bringing this up to make alibis—you never heard Joe or any of us making any of them alibis. What I'm trying to bring out is this: what happened happened for the best and it happened at the right time.

"What happened to Joe was that success went a little to his head, and he took Schmeling too cheap. To give Joe his due, no one realized his mistake more than he did himself after he'd gotten his medicine.

"'That's something ain't going to happen again,' was all he said when we got through talking to him."

Blackburn was in accord with Roxborough and Black that, if being knocked out and taking a good licking in the bargain hadn't broken the boy's morale, then defeat had been a blessing in disguise.

"Anyone who still tells you that Joe can't take it on the chin, or anywhere else," went on Blackburn, "is either talking through his hat or is plumb foolish. Schmeling nailed Joe with his Sunday punch in the second round and the boy never knew very much what happened after that. Max got home more than fifty rights to the head and yet it took him almost ten rounds after having Joe hurt to put him down for keeps.

"And if Schmeling hadn't gotten over his best shot after the bell and just at a time when Joe was coming on again after the one he run into, well it can be that he might have pulled through. But I still think it was for the best that things happened the way they did. I was sure everything was going to be all right when I saw the way he came back against Jack Sharkey two months after he had been knocked out. When he took that right of Jorge Brescia's the way he did, I was convinced.

"The way Joe got down to business when it came time to train for the Braddock match satisfied me that we didn't have anything to worry about so far as Joe was concerned. He did just as he was told in everything. Believe me, that was a different young man than the one who had trained for Schmeling."

* * *

THIS writer is satisfied that Jack Blackburn knows what he is talking about. Also, that the title could not have fallen into better hands, were they white or black. The writer was never more convinced that the new champion will be a credit to the game than he was following a little incident that happened only a few hours after Joe had been crowned the new heavyweight king.

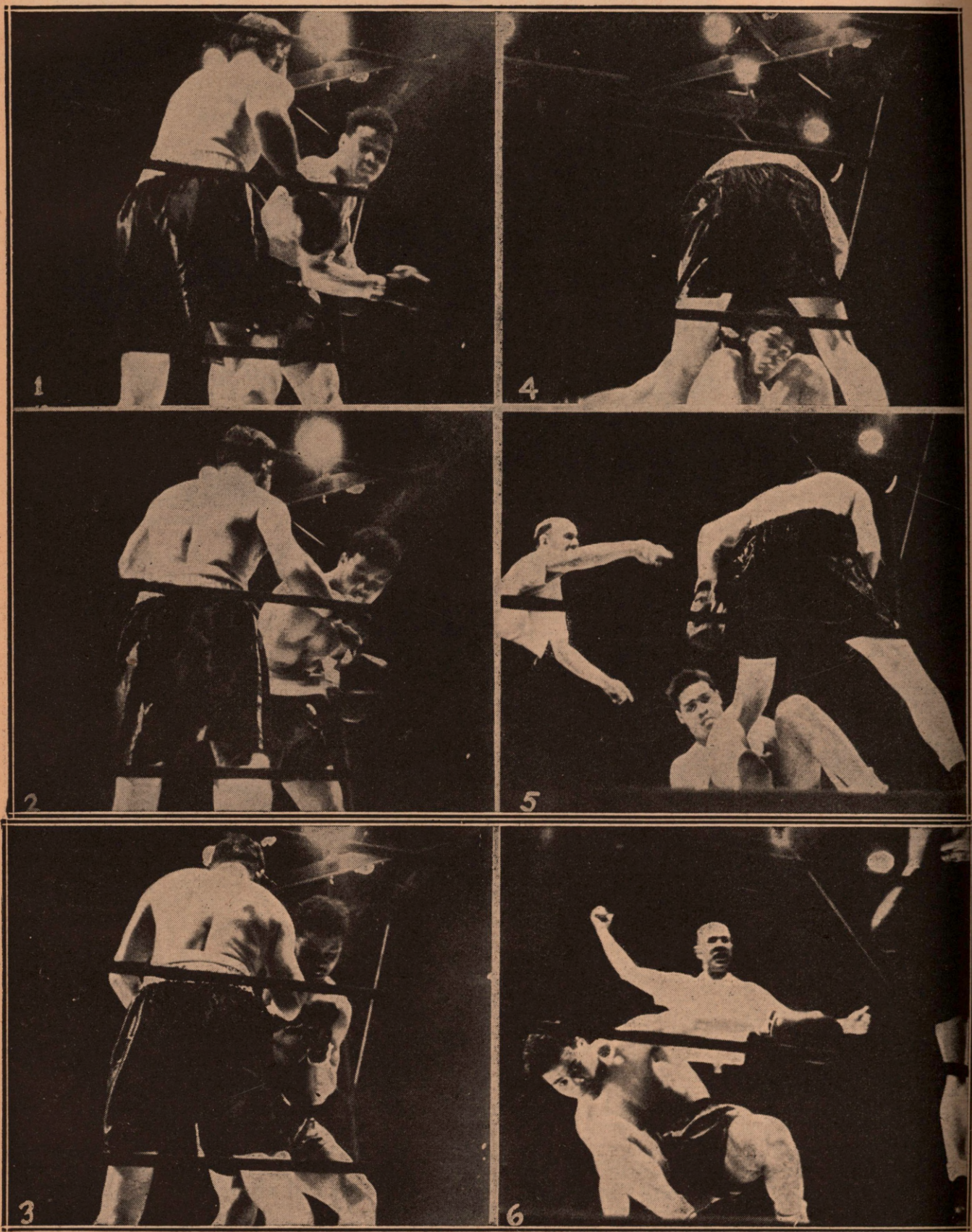
Word had been brought that the father Joe had long thought dead was still alive in an Alabama insane asylum.

When Joe was only one year old, the one powerful man who had been the author of his being had broken under the strain of trying to provide a livelihood for his family on a share crop farm. The man's mind gave way when he was faced by his helplessness and they took him away to an asylum. Word was brought after a time that he had died there, and so his wife and offspring had every reason to believe.

Still, it could be true, admitted Joe's mother when the report was brought to her that the one they thought dead was still living on. No one could be sure as to what had happened in a retreat to a poor Negro whose mind had given away.

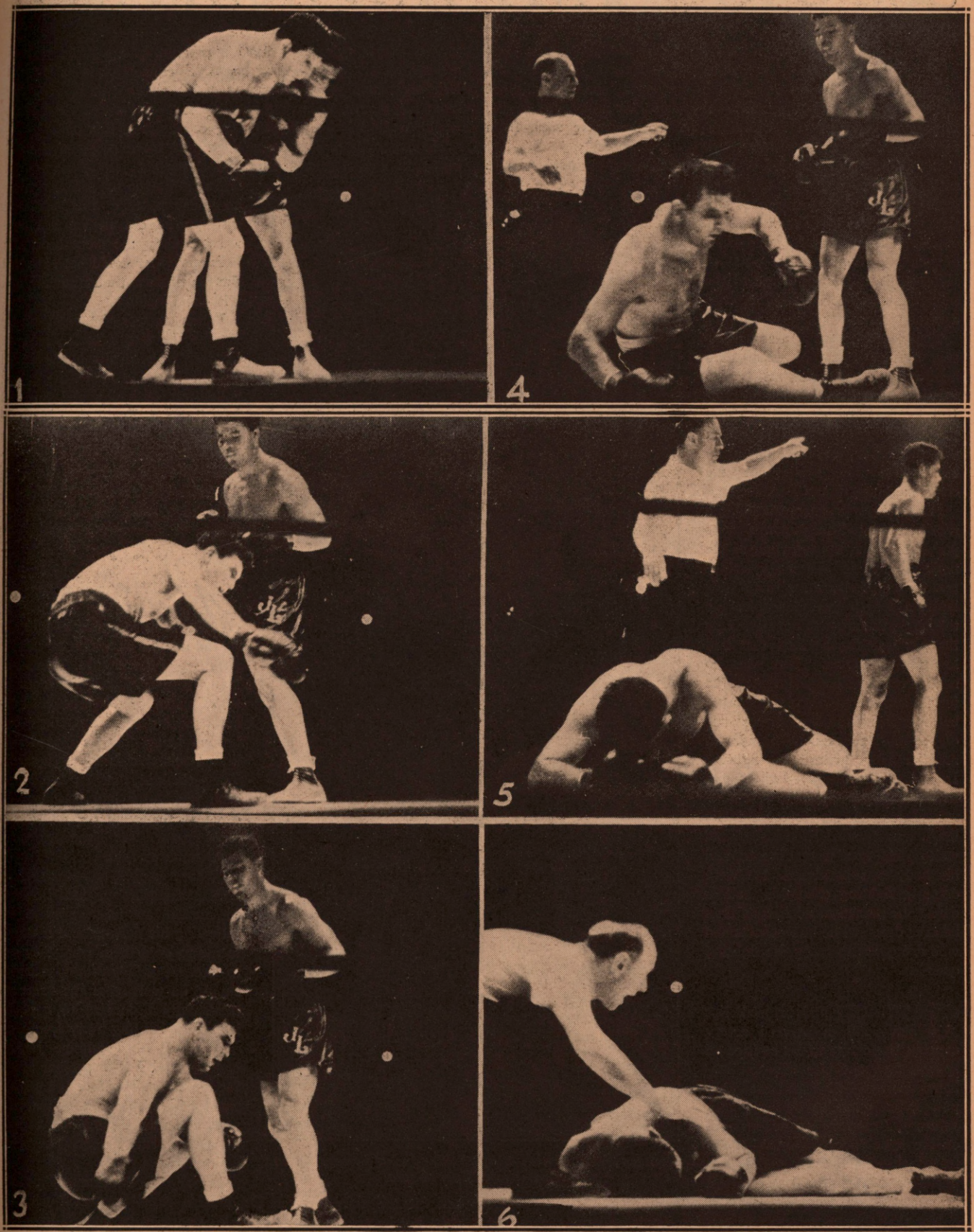
"There may be a mistake," was what Joe had to say about it. "The man they found may not be my father. But he may be and so I can't take any chance by not helping him."

The Challenger Goes Down



In the group on this page we see Jimmy Braddock landing the right uppercut to the chin of the challenger, and Joe Louis goes down with a bang but gets right up. From top to bottom we follow the knockdown: 1, Louis, forcing the fight throughout the first round, cornered the champion against the ropes and was on the verge of crashing his left when— 2, Braddock, in desperation, let loose a powerful right-hand uppercut as Louis was coming forward. 3, Joe, taken by surprise, tried to jump into a clinch, but— 4, The punch landed with full force and sent the Bomber to the canvas, with Jimmy almost toppling over him. 5, Referee Tommy Thomas orders the champion to a neutral corner. Note how the champ is racing from his fallen victim. 6, But Louis gets to his feet with alacrity while Braddock is still on his way to the corner. Though there was no count made by the referee, THE RING *Editor's timepiece showed a count of two.*

As Magic Eye Caught Knockout



How Joe Louis' right registered on Braddock's jaw is clearly shown in this Magic Eye sequence of pictures in the eighth round at Comiskey Park, Chicago. 1, Louis' right crashes against Braddock's chin with the full force of the shoulders behind the punch. 2, The champion starts to drop to the canvas. 3, Braddock, in severe pain, doubles up as he sinks and Louis, eyeing him closely, stands over him, watching his rival's tumble. 4, Braddock strikes the ground and finds himself toppling over. He is semi-conscious. 5, Referee Thomas orders Louis to the farthest neutral corner while the champion's head drops over Braddock's arms. 6, And a new champion is crowned as the referee counts out the helpless figure of the fighting Irishman.

LOUIS' IMPROVEMENT

IN 1908, in a bloody, one-sided battle which the late Jack London described as a slaughter, a Negro, Jack Johnson, carried off the world's heavyweight championship at Sydney, Australia, after the police had interceded in the fourteenth round to save Tommy Burns, the white man, from further unnecessary punishment.

In 1910, that same Negro repeated that beating to another white man, Jim Jeffries, who had been urged out of retirement to regain the title for the white race. On that occasion, Sam Berger, Jeff's chief of staff, following the plea of Referee Tex Rickard, tossed in the sponge to avoid the possibility of a fatality.

That was 27 years ago, and Johnson, despite a life of dissipation, held on to the crown until 1915 when he was knocked out by Big Jess Willard at Havana. Since that time, no Negro had participated in a world heavyweight championship bout until Joe Louis got the chance against Jimmy Braddock.

For twenty-two years the colored race had been waiting for one of its people to reach the top rung of the fistic ladder in the heavyweight ranks, and now, after that long lapse, a Negro again occupies the throne in the Brown Bomber. This time, it was flaying fists that laid low the champion. There was no need for the police to intercede or for the seconds to toss in the sponge, because facing the Bomber was one of the most courageous fighters of modern ring history, a fighting Irishman who displayed the fighting courage of his race.

He was on his feet until his brain was numbed by a right-hand wallop, his eyes were dimmed and his body was paralyzed. He went down, a fighting champion, and in defeat, he gained more friends than he ever dreamed he had—sportsmen who are quick to recognize fighting qualities.

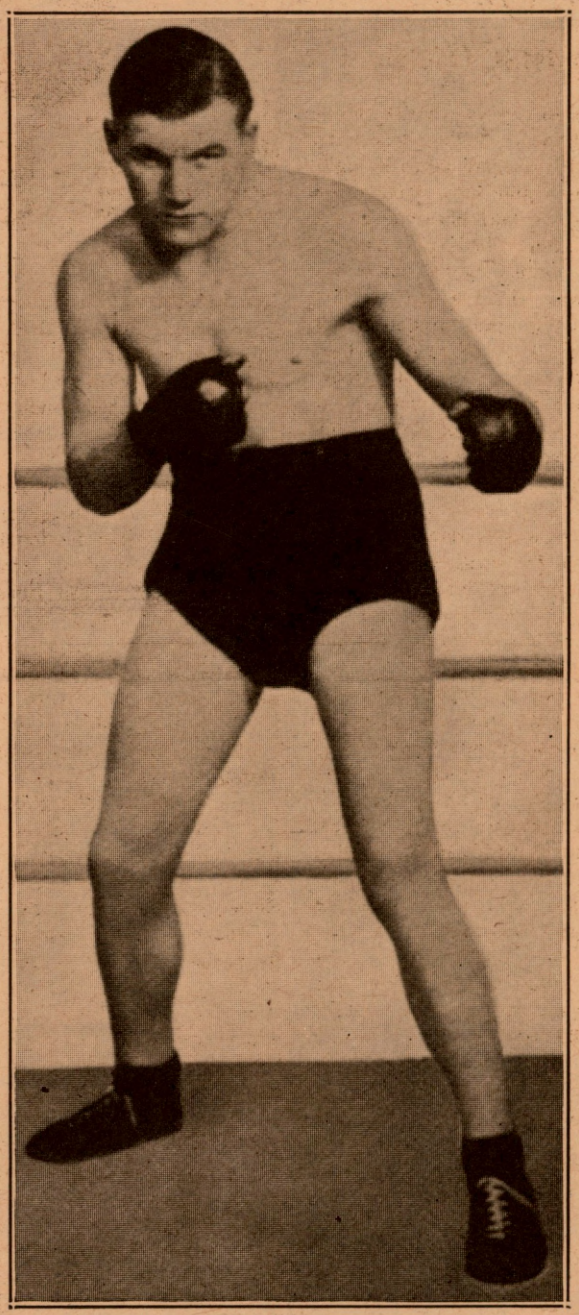
* * *

BATTERED and bruised, lips badly cut, a severed artery causing the claret to be emitted in spurts, face cut into crimson ribbons, one eye closed and the other puffed, but game to the very last, James J. Braddock lay unconscious on the resin-covered canvas—a defeated title holder. He fell like a poled-ox while 45,000 spectators, intense with excitement, looked on in awe.

Not that they were sorry to see Joe Louis win the crown, but rather in sympathy for the veteran who gave all he had, fought like a true champion and went down with colors flying. It was the kind of a finish that adds to the romance of the ring.

That blasting right hook that travelled a long way to connect with Jimmy's wide open chin, landed with a thud that could be heard all over the Comiskey ball park. It was one of the most terrific single punches I have ever seen in my many years of association with the boxing game. Silence reigned as poor old Braddock, nine years the senior of his rival, with blood flowing from his mouth, nose and eye, lay face downward, dead to the world, while Referee Tommy Thomas counted him out.

No one in that vast assemblage was more happy at the ending than was Thomas, who did a perfect job as referee, for Tommy hated to see his friend continue to take the murderous mauling he did in the last three rounds. Only the stout heart of a he-man fighter could have absorbed the punishment that Braddock took without flinching.



Tommy Farr, British Empire king, who is coming to America to fight Louis.

When that right hand of the Bomber landed, it took Jimmy off his feet, whirled him in the air and he fell like a stiff to the canvas, rolled on one side and then fell face forward. For a time it seemed that he had a hemorrhage, so much blood had he lost, yet in the motion pictures of the fight, the bloody part was eliminated to prevent possible race riots, thus robbing the public of a proper picture of the fight.

* * *

A NEW champion had been born, and an old one did credit to his profession and his race by the manner in which he chose to pass out of the picture. There were many who criticized Braddock for selecting to mix it with his powerful hitting opponent, their contention being that he played right into Louis' hands by such tactics. They thought that it would have been far better had Braddock decided to follow in the footsteps of Bob Pastor. But Braddock would have none of that.

"Those people came to see me fight, not run away," said Braddock to me in an interview the day following his defeat, "and it was up to me to give them what they paid to see. A heavyweight champion should be worthy of the name and that's why I decided to fight Joe instead of keeping away from him."

As for me, I admire Jimmy's courage and I doff my hat to him for his stand. He gave the public a run for its money and for that he is now a bigger card in defeat than he was as title holder. The public never forgets.

Prior to the knockout, Louis himself hit the canvas when Braddock's right connected with the chin, but he got up at the count of two to pace himself from that point to the finish in a manner that gained for him considerable praise. Until the fourth round, it looked like anybody's fight, but as the bout progressed from that point it became evident that Braddock would lose unless he could finish his man quickly. Age and inactivity were beginning to tell. As in the case of Dempsey vs. Tunney, Jimmy began to tire early.

AMAZES

New Heavyweight King's Hitting and Cleverness Beyond Expectations — Attempt to Make Public Swing to Schmeling as Champion, Fails

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE end came after 1 minute and 10 seconds of the eighth round when one of the most terrific kayo wallops landed on the chin of a heavyweight in a title fight in many years brought forth a new champion. Perhaps Louis could have landed the haymaker sooner, but he seemed satisfied to take his time. Braddock fought the kind of battle that Louis liked—no runaway affair such as Pastor had engaged in against Louis, but a he-man's stand-up battle in which each was taking a chance. The gamble was a big one, with the stakes high, and Braddock and Louis decided on winning the affair by the kayo route, if possible.

Slowly but surely Louis kept pounding out a victory. He knew he had the championship in hand after the fourth round and he just waited for the opening to crash his powerful right to his victim's jaw. Panther-like, the Bomber kept stinging his foe with straight lefts, annoying jabs that puffed Jim's eyes and brought the claret from nose and mouth.

Right up to the knockout, Braddock was a dangerous foe. His legs were gone, he started puffing in the sixth, which was a hectic round, with Jimmy taking a severe shellacking, and his punches fell short, yet he was no man's sucker even with all those shortcomings. While he was becoming weary, Louis was improving with each session. He fought a perfect fight.

In fact, his boxing was superb, far beyond expectations and his hitting was well above par. Careful at the start, he waged the type of battle that enabled Braddock to wear himself out with futile lunges and wild swings, every one of which was most ineffective as the blows landed either in the air or on the back of the Bomber. Then as the fight progressed and Joe knew he had his man weakened, the Bomber increased his speed, speeded up his attack and made life miserable for the defending champion.

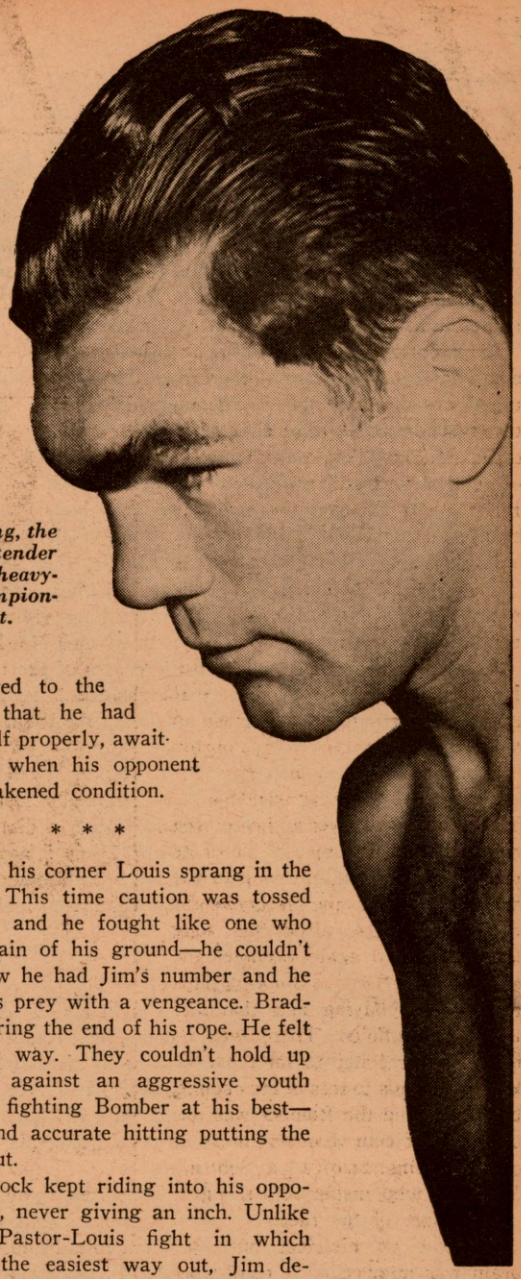
Despite the bombardment of hooks, jabs and crosses, Braddock was determined and courageous. His spirit was high to the very end. The war implements of the champion were small compared to those of the Bomber when once the killer instinct in him was aroused. But Braddock's execution was inadequate, as might be expected from one who had been idle for two years.

* * *

THE one big stanza for Louis was the sixth, a round in which he practically clinched the laurels. Joe opened that session in a manner that indicated cautiousness. He was taking no chances. Warily he circled the champion. He ducked a hard right and then came a furious exchange that had the crowd on its feet. Into the ropes they went and away again, each pounding the other, each making a desperate stab for victory.

Braddock was taking a bad beating despite his courageousness. His skin was broken and his body became crimson colored —something that doesn't show in the motion pictures, which apparently had been cut to make the fight more even and to prevent possible racial disorder because of the black man's victory. A jolting left split Jim's lips. Suddenly he began to fade from the picture. He seemed tired. His legs became a little wobbly. It became evident that age was gradually giving way to youth in a desperate battle for world glory.

Braddock gasped in sudden pain as a left was shot to his injured mouth and he attempted to clinch but failed, as Joe's right stabbed him in the swollen eyes. That round was by far Louis' best and he proved to the crowd then that he had gauged himself properly, awaiting the time when his opponent was in a weakened condition.



Max Schmeling, the leading contender for a world heavyweight championship fight.

* * *

OUT from his corner Louis sprang in the seventh. This time caution was tossed to the winds and he fought like one who now felt certain of his ground—he couldn't lose. He knew he had Jim's number and he went after his prey with a vengeance. Braddock was nearing the end of his rope. He felt his legs give way. They couldn't hold up their burden against an aggressive youth who was the fighting Bomber at his best—with speed and accurate hitting putting the champ to rout.

Still Braddock kept riding into his opponent's gunfire, never giving an inch. Unlike the recent Pastor-Louis fight in which Pastor took the easiest way out, Jim decided to make a real fight of it and he did. At the bell, he was swinging roundhouse swings which missed their mark by wide margins while Louis kept up a steady fire of left jabs and occasionally crashed his right to the body or chin. The champ could have found an avenue of escape from the destructive blows that were gradually sending him to his doom, but he chose the more valiant way—the fighting way of a fighting Irishman.

* * *

THEN came the final stanza—a round that lasted only one minute and ten seconds when the champion's misery was ended. He had fought a good fight—in fact, it was Jimmy Braddock's greatest battle of his career though he emerged the loser. He had gone into the fray with the express purpose of making a fight of it, of being knocked out early or knocking out his opponent, and through sheer persistency in rushing in where others would have feared to tread, he turned what was expected to be a one-sided, listless contest into one of the best heavyweight bouts it has been my pleasure to see in thirty years.

The gong sounded for the eighth round and Louis came out fighting with a look of determination indicating the end of a perfect day for him. He had become the relentless killer. He had taken the bull by the horns and went after his prey to end his misery. He backed Braddock around the ring. His powerful right, the punch that many critics say is as powerful as was that of Dempsey in his prime, was cocked for action. It was waiting for the kill.

THE round had barely started when Louis let loose a left hook to Jim's head and as Braddock's head was tossed back and his body straightened with the suddenness of the terrific punch and its sting, quick as a flash, Louis saw the opening he had been waiting for seven rounds and crash went his right to the jaw.

Braddock had whirled around and slowly he began to topple to the canvas. A look at the photos in this issue will show the progress of the fall. When he struck the floor, he rested on his side and then fell over, face downward and lay there motionless. Referee Thomas started the count but he could have counted fifty for Braddock, the champion, was through. At the count of ten, he was still motionless and his seconds rushed into the ring to carry his limp body to a chair.

There, amidst wild confusion as Louis, the Brown Bomber, was being proclaimed world heavyweight champion, Braddock sat with blood gushing from his mouth and nose and his left eye closed and bleeding. The new champ was standing in the center of the ring, his hand raised, but the cheers that should have been his, were lacking because of the sympathy for the fallen white man.

The Braddock supporters stood in silence. Word had gone around the ring that he had been badly injured and was unconscious and that was sufficient to dim the reception for the victor. The odds of 11 to 5 against Braddock were what they should have been, though the majority of those who bet on the champion, did so for sentimental reasons only.

Bob Pastor, New York entry for a titular bout with Louis.

* * *

LOUIS had fought a champion's fight and if he can continue to battle that way in future bouts, he'll retain the crown for several years. For the first time in his short and brilliant career, he had fought a real smart, cagy battle. He had displayed a better defense, better sharpshooting with his left, and a general ring generalship that was amazing considering his recent knockout at the hands of Max Schmeling.

His victory makes him the first Negro heavyweight champion since Jack Johnson's victory over Tommy Burns placed him at the head of the division, and with youth to aid him, he may reign long if he learns how to protect his chin from a right-hand punch.

For his efforts, Jimmy Braddock received a check from Mike Jacobs for $293,660, a sum far beyond what he would have earned had he fought Schmeling. The total gate was $640,400.74, which with the sum derived from motion pictures and radio, brought it up to $715,470.74, with a net, after all taxes were deducted, of $512,320.60. Louis' share was $102,781.10.

* * *

WITH Braddock's title in Louis' hands, there remain now four outstanding heavyweights as logical contenders—New York presents Pastor as its candidate; England gives us Tommy Farr; California names Max Baer, and Max Schmeling is named by all who feel that Louis' crown has a blight on it so long as Schmeling's defeat of the present champ has not been wiped out.

The absurd action of the British Board of Boxing Control, whose members should know better, in naming Schmeling the world champion, was done for no other reason than to help Gen. Critchley and Syd Hull, British promoters, to stage a fight with Farr for the "title." But in the eyes of the world sports followers, Louis alone is the recognized champion because he knocked out the recognized world title holder.

The International Boxing Union which joined hands with the British board, long has been ridiculed by boxing followers for its many absurd rulings, among them, that in which they deprived Schmeling of the European title two years ago to name George Godfrey, the giant Negro, world heavyweight king after he had beaten the mediocre Pierre Charles. Not only was Godfrey's title claim never taken seriously by him, but he has never fought since then. It seems rather strange that the I.B.U. should suddenly declare Schmeling the world champion without even asking its recognized title holder, George Godfrey, to defend his title against Max.

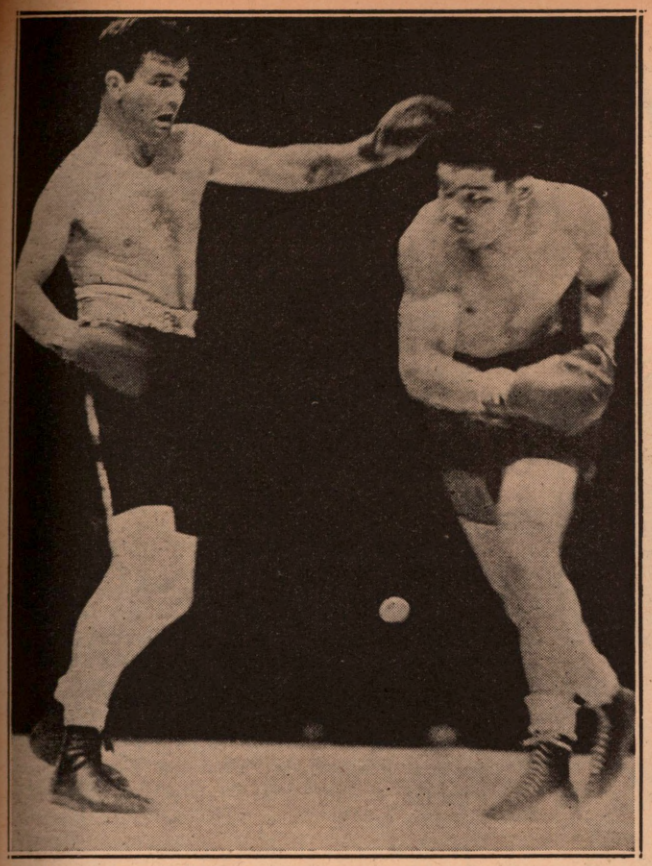
* * *

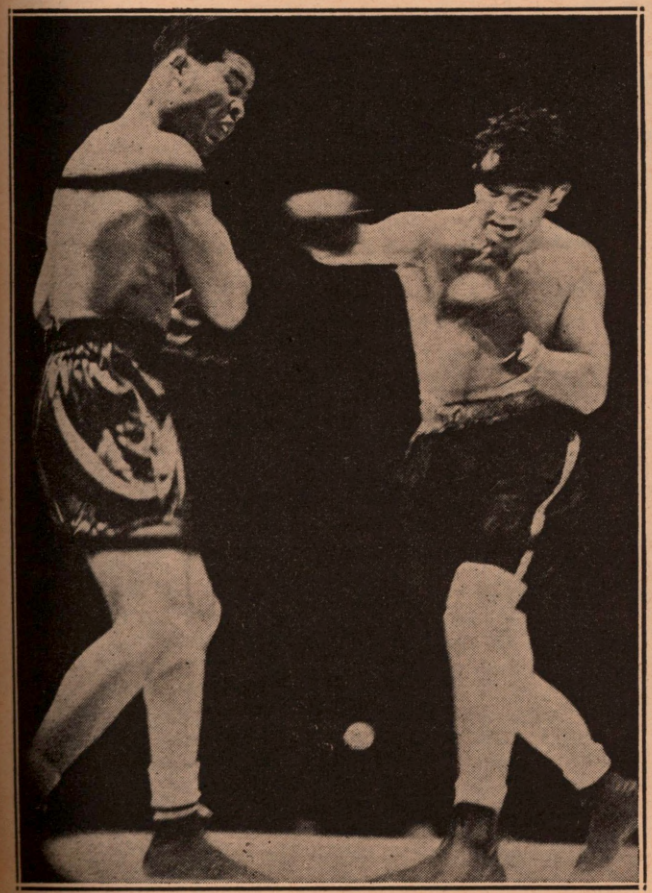
IN America, despite propaganda emanating from sources close to Schmeling on this side and Gen. Critchley on the other side of the Big Pond, Louis, not Schmeling, is recognized by every state in our Union. In addition to the 36 states that are members of the National Boxing Association, those that are not, New York, Massachusetts, California, and Illinois, have all named the Bomber as official world champion. If Schmeling wants to get the title, he'll find that he must again whip Louis and he has been given the chance but by making his terms difficult to accept—he has lost the opportunity for the time being. Schmeling's declaration that he will fight Louis here only if the guarantee is suitable to him and he must be the defending champion, on the face, indicates his desire to avoid coming to America for a title bout. I hope he changes his mind because that is the one fight everyone wants to see and will outdraw any other.

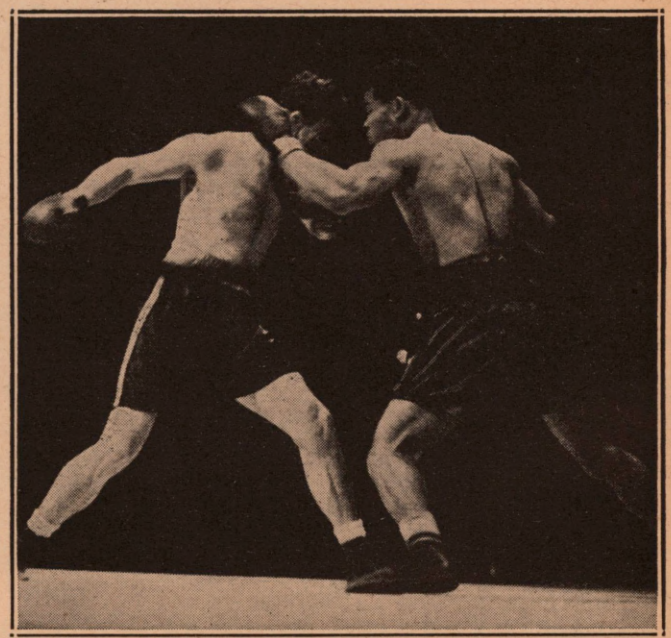
I am an ardent supporter of Max Schmeling and feel that he has done a gross injustice to himself by turning down the New York State Athletic Commission's offer to battle Joe Louis for the title in New York. Contrary to all statements emanating from partisan sources, I am in a position to tell RING readers that every effort possible was made for two weeks to get Schmeling's consent for a championship match with Louis, but that he preferred to tackle Farr abroad in order that he might eliminate Tommy and thus pave the way for recognition as title-holder in the minds of the British.

Like all true sportsmen, I recognize the right of Schmeling to a championship fight, but I do feel, as a friend of Max, that it is his duty to himself and the boxing world in general to meet the promoter, Mike Jacobs, and Joe Louis, the champion, at least half way. One cannot blame Jacobs for grabbing Farr for the title shot when he found that he could not do business on a firm financial basis with Schmeling.

A Study in Expressions







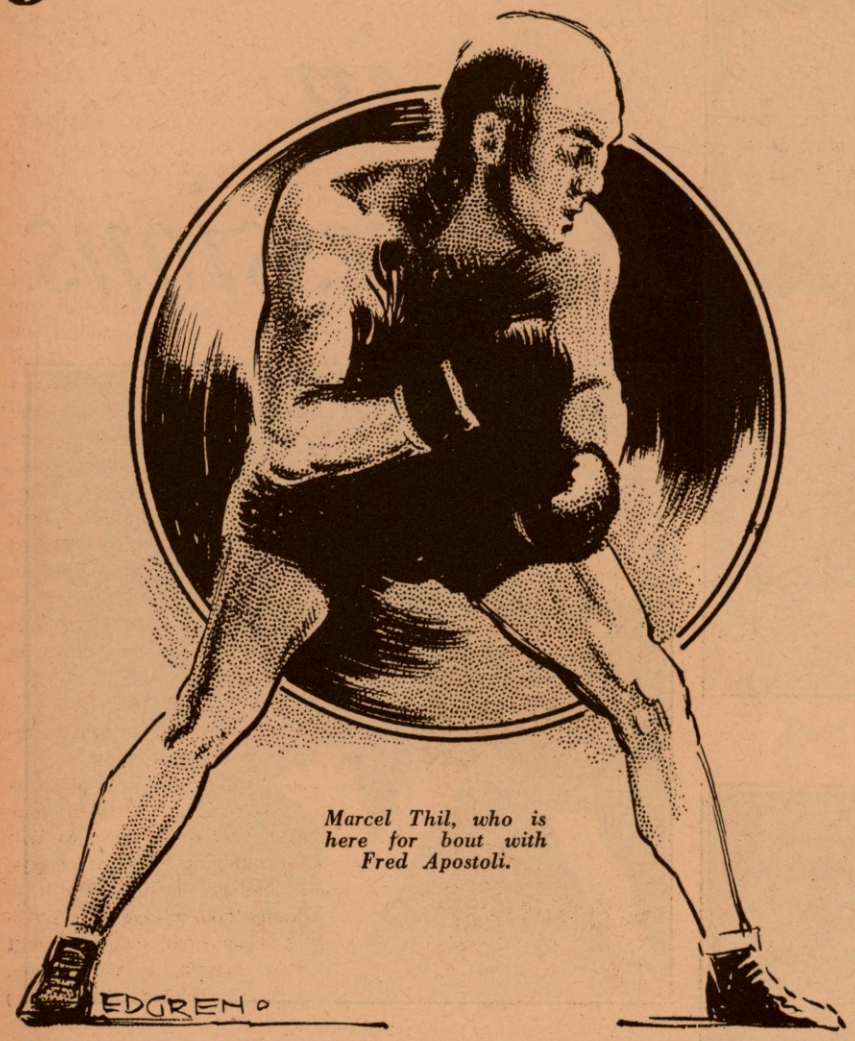
1—Note how Braddock looks on as his left jab goes over the head of the challenger, whose boxing in the titular bout was superb.

2—And here we have a unique ringside snapshot of champion and challenger with a determined look that illustrates the fierceness with which these rivals fought for the highest honors in pugilism.

3—A tense moment in the fifth round in which the champion, realizing defeat staring him in the face, came through with flying colors. There was no side-stepping, as you will note in this picture. It was a battle of bearcats.

4—One of the many fast moments in the bout of thrills. This shows Braddock with his back to the wall fighting back the charge of the Bomber.

JACOBS RULES ROOST



Marcel Thil, who is here for bout with Fred Apostoli.

MIKE JACOBS, head of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club of New York, is absolute czar of the heavyweight boxing situation, and no less a person than Max Schmeling made it possible.

The German's frantic efforts to whip Jacobs into line in accepting Max, and not Joe Louis, as the rightful holder of the heavyweight title, brought about the German's downfall. He tried to drive a tremendous bargain with Mike and wound up out-smarting himself ingloriously.

Schmeling, in his rage at missing out in a championship bout with Jim Braddock, sought to have himself established as the rightful possessor of the title, knowing full well that such championships only can be won or lost in the ring! He lined up the International Boxing Federation and the British Board of Boxing Control behind him, assuring them that only California, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts held that Louis was the champion. All the other thirty-six boxing states, he told them, recognized him!

Schmeling, perhaps thinking that he was putting this over, told these two huge boxing organizations that he had the backing of the National Boxing Association of the United States, making his claim world-wide in scope. He pointed out that the National Association represented the real boxing power in all America.

The International Boxing Federation, which represents France, Italy, Germany and Hungary, two years ago made itself the laughing stock of the entire fistic world when it recognized George Godfrey, the American Negro, as champion of the world because of his defeat of Pierre Charles! They have never had reason to change their opinion about big, fat George until now. Without so much as begging Godfrey's pardon, they removed him as "title-holder" and set Schmeling up in his place.

* * *

THE British Board of Boxing Control has brought down the derision of her own chroniclers in England because of its silly attitude in Schmeling's case. They were bent on helping General Critchley outsmart Jacobs.

Knowing full well the anti-Nazi feeling among Jewish patrons of boxing in New York, Jacobs saw to it that Braddock didn't become an innocent victim of the boycott.

Jim wouldn't have made a shilling out of a bout with Schmeling even had he defeated the German in defense of his championship. The fans the world over, except those in Germany, were glad that this brave old title-holder, the man who came up from the dole and the docks to win his crown, got a nest egg for his wife and children out of the fracas with Louis.

Schmeling, who once gave Jack Sharkey a long, long wait for the return bout which followed Schmeling's "sit-down" acquisition of the throne, knew that Braddock was justified in pulling out of the match. The boycott was not of Braddock's making. Schmeling paid little heed to either Sharkey or the New York Commission when he "ran out" on Sharkey, defied the commission and fought Billy Stribling in Cleveland instead.

This writer believes in the sanctity of a contract, but when three out of four United States Federal judges proclaim it an unfair document, and that Braddock had a perfect right to break it, he will string along with the men of the law.

Braddock was entitled to a fair money deal in surrendering his title, if surrender had to come. Because he came from nowhere to win the coveted heavyweight coronet, it didn't follow that he must chance an empty-handed exit in a fight with Schmeling.

* * *

GERMANY, the last country in the world to really accept Schmeling as a fighter of topnotch pretentions, wasn't worked up to a lather because of his adventures in the ring. They even repudiated him when awarded the title while seated on the ring floor.

Whipping Joe Louis was quite another matter. Even Herr Hitler, with German propaganda ever uppermost in his mind, took note of this rather shocking upset. Now, of course, Hitler is all for Max. That is only natural. It also is natural to suppose that if Schmeling ever regains the title, it would be the last ever seen of him in the United States. He told his friend, Sunny Scanlon, the ice promoter, that he would do a Tunney act and retire. No matter what his promises might have been here, my thought is—and I'm far from being alone—that Schmeling, because of his age, would retire on his laurels, as he informed Scanlon he would.

Schmeling tried to force Mike Jacobs' hand in the matter of arranging a bout between Louis and the German. That was the sole purpose of his seeking a match in England or Germany against Tommy Farr, the British champion.

Max knew full well that his claim of "champion" would be giggled down all over the world. He fancied himself the dominating figure in Joe Louis' future. Max believed that Jacobs would have to "trade" with him in order to swing a money-making championship attraction worth while.

Schmeling insisted that he, and not Louis, be billed as the "world's champion." He wanted $500,000 as his share of the

IN BOXING

By HYPE IGOE

swag, with the champion's share of the gate, 37½ per cent, as an option. He was positive that he had Jacobs in a vise. Instead, he fell into his own trap.

* * *

WHEN Tommy Farr realized that Schmeling had no other interest in him than to use him as a cat's paw, he swung over to Jacobs and signed for the championship bout against Louis here.

Nat Fleischer, the editor of this magazine, was the man who actually broke up Schmeling's little "squeeze play." It was Fleischer who sought out Edward Foster, executive secretary of the National Boxing Association of the United States, to ascertain just how much truth there was in Schmeling's and General Critchley's claim that this body recognized Max as the rightful owner of the heavyweight championship.

Foster, in turn, communicated with all the heads of the N. B. A. throughout the country and convinced himself, through their answers, that Louis was the N. B. A. champion.

It was only when Ted Broadribb, Farr's manager, heard this that he signed a contract to come to the United States to fight Louis. It was this contract agreement which shattered Schmeling's fancied grip on the situation.

Mike Jacobs, still holding a contract option on Schmeling, does not intend to shove Max entirely out of the picture. Max, according to Jacobs, must take his turn, and only when Jacobs elects to say that the German's turn has arrived. Mike is boss, not Schmeling.

* * *

WHEN the boxing commission approved the date of September 13 on which Louis will defend his title against Farr in a New York ball park, Jacobs asked that he be permitted to change that date to a night in August if he found it necessary. Jacobs was building a future fistic extravaganza in his mind. His thought was a battle between the winner of the Louis and Farr bout and Schmeling late in September! Mike knew that Schmeling would be forced to accept the situation as Jacobs and not he had fashioned it. Jacobs has no intention of wishing Schmeling out of the party, for the simple reason that Max owes him between $35,000 and $40,000, money advanced to bring Schmeling back and forth from Germany to the United States.

The only sure way in which Jacobs could hope to get back that comfortable amount, would be as promoter of a bout in which he would have Schmeling as a star performer. The I. O. U. money would land in Mike's hand first. Would Mike pay Mike under such circumstances?

When Jacobs asked for the September 13 date, he had had no assurance of Schmeling returning to this country. Max owes other monies on the New York side of the Atlantic. There are Germany-shown movie picture returns from the films of Max's knockout victory over Louis yet to be accounted for. The gentlemen who temporarily "hold the bag" in this business arrangement are not fellows who would "hold the bag" for the remainder of their natural lives. Schmeling was paid his share. The others find that their money is under lock and key in Germany! That doesn't mean that the lock is going to be turned in any great hurry. Schmeling brought some of the films to Germany on the Hindenburg.

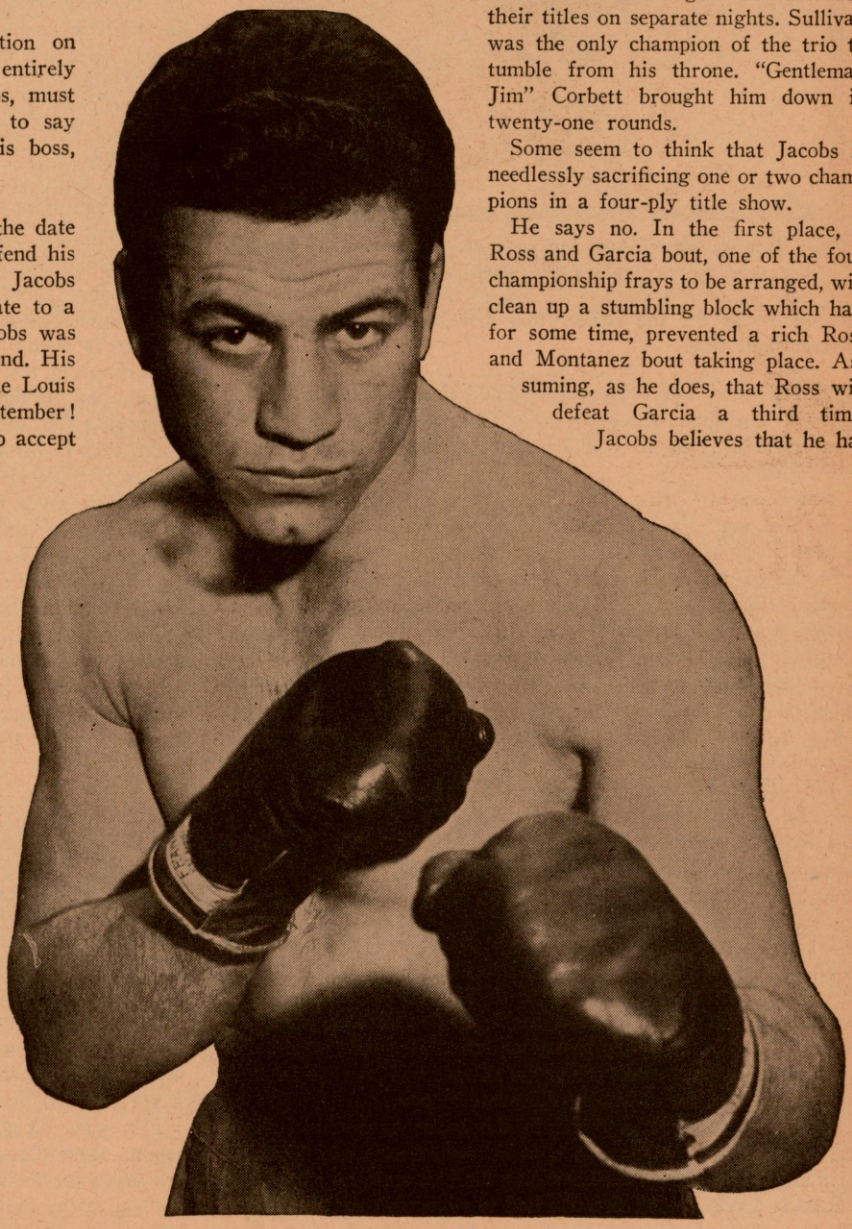
New York Promoter, With Huge Offers, Lures Kingpins of Fistiana Into Fold—Schmeling Has Only Himself to Blame for Failure to Get Title Match With Louis

AT the time Jacobs secured September 13 as his Louis and Farr date, he asked the New York Commission for another on August 25, at which time he intends to put on the greatest of all championship carnivals. On that night, Marcel Thil, Barney Ross, Lou Ambers and Sixto Escobar will defend their middle, welter, light and bantamweight titles. Thil is the European recognized middleweight king, while Steele is the U. S. A. champion. There never has been any such boxing treat.

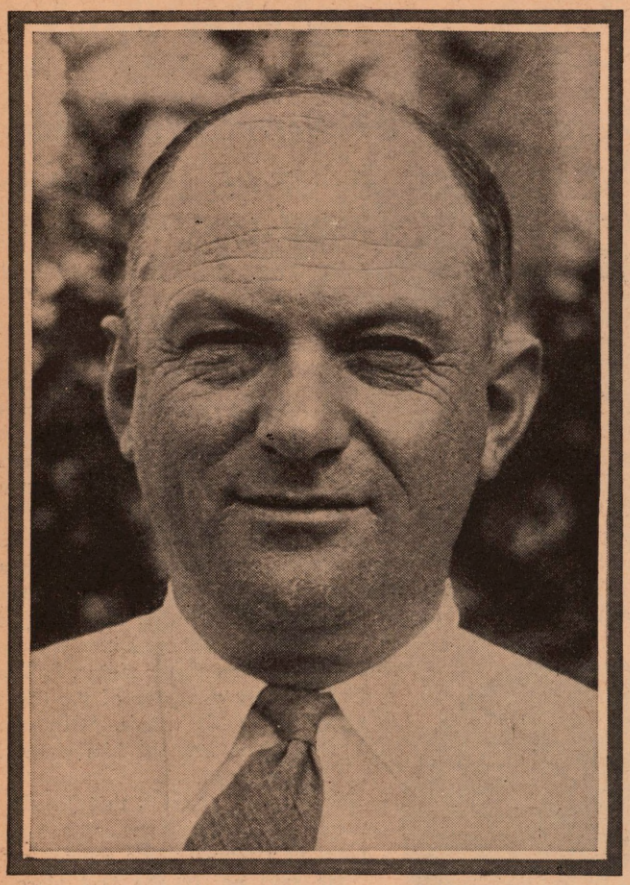
The nearest to this daring splurge was the three-day championship bee held in New Orleans when John L. Sullivan, Jack McAuliffe and George Dixon defended their titles on separate nights. Sullivan was the only champion of the trio to tumble from his throne. "Gentleman Jim" Corbett brought him down in twenty-one rounds.

Some seem to think that Jacobs is needlessly sacrificing one or two champions in a four-ply title show.

He says no. In the first place, a Ross and Garcia bout, one of the four championship frays to be arranged, will clean up a stumbling block which has, for some time, prevented a rich Ross and Montanez bout taking place. Assuming, as he does, that Ross will defeat Garcia a third time, Jacobs believes that he has



Fred Apostoli, Coast middleweight, who is strong contender for world title.



Mike Jacobs, who is now the recognized big shot of boxing promotion the world over.

cleared a way for the richer Ross and Montanez bout for the welterweight title.

* * *

THE bout between Marcel Thil and Fred Apostoli will clear up the dispute between Thil and Freddie Steele as to which man has the right to call himself middleweight champion of the world.

Thil defeated Gorilla Jones after Jones had whipped five men in a National Boxing Association tournament following the abdication of Mickey Walker.

Steele, in reality, is merely the American champion. Jones invaded Europe and Thil, the European title-holder, won the world's title on a foul, a manner of winning to which he is not a stranger. When Lou Brouillard went abroad to dispute Thil's claim, the former twice was disqualified in bouts with the Frenchman.

Lou Ambers may defeat the Puerto Rican, Pedro Montanez, in a successful defense of the lightweight crown. Jacobs is interested in the winner of this bout because the winning lightweight can be pitted against Ross, granted Barney beats Garcia.

If Sixto Escobar is the winner over Henry Jeffra of Baltimore in the 118-pound row, there still will be Kid Morgan to be satisfied.

* * *

GOING back to the middleweight situation, Jacobs still has a Steele and Apostoli bout in the distance. Though Steele turned down a flat guarantee of $40,000 to meet Apostoli, it is reasonable to believe that Steele will come to a bout with the San Francisco bell-hop sooner or later. They met once before and Steele was the victor when the referee had to stop the bout because of a bad cut over one of Apostoli's eyes.

Should Thil defeat Apostoli in the battle of bauble holders, there remains a genuine title bout between Steele and Thil. So, after all, Mike Jacobs isn't beheading his best stars by any means.

Ross is a real ball of fire. He had to relinquish the lightweight title in order to close in on Jimmy McLarnin, the man from whom he gleaned the 147-pound tiara. At the time Ross fully intended to slip back into lightweight contention by challenging his successor, who happened to be Tony Canzoneri, the boy from whom Barney won the title.

After a year's fling as welterweight champion, Ross decided that this was the weight best suited to him. He never was more than four or five pounds above the lightweight mark, yet he elected to stay where he was. McLarnin was his great ace customer. They fought three times, victories going to Ross, McLarnin and then Ross in that order.

* * *

WHIPPING Garcia in defense of his title or defending it against one or two others is not the big idea in Barney's mind. He is out for big game and that is, of all things, the middleweight title. Think of it. The fellow who gave up his lightweight title is perfectly willing to face Thil, Apostoli and especially Steele in a battle for the middleweight. That has always been Barney's dream, that of winning four world's titles.

He has been lightweight, junior welter and welterweight king at one and the same time, the only man ever to hold three crowns at one and the same time. You often heard Bob Fitzsimmons' name mentioned as being a three-title-holder. He was, but he didn't hold them at the one time.

He defeated Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, at New Orleans for the middleweight title. He had to relinquish the title because he outgrew it and fought Jim Corbett to win the heavyweight crown. He lost that and won the light-heavyweight title from George Gardener.

Ross would have a chance against the middleweights because of his speed. He wants the chance to prove he is that good.

Ambers, who once stepped up out of his class to stick the distance with Jimmy McLarnin, thinks he can beat Ross or Garcia in the welter whirl. Montanez is of the same opinion about himself. Therefore, the winner of the lightweight championship is a positive welterweight challenger, making more money for Jacobs, who sees more money trailing in the wake of these championship bouts than there was before.

That is sound promoting, even if it did appear that Jacobs was chancing the killing off of four champions for the sake of an unusual promotional stunt. I agree with Jacobs that he is improving the lineup.

As this is being written, Farr is on his way to the United States. That seems to settle that phase of the heavyweight muddle. Farr is in much the same position in which Bombardier Wells of England found himself while Jack Johnson was champion.

Wells never got around to a bout with Jack. Perhaps that was fortunate for Wells, despite the fact that he was a good hitter, wouldn't have had a Chinaman's chance against Johnson.

James W. Coffroth, one-time king of fistic promoters, just back from England, said of Farr:

"He can box, he can take a terrific punch and I never saw anyone do so slick a finishing job as he accomplished on Walter Neusel. I think the fellow can fight."

* * *

I HAVE heard considerable squawks about Farr being named ahead of Bob Pastor, but why, I cannot conceive. Pastor had his chance against Louis and made a terrible fizzle of it. He failed to give the spectators a run for their money and did all he could to make a bad fight of it, in order, according to definite instructions, to make a monkey out of Louis and to discredit him. He succeeded, that's settled, but in doing so, in my opinion, he hurt his chances as a drawing card for a heavyweight championship bout and Tommy Farr makes a far better attraction, if for no other reason than for the fact that he is the best European heavyweight, barring Schmeling, and instils the international flavor into the heavyweight championship fight.

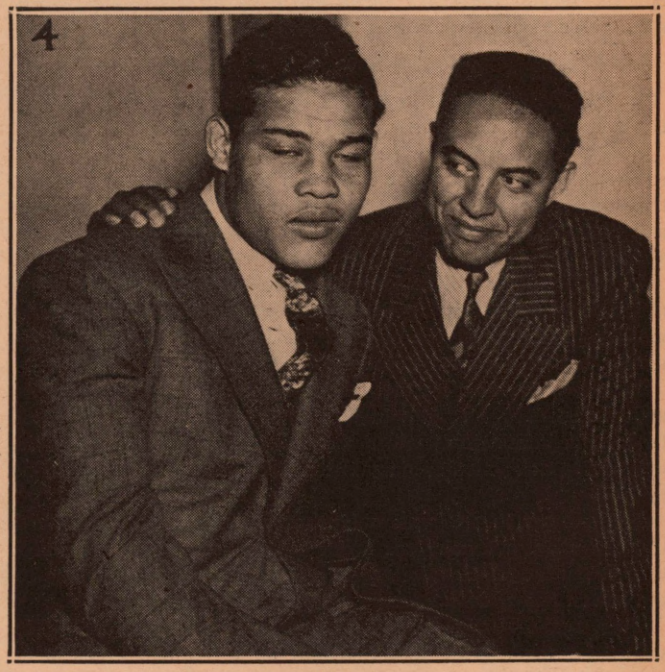
Farr may not go the limit. He may be knocked out. But if the reports from abroad, including those of our own Burris Jenkins, are taken for their face value, he'll not run away as did Pastor. He'll give the fight fans a run for their dough. There is no fear in him. He has an abundance of courage and he can take it. On with the big fight!

Victor and Vanquished

1

3

2

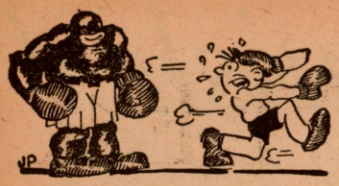

4

1—Joe Louis, surrounded by an army of police, has his hand held up by Hal Hatton, who flashes the word that a new champion has been crowned. Julian Black, his chief second and manager, smilingly congratulates the Bomber. At Black's side is Harry Lenny, famous New York manager, who was brought in at the last minute to aid Louis in his corner.

2—In the dressing room we find a joyous party. Happy Jack Blackburn, chief trainer, grabs the gloves of the new title-holder, refuses to turn them over to John Roxborough, who stands behind him. "They're mine," he says, "and I'll keep them." Julian Black, co-manager with Roxborough (right), stands in front of a group of newspapermen, eager for an interview.

3—While the new title-holder is holding a reception, Braddock, face bandaged and eleven stitches taken in his cut lips and eye, leaves his dressing room for his hotel. Note the expression of Mike Jacobs, promoter of the fight, who is in the rear.

4—A happy ring warrior leaves with his bodyguard, Carl Nelson, with practically not a mark on him.

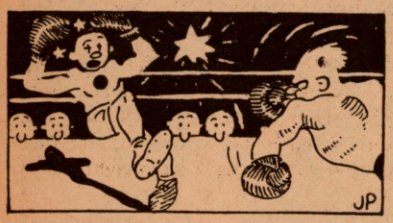


The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER, fresh from Chicago and way stations, brings to you the news and the views of the fistic world by television, pony express and the motion picture. The end of the reign of King James the Third, in that Comiskey Park ring in the city of the Big Wind, was interesting, at times dramatic, but in the final analysis, fraught with no tremendous significances for the heavyweight championship.

Braddock took a beating, Joe Louis took the title, and now the world rolls around without having listed to the larboard or the starboard, and boxing seems to be set for an intriguing reign, loaded with action if nothing else.



THE RING'S Globe Trotter told his agents the night of the Big Fight to be ready to film the Vast Disturbances which so many critics of boxing were sure would develop if Louis won the title, and the Negro became the ascendant in the world of fisticuffs. Braddock lost, and Louis won, but as yet there have been no outbursts in any direction, no Republic Steel massacre counterpart.

The Good Old World keeps going about its business just as if nothing had happened. The White Race may have some chagrin over the outcome. It would be folly to say that all the Whites got up and cheered when the Negro became the champion of the world. It is silly to insinuate that even in the cleanest of sport, there is no Pride of Race.

But the world has changed. Remember when Jack Johnson took the title from Jim Jeffries? There were troubles hither and yon. Not the serious outbreaks which had been predicted, and which some boxing historians insist took place. But there were troubles.

* * *

NOW the world does not get so excited about such matters and is not willing to say that when a man with a black cast of countenance whips a man with a white cast of countenance, it means that all the men with black casts of countenance could whip all the men with white casts of countenance, and that the fistic victory immediately establishes one race over another.

In 1937, we are willing to dissociate one activity from another and give to everything its sane value. And so, we have seen no violences, and we face the reign of Joe Louis not only with equanimity, but with a certain feeling of satisfaction.

You see, the rise of the twenty-two-year-old Negro means action. Braddock, an old man in a fistic sense—and, if the truth be known, considerably older than anybody has confessed—did not care to risk action even against inferior foes. He had too much to lose.

He had got to the peak only through turmoil, through hard work, through a tremendous break in fortune. He was not going to risk it all against some second rater, who might push one to the button and undo the whole fabric.

Then again, Braddock was old and he had been arthritic. He waited for the one big shot, and now he is out, and Louis faces a world in which he sees no menace except from Schmeling.

Louis must fight to make money. He wants to fight. How much he really likes to fight, I do not know. I have a hunch he is not the Killer he has been made out to be.

I have an idea that fighting really is repugnant to Joe, and that he would like to crowd all the fighting he can into the next two years so as to get rid of the task and pile up the cash reserve he wants—and his canny handlers would so much like to pile up.

And so we discover that Louis means Action. And Action is the true essence of the ring.

New York, N. Y.:—The new White Hope Era is ushered in by Public Proclamation.

THE scene you glimpse is an old, familiar one. It is the Public Market Place of the village of New York. It is the same old backdrop we have used for many films of our other series. It shows Broadway at Forty-Second Street. But, hark!

The funny looking bird you see coming out ringing the bell is the Public Crier. He is employed by King Caucasian. Let us listen. He mounts the rostrum, and now he says his say:

"Oyez, oyez, gather closer and let me make public this here announcement of King Caucasian. It having come to the Ear of our great Liege that a Negro has won the heavyweight championship of the Universe, and King Caucasian being somewhat wroth over this, as he is at war with King Ebon, I make this here announcement.

"From now on, the second White Hope Era is officially on. Any honest truckman, plumber, beauty shop technician, gas station attendant, carpenter, grocers' clerk—or, in fact, any man of the realm of King Caucasian, may come to his court and there go under the tutelage of the court coaches, to be developed into White Hopes.

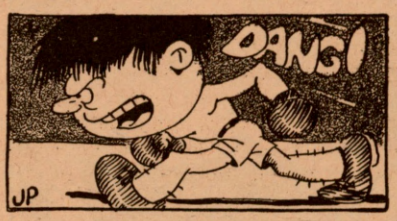
"Jess Willard was the king of the white hopes of the first era. He was a special pride of King Caucasian. We want another Willard."

Here you see a lot of Merry Villagers start snickering. "Pray, tell, Mr. Announcer, what would we do with another Willard? Does King Caucasian think another Willard would stop Louis? Does he see anybody on the Fistic Horizon who could be developed to whip the Black Boy if Schmeling gets the chance, and fails?"

THE Public Crier gets out his Crying Towel. Also his Fright Wig. "I am but the Crier. Oyez, oyez, gather closer and hear that King Caucasian offers the Prize of Prizes for a new White Champion, and that's that, and if you don't like it, it is quite okeh with me. I still insist we need another Willard."

Exeunt, omnes, as they say in the old plays, and the Merry Villagers resume Bowling on the Green.

However, a serious situation presents itself. How many of you remember the first White Hope Epidemic? How many of you recollect the palookas, punks and stumblebums who infested and infected fighting while the White Hope Era was in full blast?



It is hoped that the game is not in for another trouncing like the one it suffered in the long haul from the day Johnson beat Jeffries to the afternoon Willard belted Johnson out in that sun-baked ring in Havana.

Think back—think back to the days when we had those boisterous White Hope tournaments. Think back to the days when truck drivers quit their trucks for the ring, and Disappointment. Think back to the days when Billy Madden and other impresarios and managers, promoters and hangers-on went around scouting for White Hope material.

A loafer on the corner—and up comes one of those Ivory Hunters—and the next thing the loafer knew, he was lying on the canvas, taking the Long Ten. Let us hope that another White Hope epidemic will not be charged up against Louis—and Braddock.

GLOBE TROTTER

All angles of the Louis victory over Braddock come in for graphic treatment. Are we threatened with another White Hope Epidemic?

Berlin, Germany: — The Fuehrer tells Max he is the world champion and to make Louis come to him, not he to the Negro.

WE show here an interesting and very exclusive scene. The serious young man in the left foreground is Max Schmeling, who held the world title before he was deposed by Jack Sharkey and now considers that he has regained the heavyweight championship since Braddock ran out of the match with him and he had already knocked out Joe Louis, who, in turn, kayoed Braddock. The other bird with the Charley Chaplin mustache is Der Fuehrer.

Der Fuehrer says: "Max, what's this I hear from America? Is it true that Mike Jacobs, the man who would rule the world of boxing—a non-Aryan—has offered you a fight with Joe Louis in New York for the heavyweight champion?"

Max: "Yes, 'tis true, but I'm in a quandary what to do."

Der Fuehrer: "What to do! That is a simple matter. You just stay here while Joe Louis and Mike Jacobs ponder over who they can get to give them a million dollar gate other than you. You, Max, are the world heavyweight champion. I have decreed it. I have ordered the German boxing authorities to decree it. I have this day proclaimed you the king of all fighters, and if Mike Jacobs wants you to box Louis, let him bring Louis to Germany, where we will take proper care of this Negro and the non-Aryan Jacobs. Imagine, a Negro ruling the boxing world! It cannot be! You are the champion."

Max quits the Tremendous Aryan Presence feeling like a ham in the sandwich. He is in the middle. He wants the world to recognize him as champion. He wants the title, but more so, even though he denies it, he wants the dough, and where, oh where, can he gather such money as America can give him?

The British Board and the International Boxing Union make themselves look ridiculous.

SCHMELING is the representative of the only True Aryan race—the Germans. Fine and dandy. He will do as Der Fuehrer says. He goes to England and gets General Critchley and Syd Hull to sign him for a fight with Tommy Farr, which should be declared as for the world title, but unfortunately, all his plans are shattered when Mike Jacobs steals a march on the promoters and managers by inducing Ted Broadribb, manager of Farr, to sign for a Louis fight under the banner of the non-Aryan, Mike Jacobs, right here in America, and lo and behold, Der Fuehrer and Herr Max are again left out in the cold.

Max thinks of the dough he has lost by listening to Der Fuehrer and he wishes he had the authority to act on his own again.

Thus Germany has a "world heavyweight champion" in Max Schmeling; the British Board of Boxing Control has made a sucker of itself by following the advice of Der Fuehrer in declaring Schmeling the world title-holder, thinking all the time it would get the Farr-Schmeling bout for London, and the International Boxing Union, which so often has made itself ridiculous, takes it again on the chin with the British board by declaring Schmeling, not Louis, is the title-holder.

And all to help Germany in its effort to rule the world of sport!

Chicago, Ill.:—Fistic Experts discuss the Braddock defeat by Louis.

THE birds in the strange looking hats are Fight Experts. They are gathered in the aftermath of the Braddock-Louis fight to hold a clinic.

FIRST EXPERT: Well, it happened just like I said. I wrote, "If Braddock is not careful, he will stop the Louis left with his puss, and then they will say it was too bad Jim had arthritis."

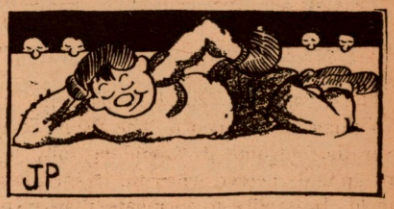
SECOND E.: Why, I read your rag, and it says you pick Braddock in eight heats. In my paper I say Louis wins by a kayo inside fifteen rounds.

THIRD E.: Wait a minute. Here's your sheet and your story says, "Braddock wins by a decision in fifteen rounds, and Louis is knocked down at least three times by rights to the jaw."

SECOND E.: Well, the thing got garbled somehow. I knew all the time Joe tags him, and when he does, Jim takes to the hay.

FOURTH E.: Well, Braddock fights the best way. He says to himself, "I can't go fifteen rounds with this black boy, on account of he is a dozen years younger and stronger, and the best way for me to fight is to give everything I have right from the start and pray for a miracle."

FIFTH E.: Well, that's the way to fight, and Braddock does right. If he fiddles around, he maybe takes a terrific beating for fifteen rounds, maybe he suffers injuries which put him in the hospital for a year, maybe kill him. So he gives, and in the eighth he gives out.



FIRST E.: Listen, you guys. Mark my words. If Louis fights Schmeling again, Max is belted out inside ten rounds. This Black Boy is a new kind of fighter. Schmeling never has a chance against the Louis who knocks out Braddock.

SECOND E.: There is a certain something new about Joe.

THIRD E.: Hey, that's a great title for a song. "There is a certain something, a certain something new about Joe." I'll go to work on that tonight.

FIRST E.: New or old, Louis is far and away the greatest heavyweight in the ring, and let me tell you, it is plain murder to let any of those English guys like Farr go into a ring with him. That Farr guy better triple his insurance. He has about as much chance, if he fights Louis, of coming out for the third round as a Republican has down in Mississippi.

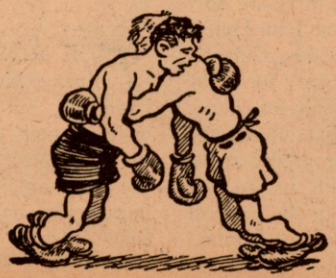
FOURTH E.: Yeh, it looks like Louis lasts for years.

FIFTH E.: I think if he casts caution to the winds, he belts out Braddock in three rounds.

FOURTH E.: Sure! This Louis is champion for at least half a dozen years, and then the soft life and the dough beats him. He doesn't like to fight, and training is poison to him.

An old man walks by and hears it all. "Half a dozen years, eh? Why, that's what I heard when Max Baer beat Schmeling."

The old guy is Father Time. He is laughing!



Jersey City, N. J.:—Braddock takes stock of his financial take for the Louis fight.

THE scene is set in the Jersey home of J. J. Braddock, former champion of the world. He has pencil and paper before him, and with the able assistance of Joe Gould, who also has pencil and paper before him, starts figuring.

JIM: Well, it's over, Joe, and now we can sit down and find out how much we have cleared.

JOE: Yeah, we have cleared.

JIM: Well, we get three hundred grand for the fight. We start from there.

JOE: Yeah, we *(Continued on page 44)*

"The Fighting Champion"

That's What Louis Says He'll Be—Eager to Meet Schmeling Again—Max's Title Claim Unfounded

By TED CARROLL

NO sooner had the shouting and the tumult attendant to the crowning of a new heavyweight champion of the world faded into the strange quiet that always follows such momentous events, than Mr. Joseph Louis Barrow, the new ring ruler, cast aside one of the more or less hallowed traditions of his predecessors. "None of that one-fight-a-year stuff for me," Joe drawled into the murky atmosphere of his crowded dressing room. "I'd like to fight every month, but I don't suppose I can now that I'm champ, but Uncle Mike has gotta get me four fights a year, anyway, champ or no champ."

"And," Joe continued before an audience struck dumb by this amazing announcement, "I'm gonna be the fightingest champion that ever was."

This concluded what was for him a speech of unprecedented length, the rejoicing and back slapping began anew, and excited couriers dashed into the night to spread the champion's words throughout the land. Consistency has always been one of Joe Louis' virtues and, as he was probably the busiest of all contenders, there is every reason to believe that he will be the busiest of all champions.

The one-fight-a-year gag for heavyweight champions was always a pet theory of the late "Tex" Rickard, who believed that too frequent showings before the public dulled the edge of a champion's drawing power. The system has been religiously adhered to by all the champions since Dempsey, Carnera being the sole exception. The Ambling Alp put his title on the line twice in 1934, defending it successfully against Tommy Loughran, March 1, and losing it to Max Baer in June of the same year.

* * *

AS a challenger, Louis was busier than the busiest bee. When he stopped Carnera in June, 1935, he could easily have rested on his laurels until the following year and engaged in a title bout, but he chose instead, less than three months later, to go back to the wars, facing the then dangerous King Levinsky.

Ring critics prescribed a year's rest for the Bomber following his downfall at the hands of Schmeling, and most fighters would have followed this advice. Not only was Louis back in action that same summer, but he has engaged in six victorious bouts since then, while Schmeling has confined his activities to trans-Atlantic trips.

The only drawback to Joe's little plan may be caused by the dearth of worthwhile foes. Joe was so busy as a contender that he practically destroyed his market as champion. He has already flattened four of the five former active heavyweight champions of the world—Carnera, Sharkey, Baer and Braddock.

With the sole exception of Schmeling, he has reduced the division to a state of wreckage. Besides Max, of course, there are only Tommy Farr of England, Max Baer, Bob Pastor and John Henry Lewis as probable foes of any merit whatsoever. Godoy, Galento, Adamick, Harry Thomas, Nathan Mann, Nestell, etc., form the second division of Louis' foes, but aren't conceded sufficient chance against the Bomber at this time to qualify as immediate opponents.

Although no man in the history of the ring ever ascended the pugilistic throne the possessor of a more remarkable record, Joe Louis' complete acceptance in the eyes of the world as the greatest living fighter must depend upon his ability to defeat Max Schmeling in a return bout. Max's claims to title recognition are somewhat illogical as long as Baer, who kayoed him, remains active, but as the only man alive to ever defeat the present champion professionally, he is obviously due some sort of recognition.

* * *

WHATEVER his other shortcomings, Louis has apparently established himself as the greatest puncher since Dempsey. Of his thirty-four professional opponents, only six have succeeded in hearing the final bell. Of these, four were met early in his career, Pastor survived through tactics which have been much criticized, and in the other instance Joe was knocked out himself.

His opposition has been no better and no worse in most cases than that encountered by Dempsey and other hard hitters of the past. His record shows the usual quota of soft touches, but a goodly proportion of his rivals were capable, dangerous men.

Such hard clouters as Retzlaff, Levinsky and Baer, tough nuts like Paulino and Ettore, clever fellows like Ramage and Massare, the giant Preem, gamester Braddock and so on. The quality of men met by Dempsey was about the same, in his days as a contender. Whatever their abilities, they represented the best men that could be found, and Louis took them all on without fear or favor.

Right in line with his avowed intention to deal summarily with all comers, we have the quite unusual spectacle of the champion challenging the challenger. The purple robes of ring royalty had hardly been wrapped around Joe's tawny body before he had declared, "I want Smellin'. Get me Smellin'."

Louis' horrifying experience with the German's right seems to have left little impression on the implacable Bomber's confidence. He must realize that as long as the Black Uhlan remains unvanquished, his heavyweight crown can never glitter the way it should, and Joseph Louis Barrow was never one to dodge the issue.

* * *

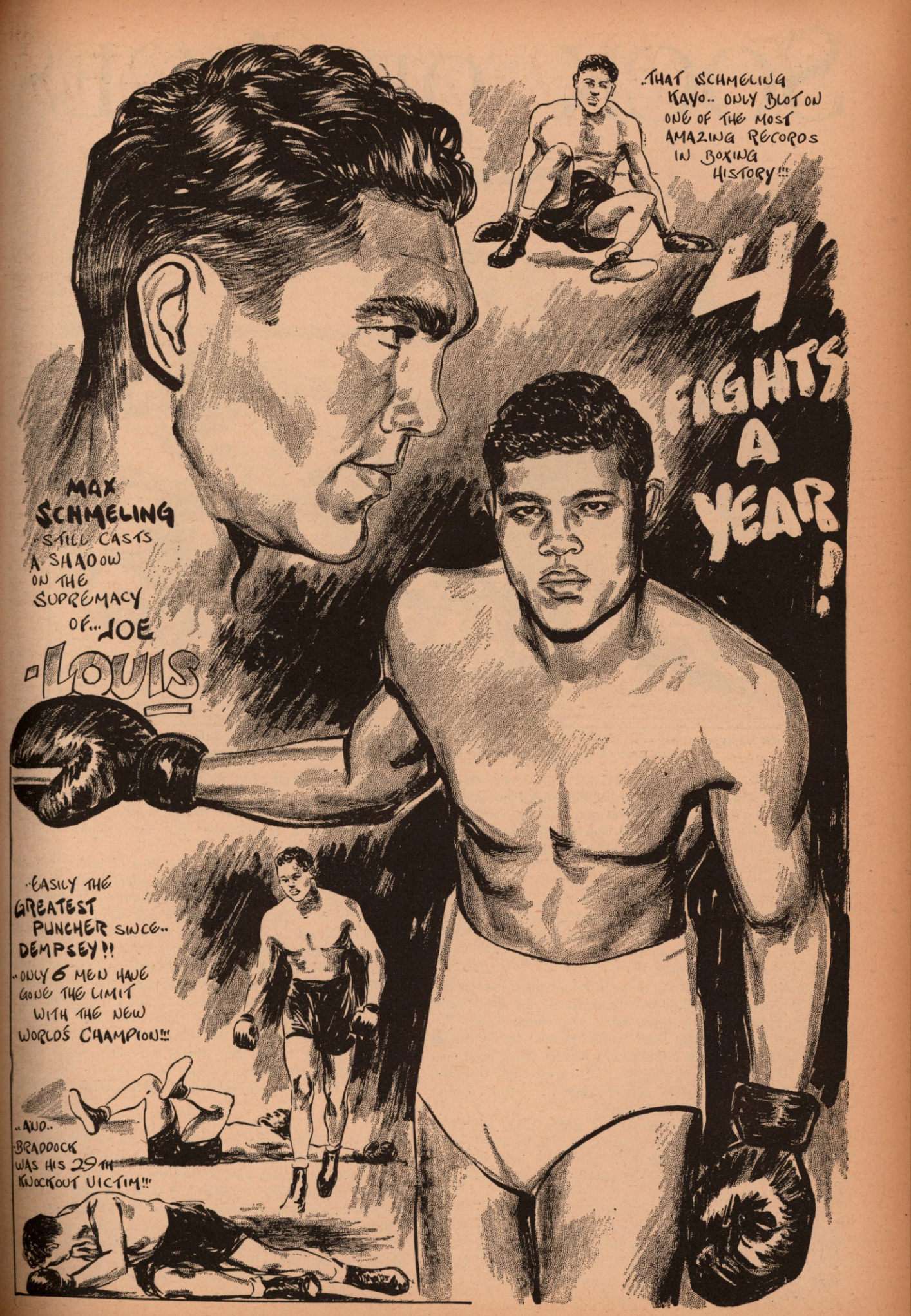
THOSE who are criticizing Louis' claim to a world title have no ground on which to base their contention that Schmeling, and not the Bomber, is the rightful owner of the crown. Their assertion is based on the fact that Louis was kayoed by Herr Max, but they fail to take into account the added fact that Schmeling was knocked out by Max Baer. In either case, no championship was at stake. When Louis lost to Schmeling, he was recognized as the leading contender, and that is all Herr Max is now that Joe has won the title from Braddock by a kayo.

The action of the International Boxing Federation and the German Boxing Commission is ridiculous so far as boxing law is concerned. In the eyes of boxing followers, the majority of whom, especially abroad, are most sympathetic with Schmeling, Louis is the legitimate title-holder and no act of any commission or any body of men can deprive him of that. It was most unfortunate that Braddock walked out of his match with Schmeling, but that didn't give the crown to the German.

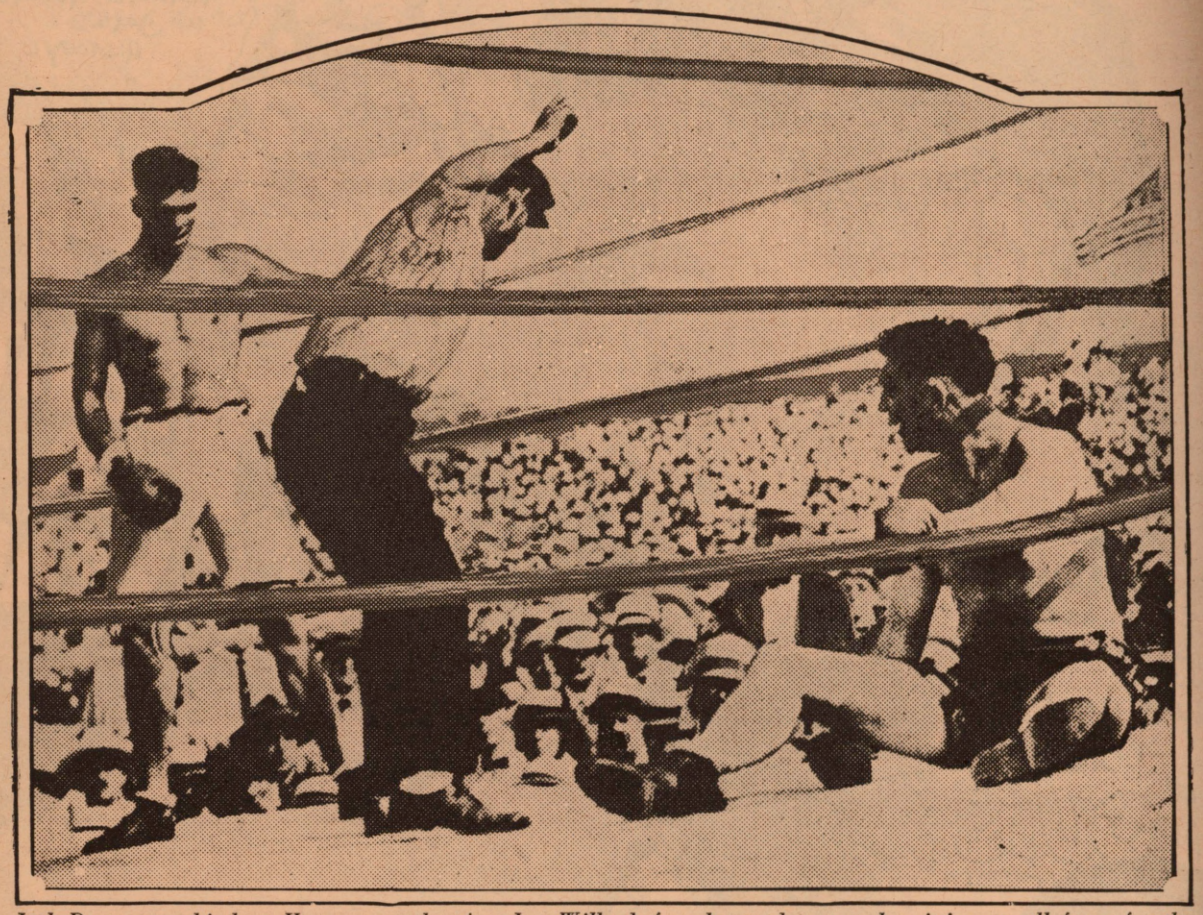
* * *

THE RING has been strong in its support of Schmeling during his battle for official recognition as an opponent for Braddock, but must take issue with those who are trying to belittle Louis' claim to the world title now that he has won it in the ring. Max knows as well as anybody else that the way to become champion is to beat the man who beat Braddock for the laurels. In short, Max must again whip Louis if he wants the championship.

He himself strongly opposed the claim *(Continued on page 44)*


..THAT SCHMELING KAYO.. ONLY BLOT ON ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING RECORDS IN BOXING HISTORY!!!
4 FIGHTS A YEAR!
MAX SCHMELING STILL CASTS A SHADOW ON THE SUPREMACY OF... JOE LOUIS
..EASILY THE GREATEST PUNCHER SINCE.. DEMPSEY!!
..ONLY 6 MEN HAVE GONE THE LIMIT WITH THE NEW WORLDS CHAMPION!!!
..AND.. BRADDOCK WAS HIS 29TH KNOCKOUT VICTIM!!!

SOCK OF AGES



Jack Dempsey at his best. Here we see the giant Jess Willard, face battered to a pulp, sitting on all fours for the sixth time in the fight at Toledo in which he lost the world heavyweight title.

JACK DEMPSEY—Had I fought Joe Louis while in my prime, I would have rushed him off balance and beat him to the punch. I'd have given him only the top of my head as a target while both my fists poured misery into his ribs. I believe I could have taken his best blows better than he could take mine.

JOE LOUIS—I would have outboxed Dempsey; dressed him up with left jabs, then crossed my right to his chin. Dempsey would have been an open target for my straight punches.

The scene is Soldier Field.

Incandescent rays flood the white canvassed stage and out into the night more than 100,000 faces stare down, row upon row in ghostlike formation . . . . ashen faces . . . . brown faces . . . . black and yellow faces. Their voices mumble in a strange cacophony, familiar only to the fistic followers. Their pulse runs a fever in anticipation of a fight . . . . a great battle of gloves with a knockout inevitable. Spines cringe . . . . flesh squirms . . . . the gladiators are in the ring.

In one corner towers a portentous amber giant with steel muscles as cold and still as a tombstone. His brown lips are pursed like a new doughnut . . . . jet kinky hair glistening . . . . smooth face, set off by high cheeks and long pointed chin, resembling a bronze statue in the screaming light.

Six feet of trigger-nervous sunburn twitches in the opposite corner. The white adversary surges vitality. He scrapes resin dust underfoot, paws at the ropes and rubs his square nose with a leather padded thumb. His beard is long and coarse. Heavy dark locks tousle upon a high, frown-studded forehead . . . . spindly legs remind one of toothpicks.

THE gong clangs. Feet shuffle. Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, races from his corner, crouched to spring with flying gloves. Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, glides over the canvas flat-footed, poised with fists high, elbows in. Killer moves to meet killer.

A long sepia arm snakes out. The thud of leather tells that the first blow is struck. Dempsey's head snaps back. He weaves low, then circles back, wheels and lunges forward with a fury. His left hook catches only a brown arm as Louis backs up protecting himself with arms and gloves. Another left hook knifes the amber ribs. Joe wobbles . . . . steps in quickly and exchanges body pistons with his assailant. Jack misses a looping right for the head and Louis' right dunks the white stomach.

The Manassa Mauler leaps forward, slips a left jab and rivets gloves upon the sepia body. His straggly hair bobs like a new cork on a muddy stream. He drives Louis back, back to the ropes where the brown man wheels and nimbly glides out of range, then sprays Dempsey's face with punitive jabs. Dempsey vainly tries to weave under the long brown arm as the bell interrupts.

* * *

DEMPSEY quickens his stride bounding out for the second glove spasm. He stops suddenly, swerves from a jab, feints a left hook and crosses a right over the heart. Louis sets down abruptly. His long face ripples a faint smile. He pulls himself up, sidesteps Jack's rush, and pops a jab into the charging antagonist.

Now Joe shuffles into range with precision. He slips a right . . . hooks a short left to the chin. Dempsey reels. A right whistles to his whiskers. Pandemonium pops like the exhaust whistle of an overheated boiler. The throng whoops with primitive screams. Dempsey is down.

A Pseudo Prize Fight Between Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey— With Interviews on the Subject With These Ring Killers

By GENE KESSLER

Jack leaps up like a wounded tiger and runs into a jab. He rears erect and rolls with a straight right to muffle the dynamite. Suddenly Dempsey flicks his own left hand with effective jabs . . . one, two, three. Louis registers surprise by not changing expressions. Joe's right grazes Jack's chin. Dempsey feints a left, then thrusts a galvanic right to the button. The brown legs turn rubbery. Louis rolls into the ropes, gloves protecting his chin. The bell stops Dempsey.

Trainer Jack Blackburn works frantically over the Bomber. Louis' eyes regain their lustre. He shuffles out to meet Dempsey's charge, determined to set his own pace this round. He pops a jab to the nose, blocks a left hook and slips from a right. The brown man ducks under another right, tips Dempsey with his open left glove and drives Jack's chin against his Adam's apple with a right blast. The white man spins and falls inert upon his face.

Chairs are overturned. Hats sail high. The throng exhilarates as Dempsey slowly draws his knees under him. His eyes roll wryly, then focus his antagonist vengefully. At the count of eight Jack leaps up, rushing Louis . . . . runs into a jab. Joe reaches to spin his frenzied foe, but Jack bobs under the brown arms and digs a left hook to the body. They exchange blows in close as the bell clangs.

* * *

LOUIS, acting under instructions, waits almost in his corner as the fourth round opens. He slips inside Dempsey's left and flails loaded fists. First a twisting jab straightens Jack up like a hickory twig. A left hook rocks him off balance. A right daggers the vital spot. A ring giant crumples.

But Dempsey isn't finished. He wobbles erect at the count of nine. His eyes are glossy. His lips curl back from his teeth in a snarl. He beckons with open glove for Louis to come and get him. Dempsey is fighting mad. A jab plops his nose and further heats his temper. His left hook free-wheels spasmodically and catches only brown arms. Jack unwinds a right with the hammers of hell in his glove. It glances off the tawny jaw. Jack's left hook whirls under the brown elbow and knifes Louis' stomach. Dempsey is fighting himself back into the battle . . . . fighting on nerves and courage. A right whips home. Louis' head crashes against the ringboards. The bell saves him.

* * *

ACTION in the two corners becomes the cynosure of 100,000 pairs of eyes. Blackburn waves smelling salts under Louis' nostrils. Jack Kearns massages Dempsey's legs and moves his lips articulately.

Louis shuffles forward to meet Dempsey's rush, determined to gamble on an exchange of blows. His left hook scores high on the cheek. Dempsey weaves low and comes up with a whirring left hook that dents the soup line. The Negro is hurled back off balance by the impact. Another left hook jars Joe's head back. His chin slants skyward and his eyes roll. Dempsey's right flashes like a bolt of electricity. Six inches it zooms to the tawny jaw.

The brown man's feet fly off the canvas. His head bumps the floor.

When they bounce like that, they never rebound. Several minutes later Joe Louis comes around. The amber hand thrusts out to Jack Dempsey . . . . the ring killer of the ages.

THAT was the Jack Dempsey who uncoiled leather lightning at Toledo on July 4, 1919, to disintegrate the mammoth Jess Willard. It was the Manassa Mauler who climbed back into the ring at the Polo Grounds that sultry September evening in 1923 and flattened the ape-man from the South American Pampas—Luis Angelus Firpo.

It was the Joe Louis who slashed the gigantic mountain which walks like a man, Primo Carnera, into confetti; who kneaded Max Baer's cast-iron chin into putty in the Yankee Stadium during the summer of 1935.

It was the ring's greatest killers of modern glove warfare in a pseudo showdown.

Greatness in athletes isn't made. It just happens like Topsy and the depression. Super men just happen every so often. Like Babe Ruth in baseball, Bobby Jones in golf and Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis in the ring.

Dempsey possessed more downright heart than any other fighter. His punch could match the Brown Bomber's sock, birdie for birdie. That devastating weapon was of the short, snap variety. The Manassa Mauler of 1919 could weave inside the best defense and sliver the strongest bodies. To evade his fretting glove-fire, a foe had to retreat behind an incessant hailstorm of jabs. Gene Tunney did that to outpoint Dempsey twice. Tom Gibbons did it until his aged legs lost their spring in the late rounds.

* * *

DEMPSEY at his best was a body riveter and fighters who bead the soup line, leave their chins open. Thus he was a target for the jab. Yet no one ever traded blows with Dempsey and remained erect at the final gong. And Louis at his best is a flat-footed puncher who shuffles into range on perfect balance.

"Jack Dempsey always has been my idol," said Louis when asked how he would have fought the old Mauler. "Yet I guess he wasn't so hot on boxing. I guess I'd have dressed him up with a left jab and tried to whang over the straight right when I got him off balance. I believe I can beat any man who ever lived if I hit him, but I'm not saying I would of beaten Dempsey. It probably would have been a question of who hit first because he really could go to town with his sock."

* * *

JOE'S admiration for Dempsey dates back to his school days in Detroit. One September evening in 1927 his kinky head protruded from a group of pickaninnies huddled around a radio and he yodeled: "Hot diggety—Dempsey's got him!"

Gene Tunney was on the floor in Soldier Field, Chicago, and little Joseph Louis Barrow, then only thirteen, was straining his tonsils in glee. But Tunney got off the canvas and finished spearing the decision so the Negro youngster vowed to avenge by some day knocking out all the Gene Tunneys. Thus Joe Louis (he doesn't use the Barrow any more) patterned a ring career after the old Dempsey in one respect. He became a killer. He knocked out twenty-two of his first twenty-six professional opponents, mowing a path through the heavyweight division.

Max Schmeling proved that Louis was human, after all. He made a mistake and he was knocked out. After seeing that one setback of Louis' meteoric career, Dempsey declared that the Brown Bomber couldn't take a solid punch.

What the old Mauler really meant was that Louis lost his cunning after being badly hurt; that he didn't recuperate as rapidly as, yes, Dempsey, but the Negro stood in there until his jaw was swollen as big as a medicine ball and until he had absorbed seventy right-hand sledges from the sturdy German before going out. Joe got up twice and fought back.

Louis placed the blame for this one reverse squarely upon himself. "I let old man over-confidence get me," he said. "I got cocky; thought I could name the round and the punch I would ice Schmeling. I listened to all that foolish talk about me being invincible.

"After the first round, when I jabbed Max at will, I returned to my corner and told Trainer Jack Blackburn: 'This is the easiest fight of my career. I can nail him anytime.' Then I walked out for the second round, dropped *(Continued on page 43)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Pastor's Friends Urge Recognition for Title Shot
Foreign Boards Err in Naming Schmeling
U. S., South Africa, Australia, Stand by Louis

NEW YORK fight fans are rooting hard for Bob Pastor to be selected as one of the four opponents in the plan outlined by Joe Louis when the new world heavyweight king signed a five year's contract with Mike Jacobs. Although Bob made a poor showing against the Brown Bomber when they clashed in their winter bout in the Garden, Louis, likewise, was at his worst. The enmity existing between Mike Jacobs and the Garden forces, especially Jimmy Johnston, whom Mike blames for trying to belittle Louis by having Pastor employ the tactics he did in their "fight," should be buried.

For the best interests of the sport I hope that Jacobs and Jimmy can get together. A Pastor-Louis bout will not draw within fifty per cent of what a Schmeling-Louis return mill would gross, but there would be enough of a gate to assure all hands a good sum and I predict that if ever Pastor gets another chance at Joe, he will disregard any such advice as was given him in their last encounter and would put up a good scrap in an effort to win the title. Pastor is a good fighter when he cuts loose and he promises just that if he tackles Louis again.

Let's get together, gentlemen.

* * *

IN an effort to eliminate the various championship claims of rival featherweights, I have succeeded in inducing Petey Sarron, through his mentor, Jimmy Erwin, to place his world crown at stake against Armstrong or Belloise, or both. Sarron, who without any question, is the only official world champion in this division, cabled a few weeks ago a request to open negotiations with Eddie Meade, manager of Armstrong, and with Belloise, the California and New York State title holders, respectfully, for a titular fight. "All I want," said Sarron, "is to be paid a proper guarantee for the defense of my title."

Why Mike Belloise, who was stopped by Armstrong in four rounds in the Garden, should be the recognized world champion by the New York Commission, is a deep mystery. Such absurd action as the commission has taken in the Belloise claim, is what makes a farce of boxing in some states. As for Armstrong, he likewise, has no more right to the championship than has Belloise, but he does qualify as the leading contender and I personally have no doubt that he will win the crown if he and Sarron are matched as I hope they will be.

Here's a chance for Tom Gallery or any other big time promoter in California to get a lucrative card. Sarron will return to America only if he is assured a championship bout with Armstrong or Belloise, otherwise he will remain abroad until next year.

* * *

THE action of the New York State Commission in recognizing Joe Louis as world heavyweight champion is the only proper step that board could have taken, regardless of its suspension of Braddock. When the suspension of Braddock went into effect, the Brown Bomber was not a licensed boxer in New York, hence the ruling against Braddock could not apply against Louis. But even if he had been licensed, it would have been foolhardy on the part of the commission to suspend Joe or refuse to recognize his championship claim, as that would have been contrary to the rules of boxing and would have added to the discomfiture of the boxing moguls.

The New York Commission, by recognizing Louis, has paved the way for a fight at the Yankee Stadium for the fall with Tommy Farr, with the Brown Bomber defending his laurels. New York's legislators and business men want the big fights to be staged in the Empire State. They realize, as did Chicago merchants, mayor and legislators, that a championship fight means big business for all, and with that, goes a good sized income in taxes to the state. That's why they intend to see that New York gets its share of that business.

Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey, New York's "fighting" tavern owners.

* * *

IN Chicago, where the Louis-Braddock fight was staged, I attended a dinner at which I was a speaker, and during the evening a member of the Chamber of Commerce, in asking for 100 per cent cooperation in putting over the big fight, said:

"Gentlemen, there is no need for me to tell you that the fight which Mike Jacobs has brought to Chicago, has brought to our city close to $10,000,000. Every hotel is filled. Our restaurants and other merchants are reaping the benefit and the railroads and air services are doing better business than at any time this year."

That statement was followed by one by Jack Dempsey in which he said, "Taking the fight from New York cost my tavern $40,000."

But neither Dempsey nor the merchants nor business men can blame the New York Commission for the loss of the Braddock fight. That board was helpless to stem the tide. No amount of persuasion nor money could have brought Braddock and Louis to the Yankee Stadium, but there are other matches of gigantic financial importance that should come to New York and the commission must alter its attitude in-re such bouts if it seeks to obtain the revenue that comes from such matches. A better understanding

between commissioners and promoters now prevails as a result of what happened in Chicago.

Personally, I think that the suggestion of Commissioner Wear of the New York board is a good one. In dissenting from the vote of his colleagues on a recent question, Colonel Wear said:

"Let's start a new deal. The government is doing it. Labor is doing it. The world at large is doing it, why not we? Let's fall in line and stop hampering the promoters. In the past it has been our aim to protect the boxers who were real contenders by forcing promoters to consider them in arranging a championship fight. But we have lost many lucrative bouts for the state of New York by such unwise action.

"After all, the promoter has his finger on the pulse of the sport, more so than we business men who are commissioned by the governor to handle boxing. If a promoter thinks that a bout which we suggest is unwise because it cannot draw, and seeks to substitute a fighter who, in his opinion, is a big drawing card, by all means let us play ball with him and sanction the fight he wants. If we do that in the future, we won't be sending millions of dollars to Chicago or Detroit or Philadelphia, or other cities."

Well spoken, Colonel Wear. I'm heartily in favor of a hands off policy. The commission can help itself, the state and the sport by adopting such a policy.

There has been too much matchmaking on the part of our commissions throughout the country and too little consideration for the promoter. Naming the leading contenders is one thing, but forcing a promoter to use those contenders, is another.

Boxing is a gigantic commercial business and though I'm in favor of giving the best talent in each division a chance at the crown, I feel that it is an injustice to force a promoter to put on a fight which he knows and the public is aware won't draw.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of Louis, a word about the crude action of the British Board of Boxing Control and the International Boxing Federation in voting Schmeling the world champion. The Ring Editor cannot be charged with discrimination and not by the farthest stretch of imagination can this publication be charged with unfairness towards Max Schmeling, for our readers will agree that we have condemned the runout of Braddock in his match with Max in no uncertain terms and stood steadfastly by the German in his game battle for recognition while others attacked him because of racial or political prejudice. The reports from London first stated that the British Board voted in favor of Schmeling, but the Board, after Farr agreed to come to the United States to fight Louis, said that it had merely declared the title vacant and had not named Max the champion. Even that is a silly act.

Furthermore, we have openly declared, despite our friendship for Mike Jacobs, a friendship of thirty years' standing, that Schmeling still remains the world's outstanding heavyweight and that a blight rests over Louis' title just so long as the knockout at the hands of Schmeling is not evened. But that does not alter the fact that Louis gained the world crown by a kayo over Braddock and that for months previously to the weighing-in, Schmeling and the New York commission knew that Braddock had no intention of fighting Schmeling for the crown.

Hence, not by the widest stretch of imagination can I see how Schmeling is entitled to a title claim. He himself declared at the commission offices in my presence that he realized he had no right to the title and couldn't and wouldn't claim it by default, but Max changed his mind when he got back to Germany, where the championship is something the government wants very badly.

The only way that Schmeling can win the title is in the ring, and he knows it, and so do the eminent Boxing Board of Control of England, which, I daresay, now that the Farr-Schmeling match has fallen through, deeply regrets its hasty action to suit the whims of Messrs. Critchley and Syd Hull. I'm certain that our army of British sportsmen, readers of The Ring, will agree with me when I say that they will recognize the Farr-Louis fight in this country as for the world championship, despite any contrary notion by the Board of Control. Wake up, gentlemen!

In America, the National Boxing Association, comprising thirty-six states, recognizes Louis, as do all non-National Boxing Association members and Australia and South Africa.

* * *

THE past month has been a sad one for sports followers who were shocked by the passing of several fistic characters and the severe illness of several others. Elsewhere in this issue is a story entitled, "Tom Tracy Dead."

On the day that this famed Australian middleweight, who had been making his home in America for many years, passed into the Great Beyond, I received a message from my dear pal, Jack Curley, a friend of more than thirty years' standing, informing me of Tom's death and adding, "Nat, I would love to do a little piece for The Ring on Tracy, who was a remarkable fighter."

I told Jack Curley that I would gladly use his article, which is printed in this issue, and only three days later, imagine my surprise when I picked up a morning paper and found the headline, "Jack Curley Dies at 61." The shock I suffered was felt by his thousands of other friends in every walk of life.

* * *

JACK CURLEY, the man who raised wrestling to a high level and promoted the great Hackenschmidt-Gotch match, in addition to hundreds of other contests of an international character, died from a heart attack at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, only a few weeks after he had reorganized the wrestling game in New York by forming a new alliance with men who had deserted him when depression hit the sport.

Although Jack Curley will long be remembered as the wrestling impresario of America, his field of adventure went far beyond the mat game. He was a pioneer in American sport. Not only did he promote wrestling and boxing, but he was the organizer of the first professional tennis tournament, besides having a hand in promotion ventures of many other varieties. It was he who got the late William Jennings Bryan to tour the country and lecture on the Silver Standard.

* * *

IT was Curley who made the late Rudy Valentino the idol of the American women by having him tour the country as The Sheik. It was Curley also who conceived the idea of staging the Jess Willard-Jack Johnson fight in Havana in an effort to bring back the heavyweight championship to the white race.

He arranged tours for Willard, Georges Carpentier, Jim Jeffries, among the fighters; Frank Gotch and Hackenschmidt, among the wrestlers; Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the Suffragist leader, in an effort to bring votes for women at a time when this national problem was a thorn in the sides of our congressional leaders.

With Annette Kellerman, he organized the first swimming tour and it was he who conceived the idea of the one-piece bathing suit for women. He had Annette Kellerman perform for the first time in the old New York Hippodrome and, finding that the type of suit she was wearing was hampering her progress, he invented a tight-fitting one-piece suit which at the time shocked your reformers and brought the wrath of the blue law agitators upon his head.

In a subsequent issue I will go into more detail on the life story of Curley, whose career covers a stretch of forty years in the sporting field.

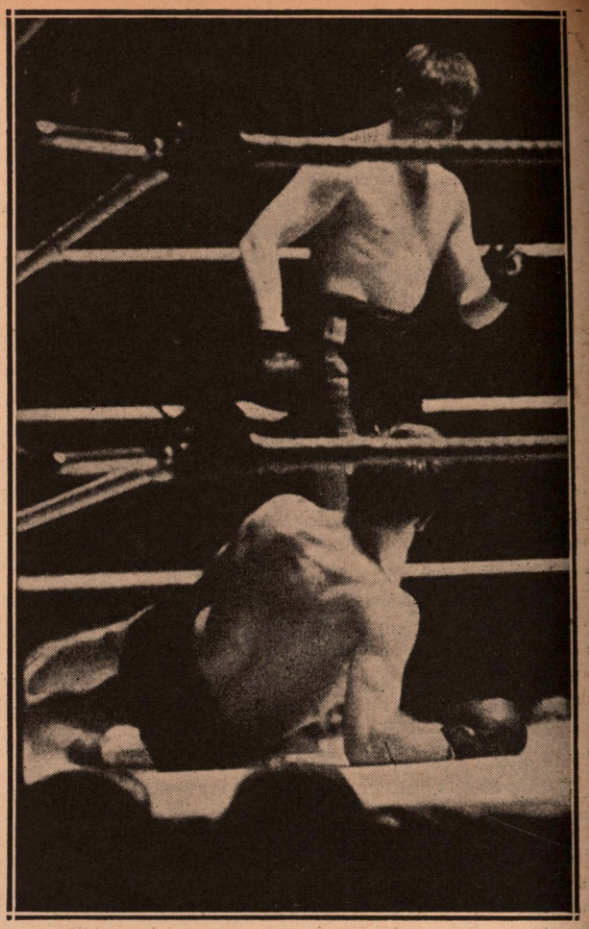
A pal has gone to join many of his famed comrades in Valhalla. May his soul rest in peace.

* * *

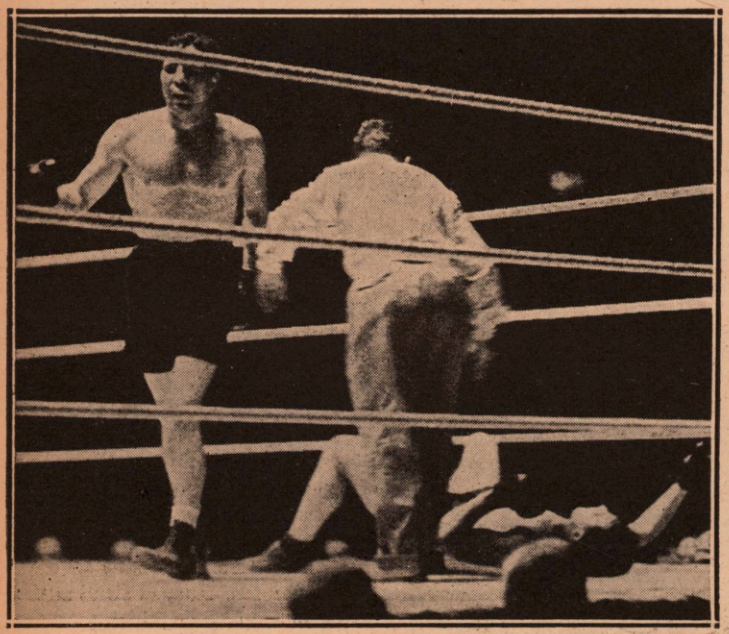
THE best piece of boxing legislation put on the books in the last thirty years is the no-foul rule that James A. Farley, now Postmaster General, was responsible for at the time he was chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. It would be a great improvement for boxing in England, South Africa and Australia if such a rule were adopted in those countries. Almost every other week we read of some important fight ending in a foul.

My suggestion is that the fistic moguls of those countries compel all boxers to use a protection similar to the Foul-Proof Taylor Cup which has been adopted by most states of this land, and then you'll hear of no more fouls. *(Continued on page 59)*

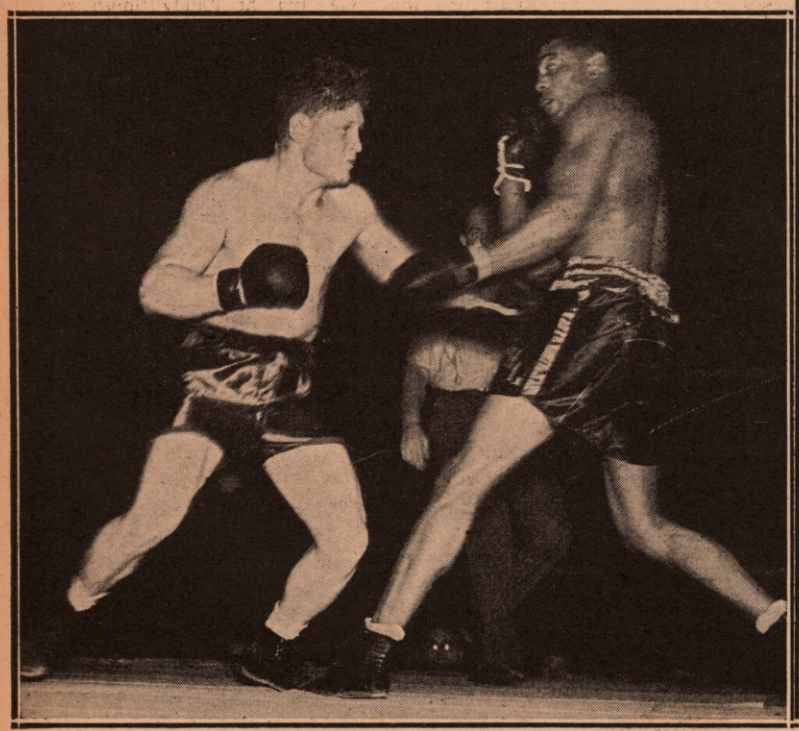
The PASSING PARADE



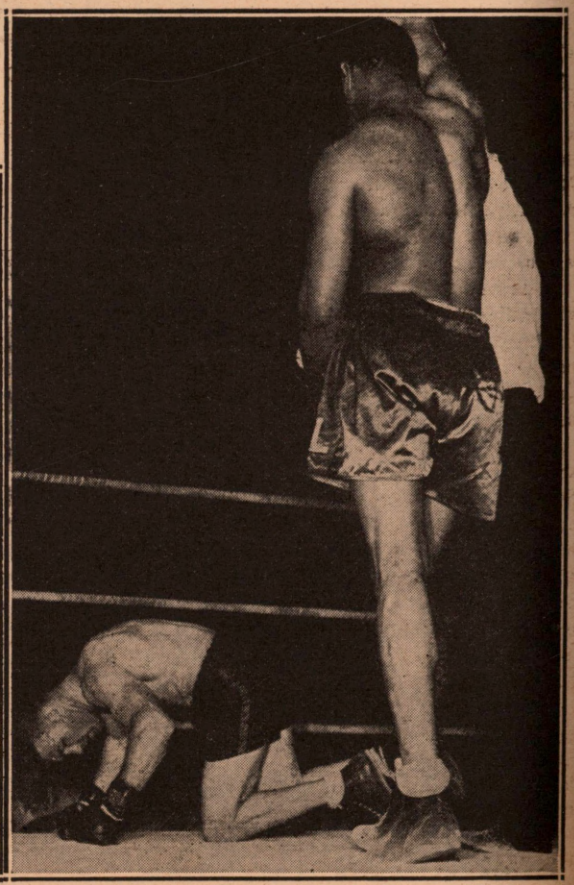
The downfall of Walter Neusel. Here we see Walter stopped by Tommy Farr, British Empire champion, in the third stanza at the Harringay Arena of London.



Max Baer, listed as the most popular fighter that has visited England in many years, stops Ben Foord, South African champion, in the ninth round in London. Max thus is back in the fistic spotlight as a possible championship contender.



John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight king, continued his rise as a heavyweight contender by again defeating Al Ettore in Philadelphia in fifteen rounds.



And here is Lewis successfully defending his title against Bob Olin, challenger, whom he knocked out in the eighth round.

TOM TRACY, DEAD

His Passing Recalls Odd Fistic Happening in St. Louis—Was One of World's Best Welters

By JACK CURLEY

(Two days after this was written, Jack Curley dropped dead from a heart attack to join his pal)

THE death out in Portland, Oregon, of Tommy Tracy, one time foremost welterweight fighter, brings back memories of one of the oddest happenings it has ever been my experience to encounter.

The scene was the old Exposition Hall on Fourteenth and Locust Streets in St. Louis in the early winter of 1897. The Press Club succeeded in securing a permit from the tolerant city and county officials to hold a boxing show. Of course, there was no law governing the sport at that time. Such a permit usually was enough to stage the show, unless now and then some reformer or someone with a personal grievance, usually caused by jealousy, elected to stir up trouble and at the last minute forced the authorities, yes, even the governor of the state, to call a halt. However, as this show was advertised for the benefit of the Press Club, it was enough to create tremendous ballyhoo.

The main event was between Young Griffo and Tommy Tracy. Six rounds was the route, and George Siler was brought down from Chicago to referee. Charles "Parson" Davies had charge and Col. John T. Hopkins managed Tommy Tracy. The good colonel, who was the first in the 10, 20 and 30c field in the theatrical world, managed Dan Creadon, and Tom Tracy, strictly as a fighter.

* * *

THE men trained in St. Louis for two weeks. Griffo was in charge of the famous old-timers, Big Dan and John Daley. Despite the fact that the Daley boys ran a Market Street drink emporium, they carried out to the letter Davies' orders to keep Griffo on the water wagon.

Consequently the cleverest boxer who ever drew on a glove, Young Griffo—rounded into perfect condition. On the night of the fight, the two-horse carriage left the Daley headquarters en route to Exposition Hall, but met with a serious accident. At Eighth and Olive Streets, a heavy cable car hit the carriage with full force, scattering the trainers, seconds and principal all over the street. One of the seconds, Eddy Kane, was very seriously injured. Johnny Daley got away with a broken shoulder blade, but Griffo suffered only slight contusions. Of course, he was badly shaken up and distressed over seeing his companions knocked senseless and one of the horses attached to the carriage was killed.

They arrived late at Exposition Hall. The crowd, not knowing of the accident and quickly suspecting that it was one of Griffo's usual tricks in falling off the water wagon, became impatient and was in an ugly mood when the fighter finally arrived an hour after the semi-final had been staged.

* * *

GRIFFO tried to explain to "Parson" Davies of the happening, but being upset, he mumbled the story, causing the good "Parson" to suspect the worst, and fully sharing in the opinion of some of the crowd.

Finally Tracy entered the ring and again there was a wait of fifteen minutes, during which there was a hot argument between Davies and Griffo, because the latter insisted on making a speech and telling the crowd in his own way what happened.

Finally, in order to get him into the ring, "Parson" Davies agreed to his speech making. But when he entered the roped square, he tried to prevent Griffo from speaking. In his cockneyed dialect, Griffo threatened to leave the ring and Davies, who also had a temper, ordered him out and instructed the referee to declare Tracy the winner without even a glove being put on or a blow struck.

* * *

DAVIES' and Siler's argument was that once Griffo was in the ring, he was in the hands of the starter, and not fulfilling his contract, Siler was perfectly right in ruling the fight against Griffo. A quick canvass was made of the fighters present and Paddy Smith, brother of the more famous Denver Ed Smith, was substituted for Griffo.

Pandemonium ruled. The crowd booed and yelled, but the gloves were put on. The fighters came out of their corners, were instructed by the referee, the timing bell was rung, and the Paddy Smith vs. Tom Tracy bout was on.

Sad to relate, Paddy was no match for Tracy, who knocked him out in the first round. That's why the old record books show Tracy's record as winning two fights in one night, one over Griffo, the other over Paddy Smith.

* * *

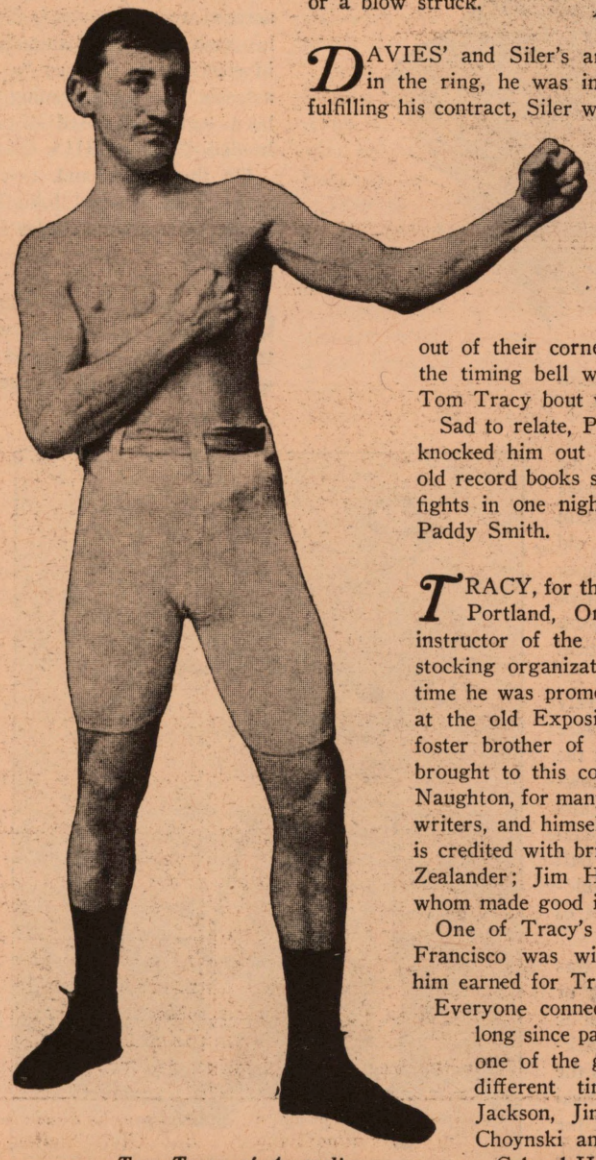
TRACY, for the last twenty-five years, has lived in Portland, Oregon. Part time he was boxing instructor of the Multnomah Athletic Club, the silk stocking organization of Portland, Oregon, and part time he was promoter of boxing and wrestling shows at the old Exposition Hall in Portland. He was a foster brother of Dan Creadon and they were both brought to this country in the early 90's by W. W. Naughton, for many years the dean of American boxing writers, and himself an Australian. In fact, Naughton is credited with bringing here Billy Murphy, the New Zealander; Jim Hall, and Bob Fitzsimmons, all of whom made good in this country.

One of Tracy's first fights on his arrival in San Francisco was with Billy Gallagher, and defeating him earned for Tracy a big reputation.

Everyone connected with the St. Louis battle has long since passed on, including "Parson" Davies, one of the great managers of his day, who at different times managed and backed Peter Jackson, Jimmy Barry, Bob Armstrong, Joe Choynski and Tommy Ryan.

Colonel Hopkins,

(Continued on page 44)

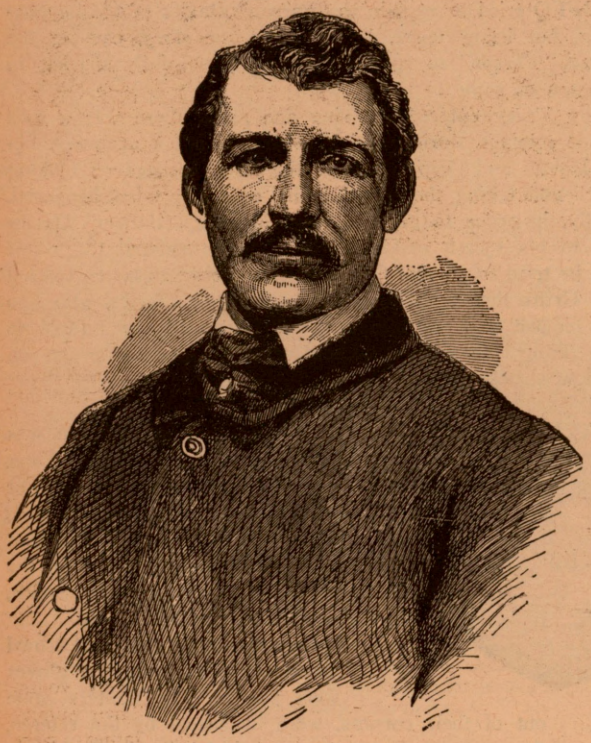


Tom Tracy of Australia

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

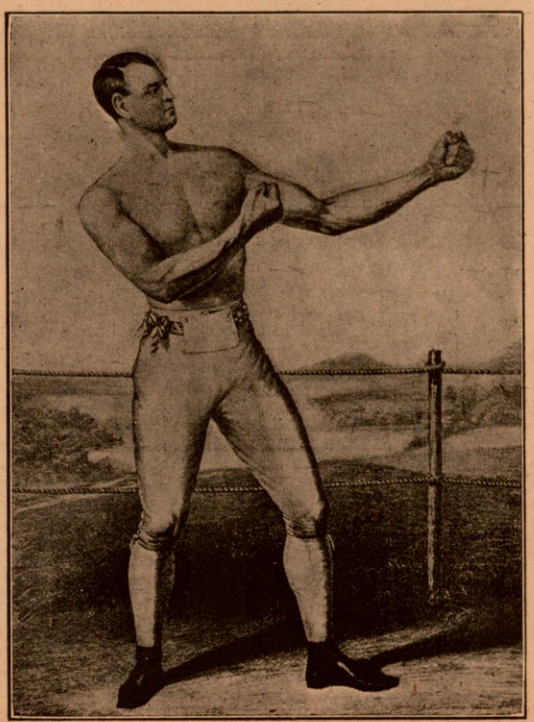
THE RING herewith presents the fourth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.



John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, who lost championship bout to Morrissey.

A FOREIGNER visiting this country in the fifties who endeavored to obtain a mental picture of old New York by consulting the newspaper files of that period, would be puzzled to decide just what manner of men were the figures looming large on the political horizon of the day. An American, familiar even in our own comparatively polished age with the praise or censure editorially bestowed upon persons in the public spotlight, would make due allowance for journalistic political bias and declare that the truth lay betwixt and between, those assailed being not half so bad as painted, and the parties eulogized deserving maybe fifty per cent of the nice things said about them.

The press of that bygone time was extremely outspoken in denouncing or boosting men as public enemies or public benefactors. To list a man as a "black-hearted villain whose fitting finish is the gallows," merely because his political faith chanced to differ from that of the publication in which he was vilified, does not conform to modern ethics.



Tom Hyer, who evaded a meeting with Morrissey.

But such headlines were common enough and the accompanying articles every whit as vitriolic in the heyday of strife between the Native Americans and Tammany Hall.

So far as the libel law was concerned, the succor of that protective statute was seldom invoked by the person or persons attacked. That was because the latter were usually politicians possessed of such glaringly scarlet pasts that they had no desire to go before the courts and have their iniquities exposed in lurid detail. Yet to give the press of the fifties its due, private individuals were not made targets of criticism unless there was good reasons for putting them into the public pillory.

It followed therefore, that when John Morrissey was indicted for conspiracy in causing the death of Bill Poole, although the accused was subsequently discharged for lack of evidence to prove his guilt, the anti-Tammany journals had no scruple whatever in referring to him as "a murderous monster," and "unhanged assassin," or even coming out six months after the affair had been legally disposed of with a column attack on Morrissey headed—"AND THIS CAIN STILL LIVES!"

On the other hand, newspapers dispensing Native American propaganda pictured John Morrissey as a stalwart, but none the less angelic creature who fairly leaked with the milk of human kindness.

* * *

ONE finds in the time-yellowed pages of "THE SUBTERRANEAN," a weekly edited by Michael Walsh, a true son of the old sod who played an impassioned role in politics of the day, a fervid defense of the Tammany gladiator headed—"Morrissey the Man, Rolland the Ruffian!" This blast was directed as a counter-punch against a criticism made by the said Rolland in a letter to the New York *Times*. Yet Rolland had not berated Morrissey. The letter merely affirmed what everybody knew, that Poole's demise might logically be attributed to the growth of mutual hatred between the rival political factions, increased and nourished by his feud with Morrissey, and concluded with the assertion that the existing gang-rule was a disgrace to New York City.

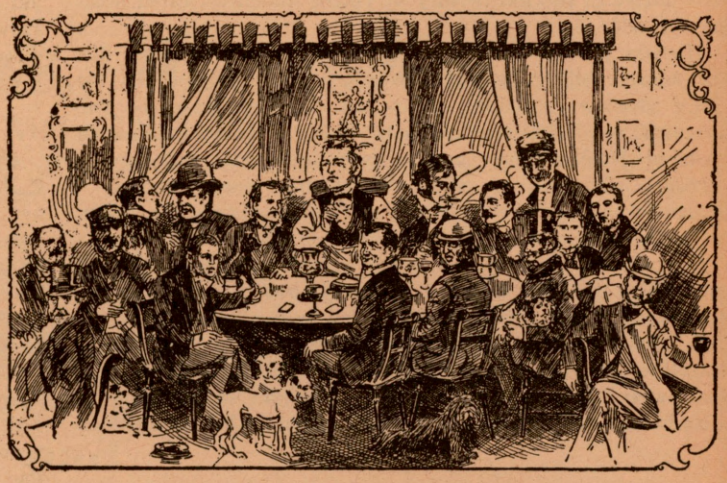
It was all very well for Walsh to dissent from Mr. Rolland's opinions. But the hot-headed Celtic editor went much further. He devoted a column of vituperation to an attack on the author of the *Times* letter. The article cast suspicions on the legitimacy of the latter's birth, declared him to be "a forger in heart, if not by hand!" whatever that meant, and wound up with the glowing announcement that—"a place in Paradise awaits John Morrissey as surely as Satan has

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

John Morrissey's Defeat of John C. Heenan—His Retirement and Election to Congress—Establishes Gambling Houses in New York City and Saratoga—First U. S. Boxer to Enter Congress

Copyright, THE RING, INC., 1937—Reproduction in part or in full of story or illustrations strictly prohibited without written permission. All rights reserved by THE RING, INC.



Morrissey's gambling house in Saratoga.

reserved the worst corner in hell for James S. Rolland!"

Unfortunately for Michael Walsh, the James S. Rolland thus held up to public ridicule, was a very different person from the roughneck politicians the editor had often lambasted in print. He was senior partner in Rolland and Company, silk merchants, a respected citizen of high social standing. Rolland shunned municipal politics as he would the black plague and had written to the *Times* in an impulsive moment of honest indignation over the shocking conditions of local government.

* * *

ACCORDINGLY, when Rolland brought suit against Walsh the former had no difficulty in proving criminal libel. Mike was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. In this dire emergency Mike's friends rallied around him. Among others extending heart-felt sympathy to the convicted editor was a rising politician named David G. Broderick who believed he saw in Walsh the makings of a first-class martyr.

Broderick interviewed Mike privately and urged him to commit suicide, thereby showing the world he preferred death to disgrace. The suggestion did not appeal to Walsh. He preferred life—even life on the Island, to death, and determined to remain on this terrestrial sphere and bear its ills, rather than fly to others he knew not of. But to satisfy Broderick, he promised to throw himself into the waters of the East River while en route to the penitentiary, and bade his friend a parting adieu in a voice apparently choked by emotion.

"Hero, patriot, martyr, farewell forever!" cried the enthusiastic Broderick, wringing Mike's hand fervently. "You go to an honored doom, I will remain behind to see that posterity does you justice."

Inwardly Mike resolved to "remain behind" also and do justice to himself, but held his peace on that point. Broderick went away exultant to tell his acquaintances Mike had lived as a patriot and would die a martyr, assuring them that the high-spirited editor would never endure the degrading sentence inflicted upon him to the eternal disgrace of New York. The enthusiast also dropped dark hints as to the black tragedy impending.

But there was no tragedy! True, Mike did jump off the ferry boat, and was fished out of the waves with a bailing-hook by one of his guards. That, however, was far from being a suicide attempt. Mike was trying to escape and was only too glad to be rescued from drowning, when he found he had miscalculated his swimming powers, and brought safely to the Island.

There was little of the hero, patriot or martyr about this distressful anti-climax and Broderick was thoroughly disgusted. From the day Mike left the penitentiary to the day of his death, Broderick never forgave his one-time associate and idol for deceiving him. Yet Mike's only offense was that he had not killed himself just to please a friend!

* * *

JOHN MORRISSEY was neither the he-angel that Mike Walsh and other fulsome pen-wielders described, nor the unleashed, murderous demon pictured by his enemies. In the beginning he was merely a rough, pugnacious youth who constantly craved excitement, would rather fight than eat, had no education worth mentioning, but possessed a native shrewdness and intelligence of high order which in after years lifted him far above the ordinary rank of citizens.

Born in Ireland, his father emigrated when John was a baby and established a home in Troy, N. Y. There John grew to early manhood. He was first employed as a bartender but speedily won renown as a fighter of terrific punching power who could hold his own with the best.

Troy was the birthplace of another famous American slugger, John C. Heenan, later to achieve international recognition through his great battle in England for the heavyweight championship with Tom Sayers, which resulted in a draw.

Heenan and Morrissey were at loggerheads in early youth, and not merely because of local rivalry as fighters. Their enmity arose from an inherited grudge. Both of their fathers were devotees of cock-fighting and became embroiled in a furious dispute over the outcome of a cocking-main. They mauled each other severely in a rough-and-tumble squabble, went to law, fought out their troubles in court on six occasions, and died with their mutual hatred as virulent as ever.

After which it was war unceasing between the Heenan and Morrissey clans, the sons perpetuating the paternal feud as venomously as a pair of Tennessee mountaineers. Four times the youthful Johns mixed in barroom battles, Morrissey having slightly the better of each encounter.

* * *

HEENAN went to Benicia, California. There he made himself popular as a professional scrapper and acquired the sobriquet of the "Benicia Boy," which clung to him throughout life. Later, he and Morrissey were to settle their differences once and for all between the ropes. On that eventful occasion Morrissey won in the seventh round and was recognized as heavyweight champion.

Heenan's departure for California left Morrissey undisputed cock of the walk in Troy. But the latter found his home burg too limited in extent for the development of his ambitions. Like Alexander, he sighed for new worlds to conquer and fixed upon New York, that then Paradise of thieves, gamblers, thugs and scheming politicians, as the most inviting field of action. He had frequently visited the big town and on one occasion wrote his name in red as a foe of the Native Americans, although it must be admitted that he paid dearly for his audacity.

That was when, after a night of conviviality with Tammany friends, he undertook to clean out the Americus Club single-

handed. This organization was presided over by the celebrated Captain Isaiah Rynders, at 25 Park Place. It was the headquarters of Tom Hyer, Bill Poole and their henchmen, and about the last place on earth any sane man would have gone in search of trouble. But Morrissey, his natural courage heated to a degree of reckless deviltry by potent stimulants, cared nothing for odds.

He was out for a one-man raid and carried it through like the human bulldog he was. For a few glorious moments the Troy adventurer's sudden, unexpected onslaught made the club precincts re-echo to the dismayed howls and imprecations of battered Natives. But numbers prevailed! Had not Captain Rynders, who loved a gallant fighter, intervened, Morrissey's remains would probably have been shipped back home in a casket.

The invader found a good Samaritan in a natural enemy, for Rynders not only rescued him but extended the hospitality of his club to the sadly damaged Trojan. It was two weeks before the valorous but indiscreet Morrissey was able to leave his bed. Rynders had him carefully nursed and given the best medical attention. On John's recovery the captain would fain have had him swear allegiance to the Native American standard, promising him a good job and place of honor among the brigade-battlers.

* * *

BUT Morrissey was heart and soul with the Irish politicians as represented by Tammany Hall, and could not be persuaded to change his colors. He was unfeignedly grateful to his kind host but not to the extent of enlisting in the Rynders ranks. It was truly said of Morrissey that he never forgave an injury or forgot a favor. And although in the future he and the captain were on opposite sides of the political fence, he always admired and respected the formidable boss of the Americus.

Returning home, Morrissey enjoyed a period of relaxation until his wounds were healed. Then sniffing the fumes of battle from afar like a war-horse, he again took the New York trail. This time he was determined to make a permanent niche for himself in Gotham political circles. Tammany Hall welcomed him as a notable addition to its fighting strength, but it was characteristic of the new recruit that, without waiting for orders from Higher Up, he at once butted into prominence by bringing off a surprise stunt of his own volition.

A local election was pending. It was no secret that Bill Poole and his crowd intended to rule one section where the vote was likely to prove adverse to the Native American candidate by assaulting the opposition, and if necessary destroying the ballot boxes. The police force was too limited in numbers to offer competent protection to voters in all quarters of the city and certainly powerless to repel such an attack as might be expected from the formidable Poole contingent.

Morrissey visited John Kennedy, who at that time occupied an executive position at police headquarters similar to that of a modern Deputy Commissioner, although lacking an official title.

He suggested that Kennedy should allow him to recruit a band of battlers superior in numbers to Poole's gang, with whose aid he would protect the polling place from would-be invaders. However Kennedy may have disliked the notion of calling in such direct underworld help, he saw that Morrissey's plan offered the only solution of a vexed problem and consented.

* * *

MORRISSEY scoured the Five Points and other sinister corners of the city and gathered one of the toughest aggregations of untamed ruffians that ever rallied to the call of a reckless leader. Nearly two hundred of these choice spirits were on hand at the polling place, ready for action and thirsting for gore. When Poole appeared with his desperadoes, a single glance at the Morrissey cohorts told him that he was hopelessly outnumbered and outgeneraled.

As big Bill entered, the first person he perceived was Morrissey, who stared at him with a cynical leer, but said nothing. Neither did Poole, who retreated in good order with his disappointed followers. It was the initial personal clash between the pair, and though conducted only in pantomime, then and there were sown the seeds of the feud fated to end in Poole's death a few years later, as told in a previous chapter.

Although a bloodless victory, Morrissey's coup de main sent his political stock sky-high. Thenceforth he was a power in Tammany Hall of equal rank with its foremost leaders. But he still yearned for recognition as a professional boxer and in 1851, he visited California, where he scored a victory over George Thompson, friend and trainer of Tom Hyer, besides defeating several lesser lights of the ring.

On his return East, Morrissey challenged Tom Hyer. The latter, who was in poor health, evaded the issue, declaring he would not fight for less than $10,000 a side. Such a stake was considered a prodigious sum in those days and was completely beyond Morrissey's ability to raise. As time went on it became clear that Hyer did not intend to re-enter the ring. Pining for action, Morrissey eagerly jumped at the chance of a battle with Yankee Sullivan, which occurred on October 12, 1853, as already mentioned, with Morrissey claiming the American heavyweight title as a result of his victory in the thirty-seventh round.

* * *

AS Hyer was definitely out of the running and Morrissey was recognized as champion, John C. Heenan stood as the logical challenger for the title. Morrissey, having attained both fame and fortune, would willingly have retired. But besides the pressure brought to bear on him by a host of sport-

(Continued on page 46)

Morrissey campaigning for election to Congress.

CHOICE SEATS FOR RING READERS

Fight Fans, Attention!

As a special accommodation for "RING" readers who find it inconvenient to buy their tickets at the box offices, I have arranged to take care of your need without any additional cost whatsoever to you.

"RING" readers who want to see the world heavyweight championship fight between

JOE LOUIS, of America

(The Champion)

and

TOMMY FARR, of England

(The Challenger)

at the YANKEE STADIUM, in New York on AUGUST 26

may send a Certified Check or a Money Order, made out to "Nat Fleischer," and the tickets will be sent to you by REGISTERED MAIL. The prices follow:

10,000 Ringside Reserved Seats at....$23.00
5,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$16.50
10,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$11.50
10,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$ 5.50
10,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$ 3.50
20,000 Reserved Seats at.....$ 2.50

And on **September 17**, at the **Polo Grounds of New York City**, the **Greatest One-Night Fistic Carnival on Record** will be staged by Promoter Mike Jacobs of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, which is also sponsoring the Farr-Louis fight.

Here is The Knockout Card

MARCEL THIL of France
(Recognized, World Middleweight Champion)
vs.
FRED APOSTOLI of San Francisco
(Challenger)

BARNEY ROSS of Chicago
(World Welterweight Champion)
vs.
CEFERINO GARCIA of Los Angeles
(Challenger)

LOU AMBERS of Herkimer, N. Y.
(World Lightweight Champion)
vs.
Pedro Montanez of Porto Rico
(Challenger)

SIXTO ESCOBAR of Porto Rico
(World Bantamweight Champion)
vs.
HARRY JAFFRA of Baltimore
(Challenger)

The prices for this Gigantic Show, the Greatest Ever Staged in world fistic history are:

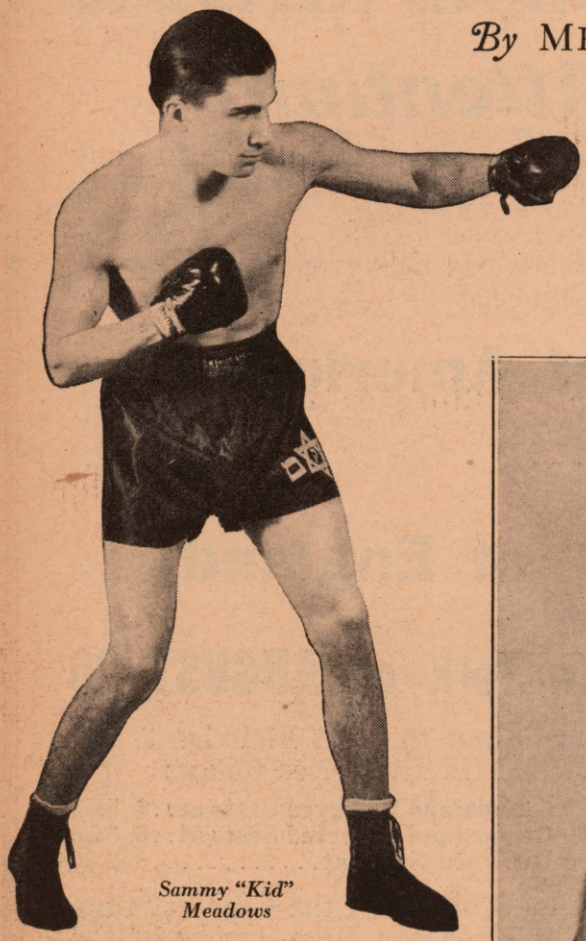
10,000 Ringside Reserved Seats at....$16.50
5,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$11.50
10,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$ 5.50
10,000 Grandstand Reserved Seats at..$ 3.50
20,000 Reserved Seats at.....$ 2.50
All Tickets include State and Federal Taxes.

Send all orders to Nat Fleischer, THE RING, 825 8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, New York, N. Y. Only Money Orders or Certified Checks will be honored.

THIS IS AN ACCOMMODATION for RING readers only. I am doing this only because of the many requests I receive for each championship fight, requests that often come in too late to be taken care of.

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



Sammy "Kid" Meadows

IT'S been a long time in arriving, but the Bronx finally has something, pugilistically speaking, of course, over which to get excited.

The cold of December way back in 1918 blew Sammy Meadows into existence, and before another month passes, young Meadows may well freeze out a goodly portion of the welterweight challengers that are hounding the trail of Barney Ross.

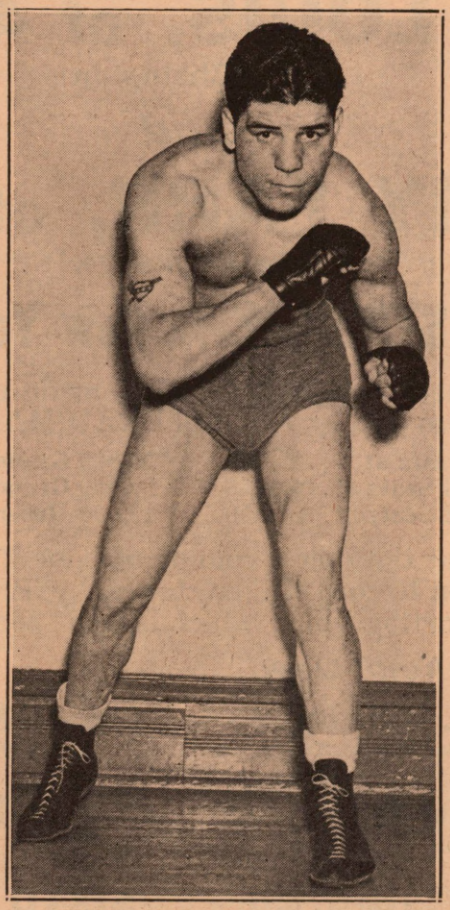
But what can happen in these next few months in this uncertain pastime of busting beezers, is not for the writer to say. Fate is as fickle as the lady who masquerades as Dame Fortune, and whether or not she will favor you with her magic touch of good fortune, is as uncertain as rain when you are promoting an outdoor boxing carnival.

Meadows, a youngster possessed with the will to acquire knowledge, had little choice while attending high school for he was forced to leave at the age of 15 because of a family who could offer no support in his quest of a general education. So at that tender age and with the scarcity of jobs, Sammy joined the C.C.C.'s. It was here that he tasted his first dish of red leather, and truth to say didn't relish it.

* * *

IT wasn't a matter of wanting to fight, either. The divisions in the camp ran boxing tournaments and Sammy Meadows was forced to don the padded mittens for the honor of himself as well as the division he represented. He weighed 126 pounds and won every tournament in which he was entered.

Upon his return to the city, Meadows again found it difficult to obtain work and decided to try his luck with the Simon-pures. He won the open class lightweight championship in the Golden Gloves tournament in 1934 and the following year, entered the 147 pound class because he was unable to make the lightweight limit, being three pounds over the mark.



Joe Jaramillo of Denver, a classy welterweight.

He was beaten in the semi-finals by Eddie Steele who weighed 150 pounds. But so well thought of was this Bronx youngster that he was taken to Chicago as an alternate, although he was not sent to the firing pit.

Meadows turned professional in June, 1935, and since then has turned in 32 victories, 2 draws, and has been beaten but 4 times in 38 fights. His most noteworthy win was his sensational knockout of Brescia Garcia in 3 rounds, a feat it took former world's lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri 9 rounds to accomplish. And whereas Sammy flattened Garcia, Canzoneri's knockout was of the technical variety kind.

The popular Bronxite is something of a knockout artist, to boot. In 1936, Meadows would not be let out of Texas because of his tremendous popularity, and it was there that he made some sensational battles, scoring 8 kayoes and 1 decision in 9 starts.

All in all, the Bronx seems to have a potential title threat, and co-managers Frankie Jacobs and Bobby North have a youngster who bears considerable watching, and who may well move up to the top in the welterweight picture before the year fades into a memory.

* * *

IT may not have been the fashionable section of Riverside Drive, but that long stretch of land that borders the Hudson on the New York side does produce ring talent! And on the Drive, right off 95th Street, Tommy Tucker first saw the light of day on a December morn.

A 19 year old youngster with a great aptitude towards fisticuffs, young Tucker, who tilts the beams somewhere around the light heavyweight mark, is considered the best prospect to come along in that particular division in years. He fairly oozes class.

As an amateur, Tucker remained undefeated in 56 starts, numbering among the championships he won, the Junior National, the Long Island and New York State 175 pound crowns. A feat that is unparalleled in amateur history, the good looking Tommy has brought all of his boxing genius and punching ability into the professional ranks.

As a professional wielder of gloves, Tucker has engaged in 14 battles of which he won 11 by knockouts, and 3 by decisions. Among his kayo victims can be found the names of such good

performers as Joe Fedz, Johnny Tate, and Frankie Slevin.

* * *

YOUNG TUCKER is under the managerial wing of James J. Johnston, Jr., and is being personally handled by trainer Freddie Brown. Brown is the young man who looks after the conditioning chores of Bob Pastor, who may be the next in line to wear the purple robes emblematic of world's heavyweight supremacy, and trainer Freddie is high on the ability displayed by the youngster.

It isn't often that Freddie Brown goes into raves over a pugilistic piece bric-a-brac, and when he does, it is best to sit up and take notice. If there are any better judges of fighting flesh than Brown, it is a safe bet to say you can count them on the fingers of your right hand and have a little change left at the conclusion of the count.

At any rate, the combination of Johnston, Jr., and Brown are certain of one thing. They will make a bet that Pastor is the next heavyweight titleholder. But if he should fail, they insist that young Tommy Tucker is a cinch to take over the reign with a little more experience.

* * *

MAYBE Joe Jaramillo isn't headed for the top rung of the welterweight ladder, but you'd have a hard time convincing fight fans in the Rocky Mountain region. Ever since the swarthy Denver Mexican snapped Young Joe Louis' winning streak of 67 consecutive bouts in a blood-stirring home town dual of fists, Jaramillo has become the most talked of fighter in the mountain region.

Born in Alamosa, Colo., twenty-two years ago, Jaramillo has made his home in Denver these past 10 years. He was one of the greatest high school athletes in Denver's history, and decided to turn fighter upon the completion of school.

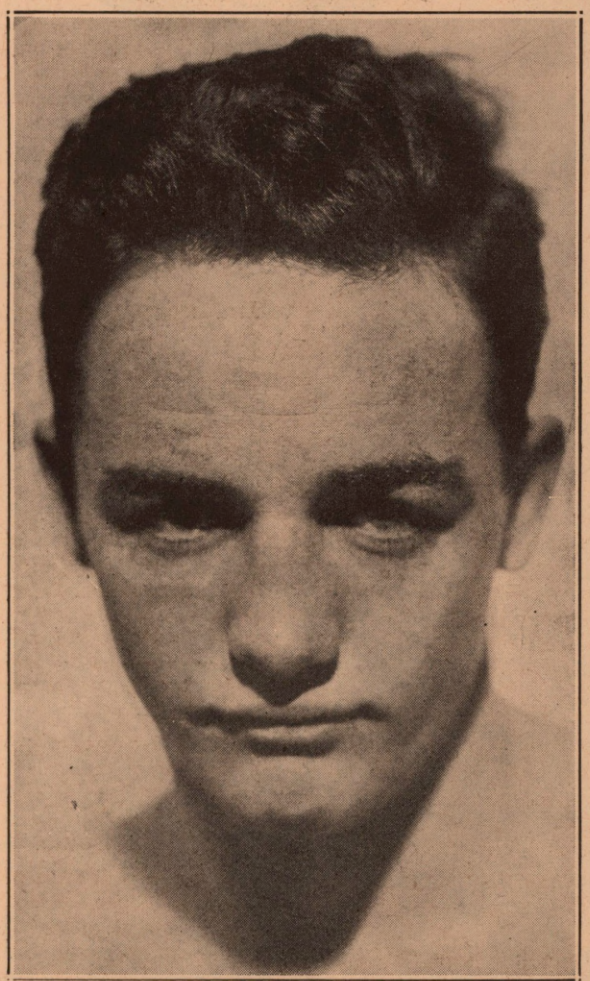
To date, he has engaged in forty-six ring contests, a majority of which he won via the knockout route. A southpaw, Jaramillo is a terrific puncher, and his peculiar style makes him a most baffling target for his opponents. He is a great crowd pleaser, and always gives the fans a run for their money.

His best showing to date was the battle in which he won the Colorado welter and middleweight titles from Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's "Baby Bomber." Louis was the rage of the region at the time he met up with Jaramillo, and there were those who were predicting a bright ring future for him.

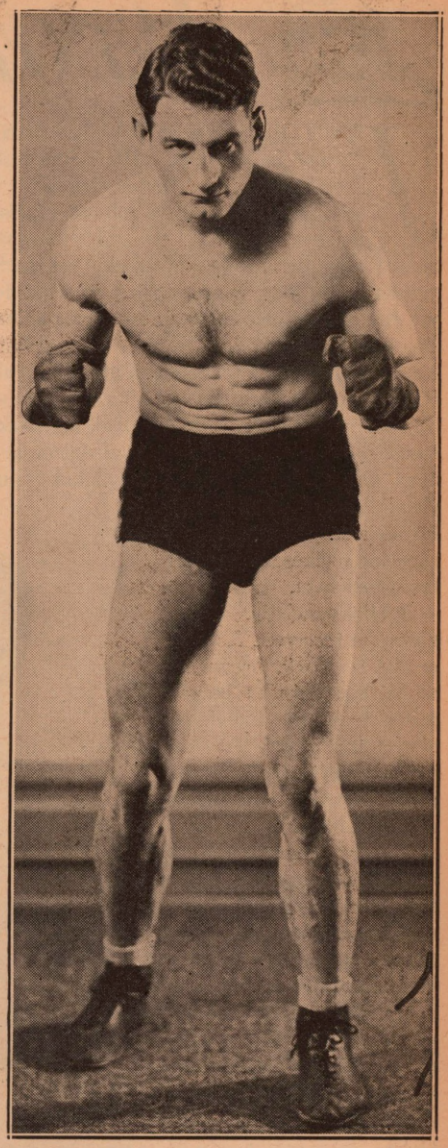
But Jaramillo caught up with Louis and took a lot of fight out of him. Jaramillo later was defeated by Eddie Pierce in a gruelling ten-round bout. Pierce, the South African middleweight champion, is capable of giving any of the middleweight leaders in this country an abundance of trouble.

A group of Colorado Springs sports enthusiasts would like a championship match for their thriving community, and are attempting to line up Champion Barney Ross for a titular tilt with Jolting Joe. It would be a good match for the place and might draw some money.

Jaramillo is one of that small army of fighters who suddenly find themselves after a short stretch of mediocrity. A club fighter for awhile, Joe finally found himself, and he has uncovered a hidden reservoir of fistic ability that in the past few months has hurtled him into regional stardom. His ability is being made more evident with each succeeding bout, and there is little doubt that the "big time" will have a new member in the person of Joe Jaramillo very shortly.



Tommy Tucker, promising New York fistic star, forging to the front among the light-heavyweights.



Chuck Nickason, light-heavyweight of Vancouver, Canada.

* * *

HERBIE KATZ is a middleweight at this writing, but before many moons have passed, you will have a white hope ready to crawl through the ropes for an engagement with Joe Louis in an effort to win back the heavyweight championship of the world for the white race. That is, if the Dark Angel from Detroit is still ruling the heavyweight roost within the next year.

Hymie Caplin is the young man's manager, and he is willing to wager that he will add another champion to a list that included Al Singer, Ben Jeby and Lou Salica, before young Katz decides to call a halt to his active ring career. He really is worth watching.

Born in Brooklyn, Katz is another of the Brooklyn fighters who is bringing glory to that thriving borough. Herbie first became interested in fisticuffs when an army of fighters, such as Willie and Nat Suess, Bobby Burns, *(Continued on page 47)*

From Molineaux to

JOE LOUIS' rise to fame has started the revival of the "white hope" craze. His winning of the world heavyweight title from Jimmy Braddock has brought back the discussion of famous colored gladiators of the past and in some sections of the country resentment rules because a Negro tops the heavyweights, and as such, is the king of all pugilists. Yet there is no reason why white folk should be upset at the rise of a colored fighter of superior ability, or why such a rise should create a state of "jitters" among white rivals.

Because, after all, the hue of a gladiator's skin has nothing whatever to do with his prowess. You may have heard some biased ring-follower assert positively that the darker-tinted glove artist won't stand up under severe punishment so gallantly as a white man. Others have claimed dogmatically that a colored man's physical set-up is such that his endurance powers are superior to those of a pale-faced opponent.

Applied racially, both views are incorrect. A fighter, be he black, brown or white, can only be judged fairly from the individual standpoint. Doubtless in slavery days, the average male plantation hand lacked self-confidence, as he was not a free man, and was consequently burdened from his birth by an inferiority complex. Some trace of this inferiority sense may have lingered through the second generation of those descended from slaves. But there is plenty of historical evidence to show that it never persisted through the third crop.

As fighting troops, the old Tenth Cavalry of colored soldiers registered among the most efficient of the regulars that distinguished themselves in many battles with the Indians, after the Civil War had run its course. These were largely recruited from the second generation. The red men named them the "Buffalo Soldiers," and had a decided objection toward meeting them in hostile engagements. Their ways were too rough!

Nor has time effaced the memory of what colored troops did in the taking of San Juan Hill during the Spanish - American imbroglio. As for their record in the World War, everybody knows how they proved themselves fully worthy of the flag they defended "over there!"

Ancestors of the Afro-American were fighting men of the jungle breed who were conquered only by the deadly efficiency of modern weapons wielded by white invaders, as opposed to spear, axe and shield. In hand-to-hand battling with equal arms the natives would probably have proved far more dangerous than men of civilized mould, unused to the savagery of primitive combat.

* * *

ONE can therefore dismiss the notion that the colored boxer suffers under a handicap of hereditary lack of gameness. There are men of both races deficient in courage and endurance, even as there are those who excel in such qualities. Equally absurd is the idea that the ability of the average Negro to weather a storm of punches is greater than that of his white brother.

It is true that the black man's skull-structure is usually thicker in the bone than that of the Caucasian, and a fist coming in contact with the same may sustain severe injury. For that matter, as any experienced scrapper will tell you, landing a swing on the back of a white man's head is also a notoriously easy way to wreck the knuckles!

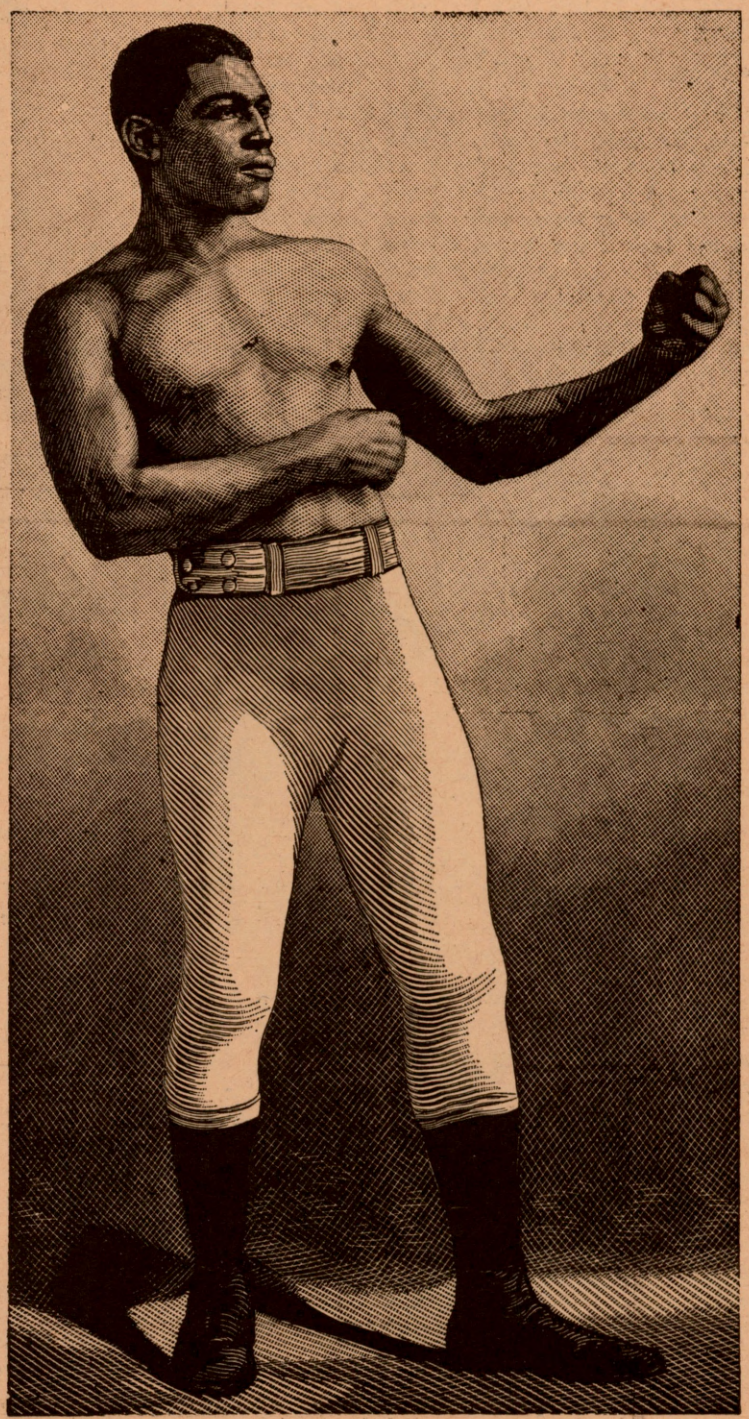
Another outmoded ring maxim was that a colored fighter "couldn't take it down below!" This too, belongs in the realm of pure fantasy. Naturally no Negro approves of having his abdominal region being made a target of. But just think it over, and see if you know of any white man that likes that sort of thing either?

Considered from any angle, it appears clearly enough that superiority in the ring owes nothing whatever to racial advantages or the reverse. Yet somehow, every now and then, the victories of a crack colored boxer have started a species of panic among the white slugging brotherhood which has inevitably spread among the followers of the game. The scare in Joe Louis' case grew to gigantic proportions because of the tremendous publicity ballyhoo that fostered it.

* * *

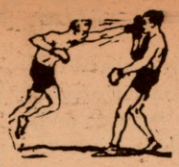
BUT there have been plenty of precedents in times when a pugilist's merits were not so widely made known as in this day of super-sport newspaper columns and the far-flung voice of the radio.

The story of how Molineaux, the great colored American heavyweight, upset the equilibrium of British sports in the bareknuckle



Peter Jackson in his prime.

Joe Louis



By THE VETERAN

Copyright, The Ring, 1937. This article must not be reproduced without permission.

days by coming within an ace of winning the championship of England, has already been told to readers of The Ring by editor Nat Fleischer. Until Cribb defeated him fairly in their second encounter, which is more than could be said for the initial combat, when Molineaux was cheated out of victory, the very mention of the latter's name sent cold chills through the blood of the British sluggers and their backers.

The Queensberry era brought forth a colored champion in the person of Peter Jackson. Many fistic historians are inclined to list Jackson as the greatest heavyweight of his race. Certainly, with the possible exception of Jack Johnson, Peter had no equal among the big colored men. A scientist par excellence, he was also a deadly puncher and his gameness under fire was never questioned.

Jackson came to the United States in 1888 from Australia. His claim to the heavyweight crown of the Antipodes was recognized by the sport writers of the latter country, despite the counter-claim of Frank (Paddy) Slavin, and rightly so, as was proved clearly in later years when Peter knocked out Paddy before the National Sporting Club of London, England.

Jackson's Australian record was a formidable one, registering defeats of the best men Australia had produced up to that time. The fact that his ring-deeds were widely discussed in this country long before he visited these shores, is ample proof that he was a fighter of high mark. Because, in those days when scant space was allowed in our newspapers for the chronicling of ring activities, a foreign boxer had to be a real top-notcher in order to obtain American recognition.

* * *

IN our time a Peter Jackson would be sensational copy for the sport scribes. But the Joe Louis of his day was poorly press-agented indeed, if judged by modern publicity methods. Yet by dint of his extraordinary performances it was not long before he attained the status of a black menace, and one that seemed more than likely to win the title of world's champion.

His first battle here was with a heavyweight of his own color, George Godfrey of Boston. The latter, who must not be confounded with the George Godfrey of a later pugilistic vintage, had beaten every white and colored man he met. There was but one loss chalked up against him, and that an extremely doubtful decision, when Bill Doherty was declared winner on a foul. Godfrey had previously kayoed Doherty in less than a round and the latter, after his clouded victory, could never be induced to fight the Boston crack again.

Therefore, when Jackson compelled Godfrey to strike his colors in 19 rounds of fierce fighting, the result naturally sent the big Australian's stock sky-high. Jackson then knocked out Joe McAuliffe, the Mission Boy, and pride of the Pacific Coast, in 24 rounds. That was in 1888. During the next two years he won twenty battles, stopping his opponents in the majority of cases.

Such an unbroken run of victories naturally endowed Jackson with a sort of halo of invincibility. Seen through American eyes he was the black terror of the ring, and there is no denying the fact that most members of the white slugging brigade discreetly sidestepped offers to try conclusions with him between the ropes.

* * *

EVEN John L. Sullivan, then heavyweight champion, saw fit to draw the color line. He absolutely refused to accept a challenge from Jackson under any conditions. Yet in 1887 Sullivan evidently had no scruples about meeting a man of color. For in that year he was matched with George Godfrey, and the two were actually stripped and ready to go into action before a crowd of Boston sports, when, police, said to have been tipped off by friends of John L., appeared upon the scene and halted the proceedings.

Whether the champion could have beaten Jackson or not, must, of course, remain a matter of pure conjecture. At all events Sullivan was severely criticized for his refusal to tackle the giant black, despite the almost fanatical admiration with which John L. was regarden by the rank and file of sport patrons.

Sullivan's failure to rise to the occasion added to the glamour already surrounding Jackson's reputation, and the hunt for a "white hope" to oppose Peter followed almost as long and wearily futile a trail as it did in later years to come, when Jack Johnson topped the fighting roost.

PETER JACKSON.
Peter the Great as he looked in civilian clothes.

Finally Jim Corbett, whose star was developing splendor on the pugilistic horizon, stepped into the breach. Charles E. (Parson) Davies, was then managing Jackson and matched him to fight Corbett to a finish in San Francisco. A couple of weeks before May 21, 1891, the date set for the encounter, Jackson was thrown out of a buggy in a runaway accident and suffered a severe leg-injury.

Davies, who had no illusions regarding Jim Corbett's ability, wanted to forfeit the $5000 he had posted to bind the match and call the fight off, rather than let his giant charge enter the ring under such conditions. But Jackson insisted on filling the engagement, remarking that he could whip Corbett, even if he had only one leg to stand on.

The colored boxer made a serious mistake there, as events proved. For Corbett, with height, weight and reach all in Jackson's favor, boxed so cleverly and with such crafty generalship that he held the great colored fighter to a 61 round draw. Davies tried hard to arrange a return match, but Corbett, with his mind set on a shot at Sullivan's title, was not disposed to risk his chances of winning the championship by again opposing the formidable black, and nothing came of the Parson's efforts.

* * *

JACKSON'S knockout of his old rival, Frank Slavin in London, on May 30, 1892, was administered when Peter was at the top of his form. To this very day, veteran English sportsmen who witnessed that terrific ten-round fray assert that it was the greatest battle fought within the historic walls of the National Sporting Club.

As a matter of fact, neither winner nor loser ever quite recovered from the effects of the heavy punishment given and received on both sides. It put both men definitely on the downgrade. Jackson, feted, wined and dined profusely by his British admirers, trod the primrose path of conviviality until he became practically a physical wreck. When nearly six years later he again entered the ring with Jeffries for an opponent at San Francisco, he was only a ghost of his former magnificently athletic self, and fell an easy victim to the big ex-boilermaker in three rounds.

His death in Australia followed a few months later. But in the British Isles, his memory remains as that of the greatest fighter that ever visited Albion's shores, according to the judgments of the English chroniclers of fistiana.

Colored fighters in England profited to no small extent by Jackson's brilliant reputation, basking, as it were, in the reflected light of his glory, and finding their dusky complexions a decided asset in obtaining professional ratings which some of them by no

means deserved. Among these was an importation from the West Indies known as Jem Mace's "Smiler." He was a middleweight that the former bare-knuckle champion had taken a fancy to and exploited for a while, but dropped when the "Smiler" failed to realize the veteran's expectations.

Nevertheless, the "Smiler," a husky chap equipped with a heavy wallop, went out "on his own" after Mace abandoned him, and managed to secure several theater engagements in the English provinces, doing a "meeting all comers" stunt. A ferocious grin that he turned loose whenever he leaped from his corner, and which earned him the "Smiler" sobriquet in the first place, scared most of his opponents, and before they got well started the "Smiler" usually put over a finishing punch.

Visiting Ireland, he was billed for a week in a Dublin theater, and carried on successfully until the fourth night of his engagement. On that occasion, Pat Scully, then middleweight champion of the Emerald Isle, happened to be in the audience. Discovering Pat's presence, the gallery gods yelled in unison for Scully to take on the star of the evening.

Scully had no particular liking for such an off-the-reel combat, but the crowd clamored so vehemently that he at last consented and stepped on the stage. There being no fighting costume handy, Pat stripped to the waist, but retained his street shoes and pants. The instant time was called, the Irishman rushed and the "Smiler" scored with a left jab that split both of Scully's lips.

The enraged Celt, spurred on by the howls of laughter that came from the gallery, thereupon threw science to the winds, sprang upon his opponent, roughed him to his corner and floored him with a right swing to the head that sent him sprawling through the ropes. The watch-holder had barely counted three, when the "Smiler" arose, a dazed look in his eyes, turned, leaped from the stage into an aisle and sprinted through the lobby into the street.

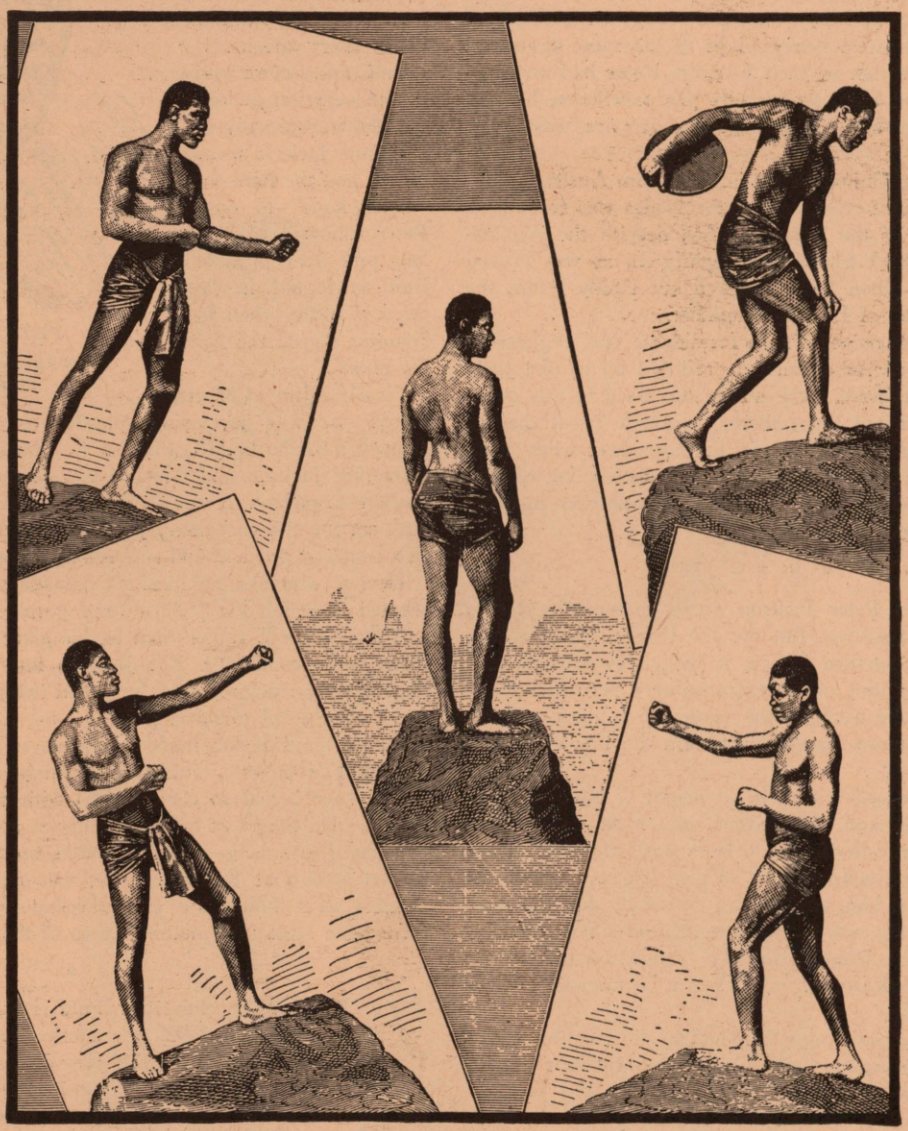
En masse the crowd poured out of the house and went in pursuit of the scantily clad figure going with wild bounds along the busy thoroughfare. At the next corner a massive policeman tripped the fugitive, hauled him to the station, and preferred a disorderly charge against him, with the result that the "Smiler" spent that night in a jail, and was duly fined for disturbing the peace next morning by an unsympathetic magistrate, who scornfully refused to believe his excuse that he had been knocked silly and wasn't accountable for his actions.

A COLORED boxer of far different calibre from that of the phony "Smiler" was Frank S. Craig, better known as "The Harlem Coffee Cooler," who came to England during the nineties and traveled triumphantly for some time in the wake of Jackson's success. Craig was a tall, lithe middleweight of unusual cleverness and knockout ability, who had beaten many good men in this country, and gave every indication of being headed for championship honors.

Craig boxed from a crouching position, a pose which Jeffries has been credited with introducing, but which was utilized freely by many other fighters long before the big Californian employed the stance successfully in his victorious contest with Fitzsimmons for the heavyweight title. Craig, however, was the first to introduce the crouch into England.

All the British boxers stood perfectly erect when squaring off, as most of them do yet, and Craig's peculiar crouch puzzled his opponents greatly, and had much to do with the earlier victories gained in England by the Cooler. The latter made the sportive Britons sit up and stare by the ease with which he whipped their leading middleweights, and so spectacular were his expolits that they began to view him as a smaller edition of Peter Jackson.

He was the sensation of the hour and made money hand-over-fist, not only in the ring but as a headliner giving exhibitions in all the music halls. In these exhibitions his sparring partner was a colored lad named Jack Lewis. The latter also hailed from New York, but as far as ring experience was concerned, nobody in the United States had ever heard of him.



The great Negro fighter, Peter Jackson, Australian champion, as he appeared in statuesque poses in sparring and athletics, in both of which he was a master.

This did not prevent the astute Cooler from billing his partner as the "colored lightweight champion of America," a bit of ballyhoo that added lustre to the act. That kind of boosting wouldn't get by in London today, but was okay in the nineties, when information concerning the art of fisticuffs and its performers was of an exceedingly meagre type. Lewis was a fine-muscled, square-shouldered chap and looked the part, and as Craig was careful to avoid testing him against any good man of his weight in the ring, all went smoothly for the pair during a protracted tour of England.

But, even as in the case of the disillusioned "Mace's Smiler," trouble was awaiting Messrs. Craig and Lewis across the choppy waves of the Irish Sea. For the Cooler went to Ireland to fill a very lucrative engagement at *(Continued on page 45)*

The "KILLERS"

By BILL DOHERTY

(One-time middleweight champion of South Africa) (Author of "In the Days of the Giants")

Deaf Burke, who, in turn, caused the death of Simon Byrne in a bare knuckle fight.

RING tragedies are so few and far between that it is necessary to go back more than a hundred years before any appreciable number come under notice, though if one were to listen to and take any notice of people who are fond of decrying and criticizing the ancient and noble art of boxing, an impression would be gained that fatalities are almost of nightly occurrence. The truth is that boxing, as was pointed out in this magazine a few years ago by Nat Fleischer in one of the finest articles on the game ever penned, is not as dangerous as football, in spite of fierce slugging by so-called "killers of the ring."

One thing is certain, the men who have acquired the fanciful title of "killers" are, without exception, innocent of participation in a fatal bout at any time in their careers. Dempsey, John L. Sullivan, Ketchel, Papke, McGovern, Firpo, Siki, Nelson and others who were known as terrors and killers of the ring, and who often in the heat of battle struck out with never a thought or care for the consequences, never in all their lives killed or even seriously injured one of their fellow men, and it might as well be stated here and now that it would be impossible to all practical purposes for a strong and healthy man to be killed by a single blow from a human fist, however hard the blow was driven and however strong the striker.

* * *

IN his "Essay on Modern Prizefighting," George Bernard Shaw illustrates this point when he writes:

"I have myself received in an accident, a blow in the face involving two macadamized holes in it, more violent than the most formidable pugilist could have given me with his knuckles. The blow did not stun or disable me even momentarily."

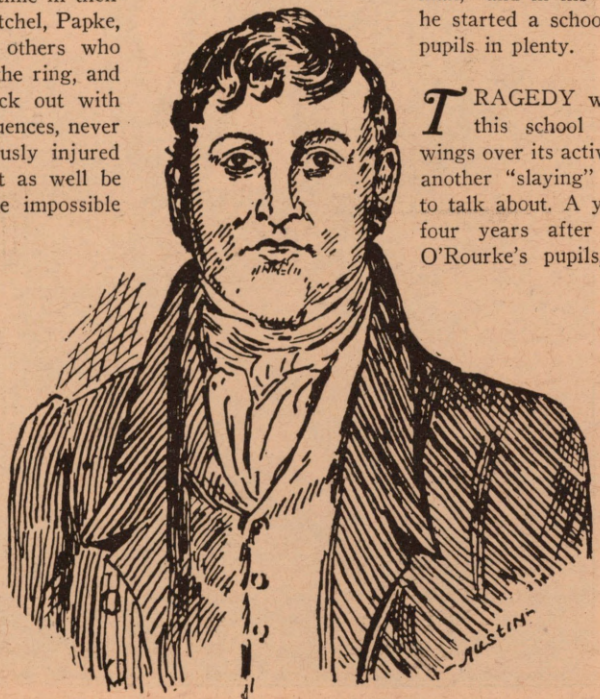
That the deaths which have occurred through fighting in the ring have been as much the result of mischance as any that ever occurred in the hunting field or on the football ground, is evident from the list of names of men who have been involved in fatalities, a list which includes Bob Fitzsimmons, who never struck a blow in anger in his life; big, slow, kindly Carnera, and the care-free playboy, Max Baer.

In Australia, there were the gentlemanly Bert McCarthy and that grown-up child aboriginal, Alby Roberts, and the unassuming and quiet Mick Dunne and Webby Booth, while in old time there were slow, stolid, good-natured Jem Burke, "the Deaf 'Un," and Simon Byrne, the Sprig o' Myrtle, one of the most chivalrous and soft-hearted men that the game ever produced and the darling of the soft-hearted imaginative Irish folks amongst whom he was born and bred.

Strangely enough, the 'thirties of this century have been comparatively prolific of tragedies, and so also were the 'thirties of the last century. It was in 1830 that the classic case of a killing in the ring occurred when Sandy McKay was "slain" in a fight with Simon Byrne, the above-mentioned "Sprig o' Myrtle." Byrne was prosecuted and there was the usual furious outcry against prizefighting, and after a decent interval of retirement, the Irish boy, whose fighting blood would not allow him to pursue ordinary hum-drum callings, again entered the ring.

Not long after he had done so, he himself was killed in a fight with Deaf Jem Burke, and this time the outcry and repercussions of the fatality were such as have never been known on any other occasion. Echoes of the tragedy reached far-off America, where there were many Irishmen who had known Byrne and had been captivated by his genial and manly disposition.

Down in New Orleans there was a fiery Irishman named O'Rourke and all sorts of oaths had been sworn by this citizen that he himself would avenge the death of his countryman. Imaginative like others of his race, he had magnified the fatality into murder, "murdher of an Irishman by an Englishman," and in his efforts to fit himself for the task he started a school for the noble art, and soon had pupils in plenty.



Simon Byrne, whose killing of Sandy McKay in 1830, started the first campaign for the elimination of boxing.

* * *

TRAGEDY which had inspired the starting of this school seemed to hover with lowering wings over its activities and in a little while there was another "slaying" for the enemies of the noble art to talk about. A year after Byrne's death, and only four years after the death of McKay, one of O'Rourke's pupils, a Frenchman named Marsaud, killed the Englishman, Marsden, in a two-hour long fight with bare knuckles. Marsden was a friend of Deaf Jem Burke's and had been taught by the English champion, Jem Ward, so O'Rourke must have felt that the wrong inflicted by a son of England upon a son of Erin had been wiped out in blood.

There are good grounds for believing that he had buried the hatchet because when Jem Burke himself came to America and New Orleans in 1836 he was met by O'Rourke with every show of cordiality, and although the

(Continued on page 45)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By NAT FRANK

EXACTLY a week after Joe Louis won the world's heavyweight boxing title from Jim Braddock in Chicago, Bronko Nagurski of International Falls, Minn., captured the world's heavyweight wrestling title from Dean Detton of Salt Lake City at Minneapolis. The famous ex-football star turned the trick in 46:37.

Tony Stecher, brother of Joe, who twice won the world's title, is the pilot of the new title-holder. He has been nursing him along for four years, or practically ever since Bronko graduated from the University of Minnesota, where he was rated the best fullback ever developed in the West, if not in the world.

Bronko was besieged with offers from all the clubs in the National Professional Football League, but it was the bid from the Chicago Bears, of which Jim McMillen, himself a former football star and crack pro grappler, is part owner, which he accepted.

Bronko has been a standout with the Bears for five seasons, but in between gridiron schedules, he has wrestled. He was making so much money playing football that he couldn't devote sufficient time to the mat sport—that is, until last fall, when he decided to quit it for grappling. He felt that there was a better and more profitable future for him in wrestling than there was in playing football.

* * *

EVER since he graduated from college, Tony and Joe Stecher have been instructing Nagurski, who has yet to wrestle in the East. It wasn't much of a surprise to Westerners that he won the world's title, as long ago he was pegged as a comer, as he had piled up an unusually brilliant mat record in the five years that he has been in the wrestling business.

A funny thing about it all is that, previous to their meeting in Minneapolis, where he got his second look at Nagurski, the Salt Lake City grappler had attended a football game at Philadelphia last fall, which the Bears won over the Eagles in easy fashion. Detton, who used to be a football star at college himself, admired Nagurski's playing so much that he said: "That Bronko is the best football man I ever saw."

Little did he think at the time that Nagurski would be the man who would strip him of his crown.

Nagurski stands six feet three inches, weighs 230 pounds and hasn't an ounce of superfluous flesh. He was born of Polish parents at International Falls, Minn., and is now twenty-eight years old.

* * *

NAGURSKI really won the match twice. During a furious mixup, in which Dean was driving a volley of blows into Bronko's body, the latter picked up his man and tossed him over the top ropes, his back striking the press table, and he fell to the floor, badly hurt. Jack Washburn, manager of Detton, rushed across the ring to the neutral corner in which Dean fell, and lifted his man into the ring, a distinct violation of the rules. Referee Billy Hoke warned him, but Washburn paid no heed. Finally Hoke shoved Washburn out of the ring.

After Detton was back on the mat, Nagurski lifted him up to his feet and then crashed him with one of his vicious flying tackles. Dean was all in and Bronko easily pounced on him and pinned his back to the canvas for the customary three seconds, thus winning the world title.

Although Everett Marshall is champion in Colorado and Texas and one or two other states, the world title-holder is Nagurski, because he alone, of all claimants, has won it by right of succession.

After Londos had lost the title to O'Mahony, he in turn dropped it to Dick Shikat, who lost it to Ali Baba, who in turn lost it to Dave Levin. Ali Baba claimed that he had been jobbed of the crown and consented to meet Marshall, who, by winning the bout, made himself a champion though Ali Baba had previously lost the crown to Levin.

Levin in turn was defeated by Detton, who, by losing the match to Nagurski, also was shorn of his championship. Incidentally, according to the Columbus, Ohio, commission, Everett Marshall lost his "title" when he was given a beating by Ray Steele there a short time ago.

* * *

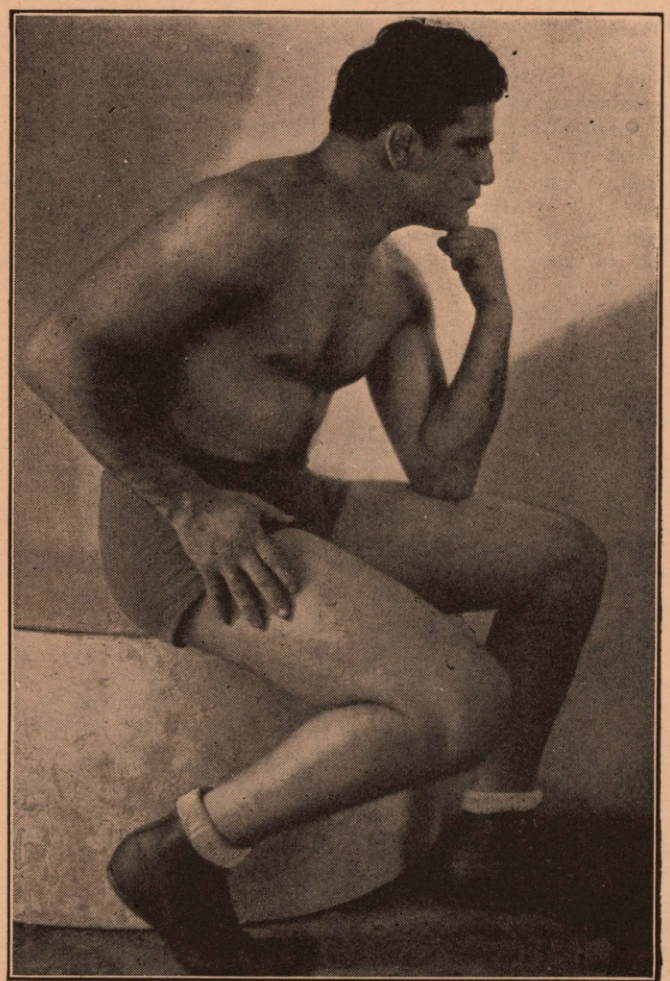
WRESTLING in the East is a dead issue at this writing. Instead of the lucrative matches that have been staged in the past during the summer, the sport is practically at a standstill owing to the promoters' war that has busted the sport wide open. The late Jack Curley, the leading wrestling promoter of the Atlantic Coast for fifteen years, was forced to give up because he found it mighty unprofitable to stage shows at his Armory club with the poor talent given to him by his colleagues in the American trust.

Rather than submit to such tactics, Jack closed shop at the Armory, moved to new headquarters in Rockefeller Center and a few weeks ago, decided to join hands with his arch-enemy, Jack Pfeffer.

Unfortunately, however, while busily engaged in arranging his first big outdoor show for the season, Curley dropped dead of a heart attack. With his death, the wrestling pastime in New York will be worse off than ever.

In a chat with Curley recently, he informed me that he was in no hurry to go after the big fellows.

"I'm going to rest during the summer," he said, "and then watch me when my fall and winter season gets under way. I'm going to have eight of the biggest attractions in Europe



Sammy Stein of New York, who is rated high in New Zealand, where he is well liked.

and Asia over here and we won't have to go to others for our talent. I'll operate as in the old days and I predict a banner year."

And now his dreams are over. Death has stilled him. Paul Bowser of Boston now will rule the roost in Eastern wrestling. The Hub promoter is determined to steer clear of the handicaps he has had this year by importing good European and Canadian talent. His best wrestlers in the past two years have been French-Canadians and he has engaged two more who will shortly be seen under his banner.

* * *

FROM New Zealand comes a message from E. R. Boss which is of interest to our American mat fans. Here is his news:

The wrestling season has started again with a bang in New Zealand, with many stars of foreign lands in our midst and a keen interest displayed by the mat followers. Stars here at present are Sammy Stein of New York, Jack Spellman, Donald McIntire, Mead, Forgerson, and, of course, our own kingpin, Lofty Blomfield, who is better than ever.

In July the Dominion Wrestling Union is bringing Dean Detton to New Zealand for a special campaign at the highest guarantee ever paid a wrestler in our land. That shows what an interest there is in wrestling in New Zealand. Considering that our population is only one-sixth that of New York, it is quite a venture for us.

Stein has made a hit here. Despite the fact that he has suffered from eye trouble, he has made such a fine showing that local fans credit him with being the best American wrestler to visit these shores in many moons. When he meets Detton, a match that already has been arranged, there will be 50,000 people watching the bout. Blomfield and Spellman met a few nights before this was written and drew.

Out here there are no private promoters. The Dominion Wrestling Union controls the sport. It consists of a body of business men, all keen sportsmen who run wrestling for a hobby. They take only two and one-half per cent for expenses. The winner gets sixty per cent of the gate and the loser, the rest. Not so bad, I say.

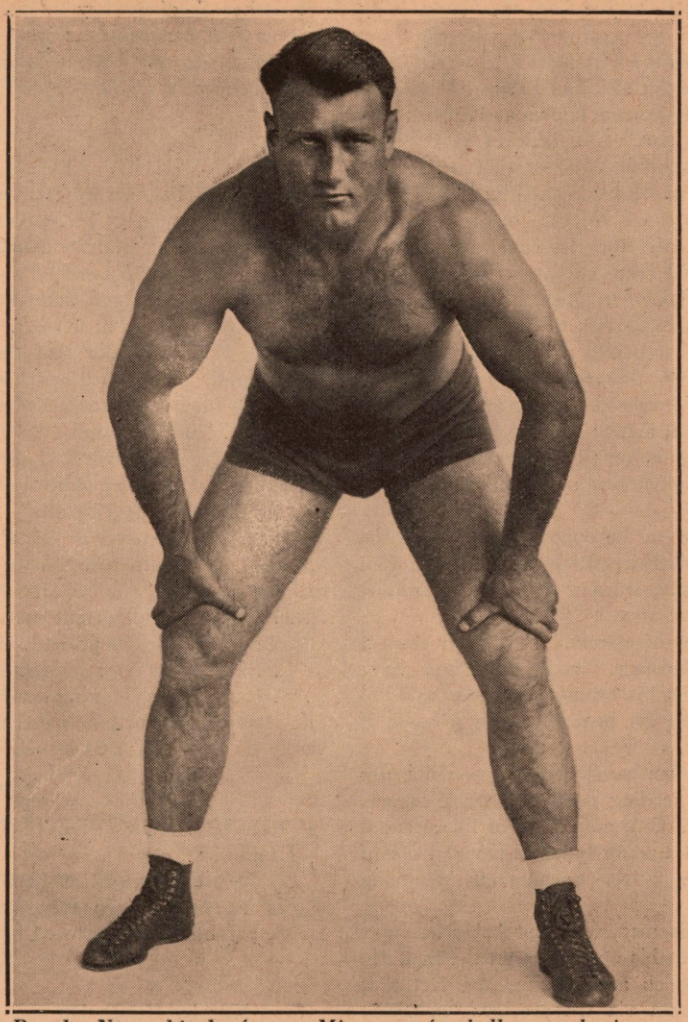
* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Rudy Dusek, eldest member of the Riot Squad of Matdom, just "went on the nut" for over four thousand dollars for the pleasure of having a family reunion? He brought his wife, three children, the maid, governess and his favorite fishing rods along with him to the home of his parents in Omaha for a month's vacation. On arrival "Rough Rudy" found the whole bamboozle of Duseks awaiting him at the depot.

* * *

The wrestling promoters expect to clean up tidy profits during this, the final month of the outdoor season? Visitors to the various seashore resorts make it their business to have ringside seats at all grappling shows week in and week out.



Bronko Nagurski, the former Minnesota football star, who is now the world heavyweight wrestling champion through his defeat of Dean Detton.

Henry Piers, champion of Holland, whose famous figure four body scissors has pulled many a close match from the brink of defeat, has a collection of rare prints of all kinds of ships? In his photo album are pictures of boats starting with sailing vessels to massive trans-oceanic liners.

* * *

Two of the foremost prospects among the younger generation of bone benders are Nick Campofreda of Baltimore and Bernie Kaplan of Philadelphia? Oddly enough, both of these matmen formerly attended Western Maryland and were running mates on the football squad. They likewise spurned offers to become professional pugilists and chose to grapple as a means of keeping the wolf away from the door.

* * *

Sammy Menacker, dubbed "Smiling Sammy," Jewish Adonis from New York City, is now back in the sphere of action following a successful operation on his right arm as a result of blood poisoning? He is making all of his rivals yell "Uncle" with seeming regularity.

* * *

Cliff Olson, one-time championship claimant, after an absence from the Eastern mat wars for several weeks, is back in this sector and once again proving to be a real thorn in the sides of all the leading contenders? It will be remembered that it was Olson who broke the leg of Yvon Robert, French-Canadian title-holder, with a new invention, the outside stepover grapevine leg hold.

* * *

"Toothless" Sailor Al Billings, the bad man of the mat, is doing most of his battling around the Southern territory? He will be back here just in time to help usher in the indoor season.

* * *

George K. O. Koverly, the Hollywood Howitzer, has been resting up in his home surroundings thereby giving his bad hands a chance to properly heal? When he comes back here he will be set to start in where he left off; that is, leave a long string of victims of his punishing off color tactics.

* * *

Chief Little Wolf, the Navajo Redskin, postcards from far-off Australia that he not only is making plenty of do re mi, but is also enjoying himself with the new change of scenery, plus piling up a long string of conquests? He expects to be back here some time next month.

* * *

Another mat luminary in competition in the "Down Under" sector is that Russian contender, Matros Kirilenko? Matros has his holds working in perfect order. He also didn't forget to bring his famous leopard skin along with him.

* * *

There is a report in the East that Toots Mondt may come East to take up the reins that Curley held? He may form an alliance with Paul Bowser and Ray Fabiani. Rudy Dusek is also spoken of as Curley's successor.

HERE'S a thumb-nail sketch of Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher:

He was a mat idol when he first started to wrestle. He started the "dirty stuff" when he got sick and tired of being battered around by his opponents. He became known as Krasher Cox immediately after turning "bad man." Cox believes in crashing his foes into insensibility. The Mauling Missourian recently was the victim of a hotel sneak-thief, which has made him all the more furious in his ring engagements.

Cox had a "floating billiard ball" that he could navigate up and down the thigh of his leg. Old Doc Sawbones recently sewed the "traveler" so that its stay will be permanent in one spot only. Joe has suffered more injuries and carries more scars than any other wrestler in the game. His knuckles are out of place; his hands have been stitched so often that today they look like a sample cover of a baseball hide; his head has numerous zigzags; his nose has been broken time and again; both of his ears cauliflowered; teeth knocked out; ribs broken; legs broken; eyes split open; back injured, but outside of a few other minor hurts, he is okay.

Most of his marks come, not from the opponents, but from the eagle eye marksmanship of the irate wrestling patrons. Yes, Cox has been struck by flying chairs, glassware of all kinds, binoculars, shoes and walking sticks.

Regardless of all these "tokens of esteem," Cox is far from a bad looking chap. His well-rounded face, plus his curly hair, have caused many fans to remark about his beauty. Yet, they will tell you that beauty is only skin deep, for inwardly he is a beast, if his ring actions are a criterion.

The hobbies of Cox, besides man-handling his opponents, are fishing, swimming, hunting and reading poetry of world-famous poets. The grappler from Kansas City gained all of his strength in his hands by picking up and tossing hundred-pound bags of sand. He also pursues the policy of bag-punching and slamming the heavy sand bag.

Cox was a former telephone lineman, which probably accounts for all the shocks he hands out to his opponents on the mat. He was also a one-time pugilist, which accounts for the fact that most of Cox's victories are scored via the precious "knockout pin." In other words, a right uppercut or short left hook to the chin spells victory for the man from the "Show Me State."

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe, follow:

Promoter Morris Sigel has promised the fans down here a summer of topnotch wrestling, with many new and interesting "celebs." Among the first on the scene of activity will be "Killer" Shikuma, the clever Jap grappler; Billy Lee; Frank Sexton, the Ohio State gridder, and George Koverly, the wrestling Casanova.

* * *

How do you like the picture of Al Getz in this issue? I think it's great, inasmuch as it won me five dollars. Al bet me it wouldn't be published because, said he, he wasn't important enough. False modesty, Mr. Getz.

* * *

With the abdication of Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the title of the "top showman" of these parts has easily been snatched by Sol Slagel, the chubby contortionist. Not, mind you, that Sol has been crowned Texas champion (for technically Everett Marshall now holds that honor), but roly-poly Mr. Slagel has the distinction of being the fans' favorite performer and there is little question why this is so. Slagel is one of the most comical and colorful figures in the wrestling ring today and his amusing combination of contortions and capers, plus a fine knowledge of clean, scientific grappling really places him high in the esteem of the wrestling public.

* * *

Good news to hear that Ernest "Pat" Kelley is going over so well up there in New York with all the bigwigs. I've always been one to sing Kelley's praises loud and long and am certainly glad that other folks have decided that he is as good as I always knew he was.

Another Southern boy to make good is little Jesse James. In his too few performances here in Texas, Jesse proved that he was definitely out of the mediocre class, and despite his youth I really believe he's going places.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN—Everett Marshall's championship belt surely is a whizz . . . . has a diamond in it the size of a quarter . . . . Tom Mahoney, the Irish boy who hails from Tampa, Florida, could easily be the Duke of Windsor's double . . . . Bob Wagner, the handsome Indian, is sun-tanning in Florida . . . . Chief Sanooke, the huge Cherokee, certainly made an effective debut here . . . . he applied such a severe neck twist on Dan O'Connor that the Irishman had to be rushed to the hospital, given ether and have his neck pulled back in place . . . . the same hold succeeded in pinning Everett Marshall for a fall . . . . Tiny Morgan, so I hear, is one of Aimee Semple McPherson's most ardent followers . . . . George Mansur and the one and only girl middle-aisled it last month . . . . one of the few English words "Gorilla" Macias, the fine little Mexican wrestler, has mastered is "okay" . . . . Karl Davis' nickname is "Stinky" Davis after the kid in "Toonerville Trolley," and they call Solly Slagel, "Snuffy" after "Snuffy" Smith in Barney Google . . . . I have an important message for you, Jack Foreman (or George Craig, if you prefer), if you will get in touch with me . . . . Paul Jones is recuperating from an appendix operation . . . . Karl Davis is very superstitious about black cats . . . . Dick Lever can't spell Waxahachie, which is a town in Texas . . . . surely do miss you, Leo Daniel Boone.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM BRITISH MATS, by Hugh O'C. Sturt, follows:

In a battle-royal at Lane's Club, Bob Gregory and Herb Parks outslugged two roughnecks in Al Korman and Black Butcher Johnson, the colored boy taking the full count.

* * *

Stan Karoly, Hungarian ace, had an exceedingly good month, defeating such men as Tiger Tasker, Du Barry and Johnny Demchuk. Nice going, Stan.

* * *

Tiger Tasker, famous Aaskan bear, seems to have gotten in bad with the fans. That is not all. He also dropped bouts to Stan Karoly, George Pencheff, Gil Knutson and Paul Shikat. Better sharpen up those claws, Tiger.

* * *

Latest invader, Paul Shikat, disposed of Roughhouse King Curtis in seventeen minutes at Lane's Club. Paul had to pull out all he knew, and was loudly cheered by the fans.

* * *

Bob Gregory and Herb Parks were again successful when meeting Hairy George Baker and Jack Dale in a battle-royal at Lane's Club. These matches are greatly appreciated at this club.

* * *

A fine bill of fare was shown at the Blackfriars Ring recently. Results: Al Korman bested Jack Dale by two falls out of three. Dave Armstrong, the Choppington Chicken, wrestled scientifically to pin the Iron Duke. Black Butcher Johnson dropped the nod to Scotch Jim Anderson after a hard bout. And in the main go, Jack Pye and Tony Mancelli were thrown out by the referee, Dickie Maxwell, after both maulers had overstepped the bounds.

* * *

The Duke from Cambridge gave a classy exhibition when disposing of the Bowery Roughneck, Chick Rolfe, at Lane's Club. This performance was followed up with a win over Paul "Cave-Man" Duveen of France at the same venue. Paul is a great showman, but was not in the same class as the "Duke."

(Continued on page 43)

"The GREAT" CISTOLDI

By BERNICE SANDBOE

"SO you think I'm tough, eh?" sneered Angelo Cistoldi when I interviewed him after he had practically started a revolution on our local mat. "Well, young lady, all I have to say is that I haven't even gotten around to being tough yet, and when I do, you'd better send this crop of dainty little mammas' boys around here running for cover."

"Dainty little mammas' boys," I snorted—mentally envisioning such sinister sluggers as Karl Davis, Chief Chewchki, Chief Little Beaver, Pat McClary, Ellis Bashara and several other meanies who are encamping hereabouts. "The man's crazy!"

But yet, I was willing to wait and watch. If this were merely an idle boast on Signior Cistoldi's part, I would indeed delight in showing him up. On the other hand, if he were really as tough as he professed to be, then I would humbly take off my hat to him as the roughest and toughest wrestler in the game, and proclaim that fact loudly to the world.

And so—I hereby doff my bonnet, most humbly, to Angelo Cistoldi. He is the toughest wrestler in matdom. He is also the meanest, unruliest, wildest and most incorrigible wrestler alive!

* * *

I HAVE never seen such complete devastation wrought by one man. The minute the fans espy Angelo, it is the cue for fireworks and frenzy. The crowd becomes hysterical, the referee is usually entirely exterminated, and the poor unfortunate opposing Angelo is considered most lucky if he comes forth from the pit of punishment without a missing muscle or such. For when Angelo Cistoldi stalks from the ring, he leaves behind him the prostrate bodies of all who cross his fist. At least, such has been the case to date.

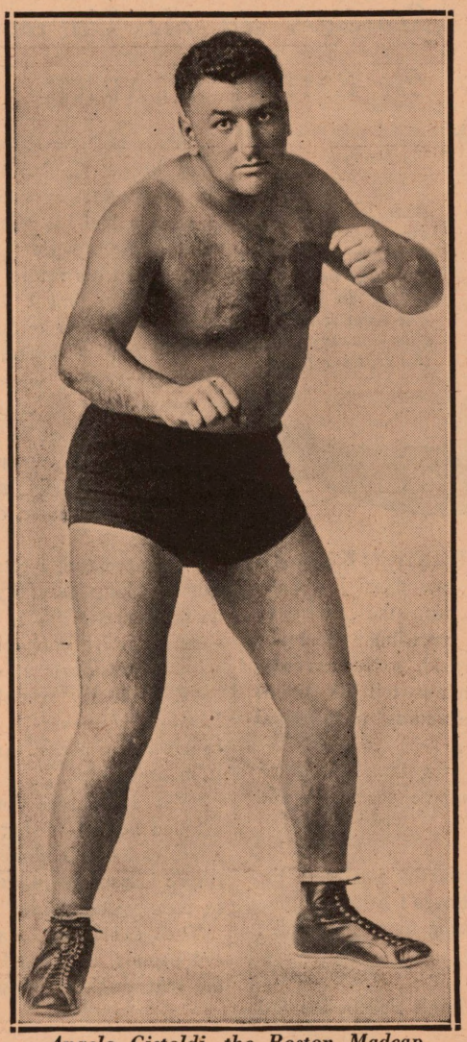
I'm sure there will be some who read this who will scoff at it as an exaggeration of the wildest ilk. To you, I simply sit back and say, "Wait." For some day this cyclone will come swooping down on your local arena and then will you be ashamed for doubting me!

But now to tell you all about Angelo. It's really going to be hard to convince you that he's a plain, everyday human being outside of the ring, but since that's my business, I'll do my best.

To begin with, he is quite a handsome young man, although you never notice that until you see him offring. In combat, he's too busy looking rough and tough. He's Italian, of course, weighs 225, is six feet tall and twenty-six years old. He was born in the Hyde Park section of Boston of a fine Italian family, and he is one of four children.

Like most wrestlers, Angelo had a commendable high school athletic record, being exceptionally outstanding in track, baseball and football. However, it wasn't until two years after he graduated from high school in Boston that he got his first taste of wrestling.

Angelo was persuaded to participate in an amateur bout at the local Y. M. C. A. and took the sport so naturally that it was an easy task for his friends to talk him into becoming a wrestler.



Angelo Cistoldi, the Boston Madcap. Angelo's favorite hold, the "Octopus Clutch."

However, Angelo realized that it would avail him little to enter the pro ring without a firm foundation, so he obtained a job in Boston as a bricklayer and stone setter and that rugged work, combined with his diligent workouts at the gym, strengthened and hardened him considerably. When he was finally ready in April, 1932, to enter the ring, he was thirty pounds heavier and big and strong enough to take care of himself against anyone, a fact which he has proven from the start.

Since then "the Angel" has wrestled in various parts of the globe. He started his career, of course, in the New England States, under the careful eye of Paul Bowser, the Boston mat impresario. From there he trekked his way across the continent to the West Coast and thence to the Far North, with headquarters at Anchorage, Alaska.

* * *

FROM the icy climate of Alaska, Angelo drifted to New Zealand, where he became an immediate sensation, and I daresay fans are still talking about his hectic and incomparable bouts there. He was credited, by the way, as being the most versatile wrestler ever to work in New Zealand. From New Zealand he crossed the Tasman Sea and invaded Australia, where he remained two months, and then returned to the United States.

In Australia, Angelo invented his specialty hold, the famous "Octopus Clutch," and even if he weren't the wild hoyden he is in the ring, he could easily ride to fame on this sensational hold, which twists his opponent's body into many knots and is practically unbreakable. It's really a remarkable hold and could carry him to the front ranks of matdom in the heavyweight division, but somehow Angelo prefers to keep it in mothballs and instead use his trusty fists and unruly tricks to subdue his opponents—the latter method paying big dividends.

* * *

I'VE never really dared to ask Angelo just why he is such a toughie in the ring, although I would like very much to know. There surely must be an excellent reason for his complete thoroughness about his menace-making, and perhaps it will be revealed before very long.

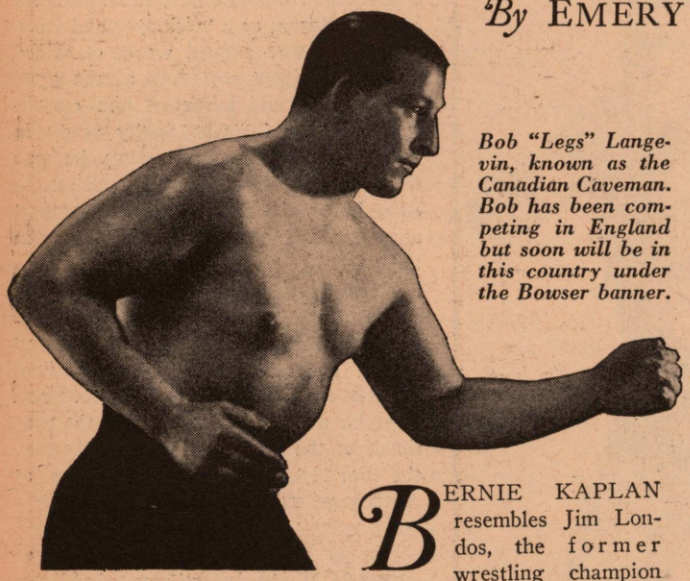
When he isn't committing modified murder in the squared circle, Angelo is a peace loving individual. He's very good-natured and sociable and likes to entertain his friends. For outdoor exercise he prefers golf and plays a corker of a game. He has, incidentally, played golf in Alaska and Australia, two very remote points of the globe. He likes to read novels and detective magazines, smoke his corncob pipe and listen to the radio.

So there you are. Now you have the side of Angelo Cistoldi you'll find hard to believe when you see him mowing down his opponents in the ring. There's not much more I can say—except that you can bet your grandmother's gold heirlooms that there will never be a dull moment when Angelo, the great Cistoldi, is around!

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE



Bob "Legs" Langevin, known as the Canadian Caveman. Bob has been competing in England but soon will be in this country under the Bowser banner.

BERNIE KAPLAN resembles Jim Londos, the former wrestling champion of the world, so it was only natural for this Jewish lad from Philadelphia to tell his friends that some day he would become an outstanding professional wrestler.

Now Kaplan is ready to make good his vow that he has the necessary qualifications to successfully compete for fame and fortune in the pro mat ranks.

And who is this Bernie Kaplan?

Here are some dots and dashes on this swarthy son from the City of Brotherly Love, so that those who haven't heard of him, and they are only few in number, will become more acquainted with this young man.

Was born in Philadelphia, May 7, 1913.

Was the star guard on the Simon Gratz High School football team, of Philadelphia.

Was captain of the Simon Gratz High School wrestling team.

While still a High School student was runner-up for the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. mat title.

Enrolled in Liberal Arts Course at Western Maryland College in 1931.

Was star guard on the football team of W. M.

Was picked on All-America Eleven and honored by Dick Harlow, Harvard Coach, as greatest guard he ever saw perform on gridiron.

Boxed an amateur heavyweight in Philadelphia territory in 1933.

Known as Green Terror in Inter-Collegiate boxing circles, he won the collegiate heavyweight and light heavyweight titles during 1933-1934 season.

Graduated Western Maryland College in 1935.

Was one man boxing and wrestling representative of U. S. Jewish Olympic Squad. Went to Tel Aviv, Palestine, with Maccabees, but arrived too late to compete. This was in April, 1935.

Fall of 1935 signed with New York Giants pro football team. Also played entire 1936 season.

Beginning 1937, after ignoring pleas of fistic managers to turn professional pugilist, chose to enter wrestling competition.

* * *

MEN like Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling; Phil Glassman, who managed, among others, such stars as Lew Tendler, Benny Bass, Kid Williams, Danny Kramer, Billy Wallace and Al Ettore; and other fistic mentors have tried to sign Bernie Kaplan to a contract for pugilistic action. But all of their efforts proved fruitless.

Kaplan had his mind set on being a professional wrestler. His resemblance to Jim Londos, who, incidentally was his mat idol, had settled his future for him.

"I realize that I would have a great future in boxing. My record as a knockerout in the amateurs proved that. But I also realize that a fighter's life averages only about eight years, while that of a wrestler seems to be, like Tennyson's Brook, going on forever and ever.

"My past record as an amateur wrestler, both in collegiate and Middle Atlantic competition, speaks for itself. Not only that, but being so vastly interested in the mat game, never, when I had an idle evening, did I miss seeing the professional matmen in action.

"I figured that I could even outdo the pros, if, of course, I was nursed along carefully. Amateur and professional wrestling is as far apart as day is from night, but I am used to both methods —as an active competitor in the simon pure ranks and sparring with professionals at every available opportunity.

"Even in my school and college days I was nicknamed 'Jim Londos' whenever I competed on the mat or witnessed the behemoths in action. And to say that I felt honored is only putting it in mild form.

"Yes, I feel sure that I will attain success in the grip and get gripped field. For that reason I glory in the fact that I shunned a professional boxing career for one of wrestling. I know my future is assured in the profession I chose for I have the ability to cope with anyone."

Thus did Bernie Kaplan, who tips the Fairbanks at an even 200 pounds, and stands 5 feet, 10½ inches, tell why he prefers the mat to the boxing game.

* * *

FROM Hugh O'C. Sturt, our British correspondent, come the following stories on matmen who are on their way to America.

Bob "Legs" Langevin—known as the Canadian Caveman, is shortly to invade American mats to compete for Paul Bowser. He was born in Magoy, Quebec, 22 years ago. This youngster, who is considered a match for any present-day grappler, stands 5 feet, 11 inches and weighs 225 pounds, and publicly announces that if favored with the breaks, will shortly regain the World's Championship for the land of the Maple Leaf.

Langevin first started wrestling at an early age under the guidance of Emil Maupas. When 16 years old, Bob was thrown out of college for using his famous "Aeroplane Scissors" on a fellow collegiate, this hold being originated from the late Jim Browning.

Two years later, he won a strongman competition by carrying a 200 pound sandbag 3½ miles. News of this feat came to Frank Saxon, Olympic Coach—who, recognizing the great possibilities in Langevin—decided to take the French-Canadian boy under his wing. From this point, progress was rapid and it was not long before Bob elected to throw in his lot with the professional game. This he did with great success, defeating the giant American, John Whiskel Maloney, to whom he was spotting 55 pounds. This performance put Langevin in the "News" and a week later he defeated Little Beaver at Ottawa in 14 minutes.

News of these two feats came to Boston promoters, who immediately signed up this good-looking French-Canadian. Hav-

ing made his debut in the States, "Legs" went on a successful coast-to-coast barnstorming tour and soon had a large following of American fans.

Two of Langevin's greatest fights were with the ex-champion, Gus Sonnenberg, and the Chicago Ace, Billy Bartush, both of which were drawn battles.

Finding that first class opposition was giving him the go-by, Bob decided to try his luck in the British Isles, and it was not long before he had defeated every grappler of note, and made himself a large circle of friends. "Legs" has wrestled in every leading European center, and carried all before him. One of his classiest wins was over the German star, Hans Schach, whom he pinned in 8 mins. Langevin's all-action style is well liked by British fans, and he is considered a worthy second for the title of Public Enemy No. 1, which is held by Jack Pye.

Since his arrival in England, Langevin has met and defeated such mat-maulers as Henry Stoeff, Jim Burnett, Joe Devalto, Hans Schach, Paul Lortie, Montiverdi, Jack Pye and Karl Reginski, etc. Bob will wrestle under Paul Bowser of Boston, and it is his one ambition to wrestle Yvon Robert for the Canadian crown.

* * *

Meet Leo Lefebvre, giant French-Canadian weighing 270 pounds, who, says Hugh O'C. Sturt, will in the near future appear on the Paul Bowser circuit.

This husky boy who first saw the light of day in St. Francis, Province of Quebec, 24 years ago, is without doubt one of the most serious threats we have had for some time. Folks, this Lefebvre has class, and has met grapplers of the toughest caliber in Henri DeGlane, Ed Don George, Leo Nurma, Billy Bartush, Gus Sonnenberg, Charlie Strack and Sergei Kalmikoff, etc. He also holds the distinction of being the only man to pin the highly touted Max Krauser, which, believe me, takes some doing.

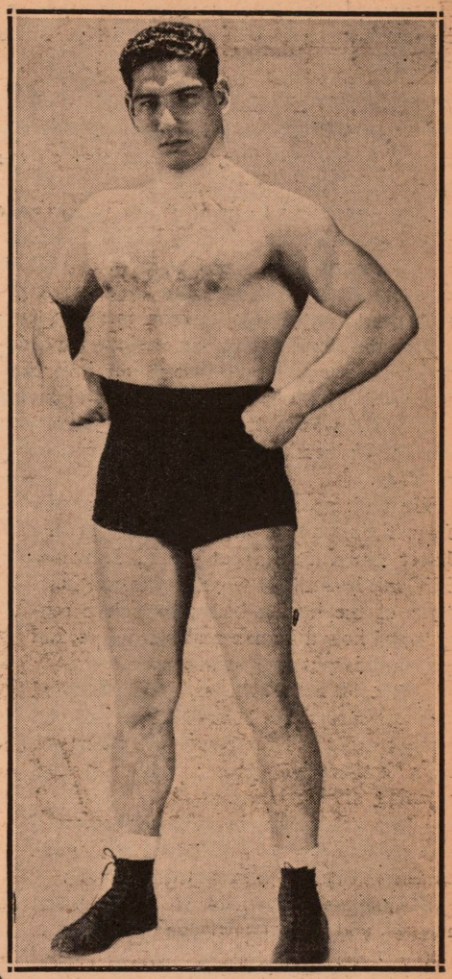
Since his arrival in England three years ago, Leo has won 375 out of 379 contests, drawing and losing two each. This is a great record, which his manager, Richard Charles, is very proud of.

Outside the ring, this all-action grappler is a very likeable fellow, but once get him in the squared circle, watch out for fireworks.

Lefebvre was taught wrestling by Emil Maupas, who was one of the few to beat Hackenschmidt. His specialty is the deadly headlock, which has been the downfall of many a class adversary. This, Leo tells me, was taught him by the mighty Ed "Strangler" Lewis, and when I saw that the lock practiced by Leo is better than that of the old master, you readers will know that this French-Canadian is the real "McCoy."

In addition, there is also the Portuguese wrestler, Al Perreira, who is one of the best in Europe at catch-as-catch-can style. He has competed on many occasions in Paris and is eager to go to the States. It is said that Jack Curley expected to bring him to America for a fall and winter campaign. Perreira will make the grade in America if the opportunity is offered him.

You Americans had better be on guard when this trio of European stars invade your land. They'll make many of your best wrestlers sit up and take notice.



Bernie Kaplan of Philadelphia who is rated high among the Eastern matmen.

Leo Lefebvre, giant French-Canadian heavyweight who will compete in this country upon his return from Europe.

Al Perreira, the Portuguese heavyweight who is rated one of the best wrestlers in Europe.

ELI FISCHER was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1909. At school he was a star in track, basketball, baseball, swimming and football.

Upon graduation from high school, with high honors, Eli entered Rutgers University with intentions of becoming a physician. At Rutgers, Fischer did splendidly with his studies, and as in his school days, also was a sports luminary. He was all Eastern tackle for the entire four years he attended Rutgers; was a member of the boxing team and captained the track squad. He was a splendid shot-putter and discus thrower.

In 1932 Eli graduated but the family funds were low and knowing what handicaps his family had in getting him an education, he decided to enter professional sports.

The Coney Island Hebrew accepted a tempting offer from the Passaic, N. J., football eleven to play tackle. For two years he was the mainstay of the pigskin toters. Incidentally, while playing football, Fischer turned down an offer to become a professional pugilist. Later he accepted a proposition to become a wrestler, a sport in which he excelled. So in the fall of 1932, he took part in his first mat engagement and won in near record time when he downed Tiny Ruff with a series of flying tackles at Newark, N. J.

For the next two years most of his grappling took place around his home sector as he didn't want to lose the juicy contract with the Passaic eleven. But from the latter part of 1934 to the present day, Fischer has seen action in most of the wrestling centers along the Atlantic seaboard from Canada to Florida.

He proved that he is a great attraction as he was and still is in constant demand. He stands 6 feet, 2 inches and weighs 225 pounds.

* * *

WRESTLING fans know their Felix M'Quait and Felix M'Quait knows the wrestlers. Any time Felix is billed to appear in mat warfare, fans are sure to see the much expected action they come to witness.

The opponents know they are in for uncomfortable moments. They are well aware the Canadian knows all the weak points of the human body. Felix made a careful study of all the nerve centers. It is easy for him to score a pin, providing he can maneuver his foe into position to apply the necessary hold.

He is exceptional at the various applications of the toe hold, wrist lock and temple thrust, an invention of his own, which automatically stuns the opposition and makes easy prey.

M'Quait was born in Montreal, January 19, 1908. He attended McGill University for three years and one year was at R. P. I. of Troy.

He took up an electrical course at the former institution and anatomy at the latter place. It was at R. P. I. where M'Quait learned the ways, means and functions of the human body; the nerve centers and how a human reacts when certain pressure is put on various parts.

While at both colleges, Felix excelled in three sports. He starred on the football teams; captained the swimming teams for four consecutive years; and wrestled, winning all his bouts.

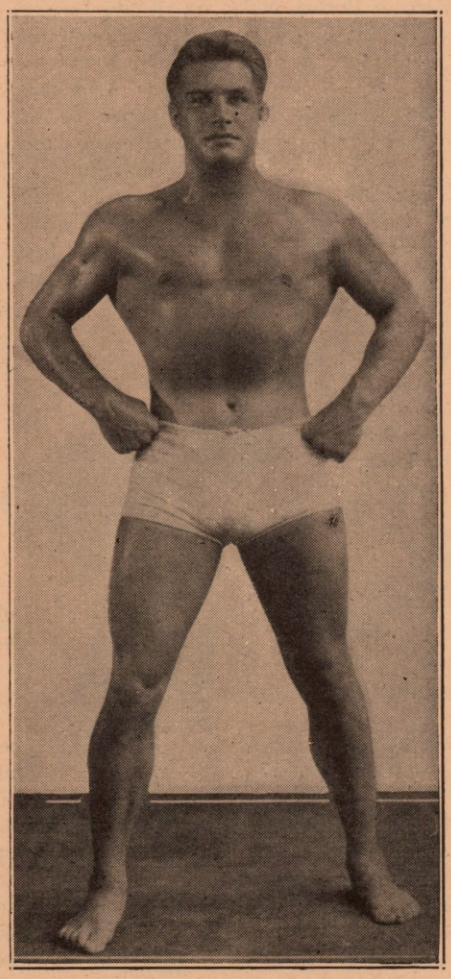
Upon graduation in 1932 he became a professional wrestler and from the outset he showed he was a star in the making.

M'Quait is a showman. He is rough and rugged, and has a knowledge of all holds.

* * *

Fourteen years of promotion is a long time, but fourteen years of wrestling promotion in the same stamping ground—Little ol' Noo York—without losing control is a miracle which possibly only Jack Pfeffer, relentless dynamo of energy, could have successfully accomplished. So perhaps he may be forgiven if with considerable pride he gives us a line on some of his stars who are competing on Metropolitan mats during the summer months. Here are a few!

ROBERT BRUNS—German Apollo, 22 years old, six feet tall, is the perfect athlete and most likely matman in the game today. Bruns comes from a semi-aristocratic German family. His father was a well-known engineer and his mother the famous Lotta Gunther, diva of the Berlin Opera House.



Robert Bruns, the German Apollo competing under the Curley-Pfeffer banner in the East.

His grandfather, Frederich Ludwig Bruns, founded the famous Brandenberg Pilsner and Lager gesselschaft more than 150 years ago. The family came to America soon after the outbreak of the World War and settled in Chicago. Robert Bruns was educated at Northwestern University and Southern University of California. He made the 1932 Olympics held in Los Angeles, played "wasserbalspiel" (water polo to you), his team defeating Germany. A master wrestler at college he challenged the best known professionals to meet him on local gymnasium mats for side bets. The late Anton Cermak, then Mayor of Chicago, presented him with a diamond ring—Bruns' most valued possession today—because of his prowess as a wrestler.

He holds the unique distinction of participating in 156 professional matches without a single defeat tagged against him. In private life Robert Bruns studies law. He hopes to pass his bar examinations next June, but first he wants the world's mat title and no wrestler in the past decade has come to the fore who looks more likely to annex the diadem than this handsome, finished athlete.

* * *

FRED GRUBMEIR—You have heard of Marlene Dietrich's million dollar legs no doubt and you have admired them on the screen, but the million dollar underpins do not belong exclusively to the ladies. Fred Grubmeir, lanky Iowan, has a set which have earned him a fortune. He uses them on the mat with the ease and grace of a ballet dancer but their telling effect on an opponent when squeezed in the boa-constrictor embrace, have won for Fred the name of "hook scissor king" because of the peculiar manner he applies the leg hold by flying at an opponent rather than flooring him first then applying the hold.

Quiet, lanky, gentlemanly "Grubby," as his friends call him, is a connoisseur of the arts. He has spent a fortune on his collection of antiques, china, pictures, snuff boxes, furniture, carpets, etc. It is one of the best private collections in the country for which he has been offered a fortune but refuses to part with a single piece. He owes everything to wrestling which has made him a rich man.

Grubby claims no super education or fame won on the gridiron of a famous seat of learning. Fred says he attended Western Vocational College for a while, but it burned down and Fred did not bother to go to another school.

* * *

BABOO ALI—With a penchant for mat oddities, it was hardly likely that Jack Pfeffer, responsible for the introduction of so many mat freaks to the American public, should miss Baboo Ali. Pfeffer, who gave us the neckless Houliban, the Terrible Ivan Podubny, string bean Leo Pinetzki, Fritz Cley and others, now gives us Baboo Ali—the Mystery Man from Turkey. Baboo Ali, bewhiskered, walks like an ape and bears more than a passing resemblance to the baboon. In fact when he steps on the mat, your eyes unconsciously look upwards expecting a chandelier to come down and Baboo to make a grab for it.

Baboo Ali is the man without a story. He claims he was born in Karput, in Turkey, traveled the Near East turning cartwheels for pennies, wrestling a bit, telling fortunes and possibly frightening ill-behaved children. With the facility of the Levantine, he is a linguist. He speaks Turkish, French, English, Polish, Czechoslovakian, Russian, Crotian and that mysterious language of the gypsies—Romany. With it all, Baboo Ali can wrestle and is certainly a great attraction. But how Jack Pfeffer ever discovered him or how he brought him to this country is something that only Baboo Ali and Jack Pfeffer know.

Jack Curley, a few days before his death, saw Ali in action and declared that he had the makings of a fine wrestler. "He's still a little crude," remarked Jack, "but with intensive work, he'll be among the topnotchers in no time." He is a colorful wrestler, because he can give the fans what they like—plenty of action and a variety of holds and the usual run of hokum that keeps the crowd in a state of excitement.

The Eastern contingent of promoters expects to make considerable use of Baboo Ali during the fall and winter wrestling season along the Atlantic border.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

At the newly opened Cricklewood Arena, before a large crowd, Paddy Casey, brother of the famous Steve, did what he liked to beat Hans Schmeling, German Frankenstein. The following week, King Kong beat that game trial-horse, Marlerisch Anaconda, after a long struggle. In the semi-final, Paddy Casey pulled out a scientific exhibition to beat the strong Cliff Attenbrow.

* * *

Harold Lane, prince of promoters, has opened a new club in Paris and his shows are being well patronized.

* * *

Bob Gregory, acknowledged as the greatest drawing card in England, having broken all gate receipts at five halls in London, has again gone over in a big way in Paris. Up to the moment of going to press, he has not yet been beaten and is a serious challenger for the European championship.

The press acclaim him as the fastest and most spectacular wrestler seen in Europe in many years. Harold Lane, England's best wrestling promoter, has again packed his halls, in spite of bus strikes and heat waves, with team wrestling. The first team consisted of Herb Parks of Canada and Bob Gregory against Al Korman and Johnny Dallas.

* * *

English wrestlers are making names for themselves in Paris where Societe Redco are sweeping the board with their wrestling promotions. Societe Redco have booked some of the most notable and leading to appear at the great Exposition which holds ten thousand people and they are proposing to run an international tournament.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS, by J. Jimmie Amann, follow: Jack Reynolds, world's welterweight champion, polished off Duke Rupenthal, Milwaukee's challenger for the title, at the Milwaukee Auditorium and then hied himself off through Oklahoma and Texas where he defeated all of his challengers. Jack will soon climax his final American campaign before he leaves for Europe where he is to defend his rights to the world's championship against the foreign welterweight leaders. Chiefly among his European contenders is Harold Angus, the Englishman. Angus' threat is the topic of foreign rings. There are many who believe the London welter might dethrone Reynolds.

* * *

Henry Koln won back his claim to the American Federation of Wrestling middleweight championship when he defeated Larry Schaaf at Fort Madison, Iowa.

* * *

Following Midget Fischer's retirement from the light heavyweight championship, the writer in his Ratings named the winner of the Red Berry-Hugh Nichols battle at Oklahoma City as the champion. The bout was staged on May 31 and Berry, long a threat for the championship, took two straight falls from the former champion, winning both in a total of 61 minutes with Indian death locks.

* * *

Steve Netry, Toledo welterweight, is wrestling around Tennessee . . . . as is Sailor Parker, noted Virginia middleweight star . . . . The Green Dragon is also a big card in the southern locality . . . . Blondie Black, retired undefeated tri-state welterweight champion, has left the middleweight ranks and is now challenging the rights of Paddy Davenport to the Ohio-Indiana-Kentucky titles . . . . Fritz Lamm, Akron, O., star is also a contender for the Davenport claim . . . . Black hails from Horse Branch, Kentucky . . . . Spider Mascall, mat authority from the Northwest, is going to England to publicize the wrestling game in the European countries . . . . Spider is 100% . . . . they couldn't pick a better expert. Anyone interested in getting the results of wrestling matches of the outstanding results can do so through the writer.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING REVIEW, by David Cavadas. Dean Detton was held to a draw by Vincent Lopez at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

* * *

Wrestling before a bigger crowd than the Detton-Lopez match, Senor Lopez took two out of three falls from Doctor Len Hall. Vincent scored the first fall with a series of his Mexican massages. Hall retaliated with a toe hold to win the second fall. As in the first fall, Lopez took the third with an attack of elbow smashes.

* * *

Jimmy Sarandos, advertised as a second Jim Londos, may yet live up to that name if he continues his winning streak. The young Greek is undefeated on the Coast and this month he disposed of Red Vagnone, Pat Riley and Ed White.

* * *

George Fitch, the Vancouver, Canada, promoter, resigned his post in order that he may enter into business. Percy Hicks will succeed Fitch.

* * *

Irish Pat Fraley had no trouble in defeating Big Ben Morgan, the 360-pound hill-billy from the Ozarks. Fraley scored the first fall with a drop-kick, while Morgan bear-hugged the Irishman into submission for the equalizer. Fraley made Morgan quit with a punishing leg chancery to win the match. Previous to this match, Pat Fraley defeated "Dynamite" Gus Sonnenberg.

* * *

COAST CAVALCADE — Ole Olson beat Gus Sonnenberg . . . . Pat Fraley scored over James Casey Morrisey . . . . Big Ben Morgan took Herbie Freeman into camp . . . . Harnam Singh flattened Paul Boesch . . . . Andy Moen lost to Herbie Freeman and Ole Olson . . . . Milo Steinborn drew with Big Ben Morgan . . . . Ojagar Singh won from Bull Martin . . . . Pierre Dussette and Billy Hanson wrestled a fast draw . . . . Count Zarynoff beat Jack Woods . . . . Man Mountain Dean scored over Brother Jonathon and Jules Strongbow . . . . Daniel Boone Savage tossed Doctor Len Hall.

DEADLINE FLASHES—Paul Boesch is doing a good job of substituting for Floyd "Musty" Musgrave in the Northwest . . . . Pete Managoff, brother of Ivan, stands out among the younger crop of wrestlers on the Coast . . . . Ole Olson, Billy Hanson, Ivan Managoff, Herbie Freeman, Rudi LaDitzi, Paul Boesch, Milo Steinborn, Darna Ostapavich, and Bob Murray are campaigning in the Northwest . . . . Vincent Lopez, Daniel Boone Savage, Man Mountain Dean, Baptiste Paul, Jules Strongbow, Sandor Szabo, Pierre Dussette and George Zarynoff are holding sway in California . . . . Baptiste Paul Thunderbird should not be confused with Chief Thunderbird, the Canadian Indian.

Sock of Ages

(Continued from page 21)

my left hand carelessly-like and got nailed with a right. They tell me I was hit seventy times with Schmeling's right, but that first punch hit the button. I fought in a daze the other ten rounds before going out."

We cannot throw out the Schmeling upset, no more than we can throw out Fireman Jim Flynn's knockout over Dempsey in 1915.

No fighter could go to town like Dempsey after being badly hurt. The Manassa Mauler's nervous reaction was the best in ring history. Once stunned, he became a wounded tiger, flailing with deadly gloves.

Firpo could outhit Louis, if given elbow room for his bar-room swings. His sledgehammer fists unwound with their full fury on Dempsey's chin a second after the opening gong.

Billy Gibson, who later managed Tunney in his triumphs over Dempsey, was one of the South American's advisors. "Disregard the rules," instructed Gibson. "When you go out to shake hands, let a right go for Dempsey's chin. He will be cold then and you might hurt him badly."

Dempsey reached to shake hands. Firpo swished a long uppercut which caught the Mauler's vulnerable spot. Jack was dazed and fought the rest of that first round out on his feet.

Eight times he dropped the pachyderm Wild Bull of the Pampas with short left hooks. Then Jack stood near the ropes as if petrified as Firpo charged into him, swishing that right fist like an ax head. One mighty swing struck Jack's left shoulder. His knees buckled. He tried to back away from the next sling-shot glove and its impact upon his jaw drove him through the ropes.

I was sitting just a row behind where the Mauler landed in the press section. He obviously was groggy. His senses were hazy. His eyes turned to magnified glass balls. Someone shoved him forward. Jack quivered, then scrambled up, pulled himself onto the ring platform and was back in the resin trench. And, once there, he raced forward, shifted his shoulders and dropped the gorilla man with one galvanic thrust of his left hand.

That was enough to win any pseudo combat in my book . . . . even over the ominous Joe Louis—now world heavyweight champion.

The Fighting Champion

(Continued from page 18)

of the title when asked if he would take such action on the day when he weighed in for the Phantom Fight.

"Ach, no," he replied to the scribes. "I do not believe a championship can be claimed by default. It must be won in the ring, and I have no intentions of claiming Braddock's title because he won't meet me."

Why a sudden change of heart, Max? Were you ordered to do so by the German government? Perhaps so, but that doesn't alter the matter any.

Through legal advices, Schmeling was deprived of the right he had gained, to face Braddock. That cannot be denied. Thus Schmeling got the well-known run-around, while Louis got the title.

Undoubtedly there was a lack of sporting spirit in that act, but the Brown Bomber, right or wrong, is now the world heavyweight king and his crown cannot be voided by Paul Rosseau's French Federation of Boxing, the British Board of Boxing Control, the German Sports Commission or any other body. That's definite.

Could Schmeling beat Louis again? That's a subject for discussion, but offhand, I'll say the chances are very much in the German's favor. Some of those who were at Comiskey Park assert that Joe was himself again and fought in true championship form, but others, including one of Joe's leading supporters, Gene Tunney, are of the opinion that he distinctly showed in the first round that he has a tin jaw, and a heavyweight champion with that weakness isn't secure on his throne. That's why they think that Schmeling, a far more powerful hitter than Braddock, will put Joe away again if they should clash, and the hopes of the sports fans throughout the world are that Joe and Max can be brought together again, and very quickly at that.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 17)

start from there. The first thing you take out is something like $160,000 for the government in taxes.

JIM: Listen, Joe, do you mean to tell me that if some rich guy has dough invested in stocks or something and he gets $300,000, the government takes away $160,000?

JOE: No, Jim, it don't work out that way. The rich guys don't have to pay, and like you see in the papers, they have schemes which make it unnecessary for them to pay anything. But you're just a fighter, Jim. There is different rules for fighters and different rules for rich guys.

JIM: Well, okeh. We won't argue with the government. They need the dough for guys on relief. I know. I was on relief myself. So we take 160 from 300, and that leaves us 140,000. Not bad, at that.

JOE: Not so fast. We owe. We owe folks like the Garden and we owe guys like Mike Jacobs, on account of you don't get any money for fighting Baer, and we live pretty high for a coupla years. Miami and this and that, and those things come to money. So, we pay the Garden and Mike, and that comes to eighty grand.

JIM: We ain't et up eighty grand in two years, Joe.

JOE: No, but that's how you figure it out for yourself. Here is the bills and here's what we get, and all you got to do is take one from the other.

JIM: Okeh, Joe, they ain't no use in arguing about bills, because bills is something you gotta pay—if you got the dough. And as we just figure in a $700,000 fight, we are supposed to have the dough. So, take off the eighty grand.

JOE: Well, taking off this, and deducting that, it looks like we have $60,000 left. Now, ain't that something?

JIM: Well, Joe, when you consider how long I wait for this chance, and how long I got to wait after my fighting days is over, I am sorta befuddled. I dunno. But when I think back to the days in the basement apartment, the days when I can't even get work on the docks, this sixty grand looks like more money than J. D. Rockefeller leaves.

JOE: Well, I don't like to remember them days when the price of a hamburger ain't exactly around loose, either. Suppose we celebrate.

And so they go out—and celebrate at a hamburger stand!

Tom Tracy, Dead

(Continued from page 25)

George Siler, Griffo, the Daley boys, Tom Kelly and Tom Allen, all connected with that show, are now holding a reunion with Tracy in Valhalla.

* * *

TRACY mingled with all the big ones of his class: Joe Walcott, three times—in one fight Tom was cooled off in the sixteenth round, and the other two were six-round draws; then came Tommy Ryan, who defeated him in six rounds and knocked him out in the ninth. Harry Fisher was declared defeated at the end of fourteen, and likewise Paddy Smith in two rounds. But Kid Lavigne was too much for Tom, thus ending the latter's hopes for any championship honors.

There was a glamour about Tracy's fights, however, that always interested the followers of pugilism, and for that reason Tom was one of the best known members of the "old school" of the wielders of the upholstered mittens.

Before coming to America, he had a reputation which he had made in Australia. Prior to 1891 he had defeated Owen Daley and several other lightweights. Tom was looked upon as one of the most promising men of that division. He had proven this contention, and for that reason he was matched with Dummy Mace, who was then the lightweight champion of the country. On September 21, 1891, they met at Melbourne and after an eight-round fight the result was declared a draw. For over a year these two lightweights didn't meet again, but on November 5, 1892, Tom, in only three rounds, put the kibosh on Dummy's title.

The first thing which Tracy did with his new "roof" was to bring it to America. He arrived at San Francisco on December 22, 1892, accompanied by Dan Creadon. Almost immediately a match was arranged between Tom and Billy Gallagher, to take place at the Pacific Club, San Francisco, January 27, 1893. The fight came off as scheduled, and Tom knocked Billy out in the nineteenth round.

Jim Corbett witnessed the fight and was greatly pleased with Tom's work; so much so that he made the statement that Tracy could easily defeat Jack McAuliffe.

* * *

TOM was anxious to fight with anyone who could make a good showing, but for some unexplainable reason he was not able to get a match until February 10, 1894 (which was more than a year after his fight with Gallagher), when he met Mike Harris at New York and defeated him in four rounds. This encouraged the sports and incidentally convinced Joe Walcott and his manager that Tom was a worthy opponent for the rugged black. Joe and Tom were matched and fought at the old Music Hall in Boston, Mass., on April 19, 1894. Tom was knocked out in the sixteenth round.

At that time Joe was colored lightweight champion of America and, with Tom's title of lightweight champion of Australia, they drew no small crowd and caused no end of comment and interest. Gloves were used and *Police Gazette* rules prevailed. James Colville was referee.

Tracy had the advantage in height and reach and when he faced Walcott it was the general opinion that he would win. Soon after the fight started, however, Tracy showed to such poor advantage that old-time followers of the ring began to think that he was either playing with Walcott or that he had been heralded to this country vastly overrated.

Tom didn't use his left hand at all cleverly, making it very evident that he depended upon his right to gain a victory. He was very agile, nevertheless, and saved himself a great deal of punishment by his clever ducking and clinching after his own delivery. The fight was a lively one throughout, and up to the sixteenth round, when Tracy, while ducking, slipped and received an uppercut to the jaw, it was either's fight.

Tom got to his feet immediately, but was downed in the next moment. He made another stand, but it was a very feeble one. Walcott landed his right on Tracy's jaw and he went down completely knocked out.

Next came Tommy Ryan, who met Tom at Chicago on the evening of March 20, 1895. Ryan was too much for him; so much so, that at the end of eight rounds Referee George Siler stopped the bout and awarded the decision to Ryan.

Thereafter, Tom fought in many parts of the country, because, as he often said, "I like to see America."

JOE LOUIS

"The Brown Bomber"

By GENE KESSLER

A 240-page story of his life, with 35 illustrations.

Pocket Edition Size—4½ by 3½ inches

Sent prepaid to any address, U. S. or foreign for 40 cents.

THE RING BOOK SHOP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
825-8th Avenue, New York City.

From Molineaux to Joe Louis

(Continued from page 34)

Dan Lowry's Star Music Hall in Dublin. His sparring bouts with Lewis packed the house at every show, and the officials of the York Street Athletic Club extended an invitation to him to give an exhibition before that organization.

Craig agreed to spar three light rounds with a local middleweight, and put Lewis on for a similar bout with Tom Lynch, the Irish lightweight champion. Lynch, an abnormally hard hitter, not overburdened with scruples, was out for glory and privately resolved to drop Lewis for a full count if possible.

The lightweight exhibition was first on the bill. It only lasted a trifle over forty seconds. For as Lewis advanced, flicking Lynch lightly with a careless jab, the latter sidestepped and crashed a left hook to the jaw with all the strength he could muster. Lewis hit the floor with a resounding bang—and stayed there, until dragged to his corner.

Frank Craig raged impotently over the nasty double cross that had been handed a pair of unsuspecting visitors, but there was nothing he could do about it. All the Cooler wanted just then was a chance to get even, and he hurried into his boxing trunks, eager to take it out of the hide of the local man who was scheduled to spar with him. But there was no opponent forthcoming. Craig looked and was too dangerous to fool with at that particular moment, and nobody would take him on.

That little mishap ended the connection of Lewis with Craig's sparring act, for the news was speedily wired to London, and the so-called "colored lightweight champion of America" was no longer a drawing card.

The Cooler's reign of prosperity came to a close when he was defeated by Dan Creedon of Australia in twenty rounds, knocked out by Frank Slavin in one frame, and by Dick O'Brien of Lewiston, Maine, in two. Thereafter he was just a good club fighter, winning and losing in rotation. But while the going was good he gathered in the shekels by the bushel.

At one time he was the proprietor of four London taverns each of which did a roaring business. But like Jackson, he lived royally, and in the end lost every cent he made. He had his hour of glory, however, even if he wound up as a "chucker-out" in one of the thirst-cure establishments of which he was originally proprietor.

* * *

THERE'S no disputing the fact that when George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott were in their prime, each of the famous trio outclassed all opponents at their respective weights. Not one of them were ever given a tithe of the publicity that would naturally accrue to such talented performers were they headliners in the modern ring. That they were "good news" in the sport pages of their time, nevertheless, was due to sheer individual merit.

When they reached the heights of ringstardom, each possessed a reputation that weighed heavily to their advantage with most opponents. A great many of the latter went into the ring expecting the worst of it, and got just what they expected. Walcott, especially, registered as a black menace that threw a scare into many an otherwise valorous slugger, which, after all, wasn't anything to wonder over.

Imagine how one of our leading welters would receive a proposition to box a crack heavyweight, supposing such a thing were permitted under commission rulings? Yet Walcott took on Joe Choynski, who had held Jim Jeffries to a twenty-round draw, and knocked him out in the bargain!

George Dixon made no bones about meeting lightweights on occasion and beat them handily, yet George at his best never scaled over 122 pounds. Joe Gans went out of the lightweight class to box welters, and held his own with the heavier men. When you take these things into consideration, it is easy to realize why, in course of time, the celebrated trio ranked as practically invincible.

* * *

WHEN Jack Johnson was fighting his way to the top, his toughest opponents were those of his own color. Among the men he had to beat in that hard climb to fame were Hank Griffin, Denver Ed Martin, Sam McVey, Sam Langford, Joe Jeanette, all of them not only "boxing clever" but stiff punchers. The white heavyweight grade as a whole never included such formidable fighters in their ranks at the one time.

Or, at least it must have seemed to the boxers of that day. For, if you look up the records you will notice that the majority of the opponents of the members of the dark division were men of their own color.

Having disposed of all these dangerous obstacles in his path, Johnson wound up by defeating Jeffries, and the question of supremacy in the heavyweight class was effectually disposed of for a long time to come. When he surrendered the title to Willard, the glamor surrounding the colored heavyweights was dissipated. Langford, Jeannette, et al., had vanished from the star fighting scene, and there was none of their race to fill the empty niches.

Yet the coming of Harry Wills during Jack Dempsey's reign caused an entirely unnecessary amount of anxiety among both critics and boxing patrons who feared that the shadow of another all-conquering Johnson was about to fall across fistiana's page. The repeated challenges of Wills to Jack Dempsey, which were never destined to result in a match between the pair, started the rumor that Dempsey was afraid to accept the issue.

Nothing, of course, could have been further from the truth, and we know now that, judging from the comparative ease with which Jack Sharkey put an end to Wills' championship pretentions, the Manassa Mauler had little to fear from the colored man. The fact was that Tex Rickard, then the world's leading pugilistic showman, set his face resolutely against staging another heavyweight title match between a white and colored man.

Rickard got so many headaches over the Johnson-Jeffries affair, with its resultant race-riots and so on, that he swore he would never again promote a similar match. He kept his word and other showmen followed suit. It was for that reason that the Willard-Johnson match was brought off in Havana. Both promotorial and public opinion were dead against it taking place in the United States.

It is possible that some day we may reach a stage of civilization where the racial question will be abandoned and a man will be judged wholly on his merits, only by his ring performances, without regard to his complexion.

The "Killers"

(Continued from page 35)

men at once agreed to fight, they did so without any show of hostility.

At the actual scene of combat, however, there was nearly another tragedy, owing to ill-feeling among the spectators against the Englishman. Deaf Burke was attacked with knives and sticks from the ringside and only escaped with his life after a desperate struggle and a headlong gallop to safety on horseback. The chain of tragedy and violence begun with the death of McKay culminated some years after the Burke-O'Rourke fight with the death of O'Rourke under tragic circumstances on the Ottawa River, where he incurred the enmity of Canadian lumberjacks and was killed by one of them.

* * *

IT is a strange coincidence or stroke of fate that a man who had participated in a fatal fight should in his turn be killed in a fight as Byrne was, but it is stranger still that history should repeat itself almost exactly a hundred years later and that again a man who had killed another in the ring should himself be killed.

History has so repeated itself in Australia, for in 1931, Bert McCarthy received fatal injuries in a fight with Alby Roberts, the Australian aborigine, and prior to that, McCarthy had been involved in a fatal clash—the one in which he had been matched with the Filipino, Young Dencio. Dencio never recovered from blows received in the fourteenth round, but examination after death disclosed the fact that he had suffered for years from a brain injury.

All modern fatal fights can be similarly explained as a matter of fact. Ernie Schaaf, who died in 1933 after fighting Carnera, was as unfit for the ring as had been Dencio, and so was Otto Cribb, fatally injured by Mick Dunne in 1901. Con Riordan, killed in 1894 in a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, was not in possession of the health and strength necessary for combat in the ring, nor was Frankie Campbell, who succumbed after a bout with Max Baer in 1930.

And Mick Dooley, who witnessed the Webby Booth-James Keelor fatality, told me years afterwards that Booth was no more guilty of manslaughter than he was himself. Incidentally, Mick and several other spectators were arrested as a result of the fight and prosecuted for the crime of being present when a pugilistic encounter was being held.

What is the answer to the question, "Who were the killers?"

The answer is, of course, that there never were any killers of the ring. Whenever the term is seen, it can be taken as a figment of the imagination, a nickname to describe not the homicidal tendencies or achievements of a fighter, but just a picturesque name descriptive of his fighting style and heart. If the world held no more dangerous people than the so-called "killers of the ring," it would indeed be a good place in which to live.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 28)

ing admirers, the enmity he cherished against Heenan since childhood days acted as a spur to force him into renewed action.

Yet it was over four years after the Yankee Sullivan affair that a family feud of long standing reached its culminating point, when the two boyhood rivals encountered in a ring at Long Point, Canada, on October 20, 1858.

Physical advantages rested with Heenan, who weighed 195 pounds against Morrissey's 175, the latter being only what we rate as light heavyweight under modern rules. It was claimed that the smaller man was the better conditioned, his opponent having contracted a heavy cold which compelled him to break training. A similar excuse, it may be remembered, was advanced in modern times on behalf of a defeated man when Max Baer took the world's title from Carnera.

Heenan took the offensive at once, breaking Morrissey's nose and opening a cut over his left eye. During seven minutes of savage milling, the hopes of the Benicia Boy's backers ran high. But Morrissey was never so dangerous as when hard pressed. He attacked the body, forcing Heenan to break ground under a bombardment of stomach punches. Heenan rallied and drove Morrissey to the ropes. Morrissey neatly ducked a straight right which whistled harmlessly over his head, Heenan's hand suffering a severe injury as it collided with the wooden stake in a neutral corner.

This accident hurt Heenan's chances and may have lost him the battle. It was noticeable from then on to the eleventh and final round that the Benicia Boy was very chary of using his damaged right, the knuckles of which were badly wrecked. It was not long before Morrissey had the fight well in hand and Heenan went down to defeat before his opponent's fierce rushes.

* * *

GREAT was the joy of the Morrissey cohorts when he won. It was slightly dampened when their favorite declared he was through forever with the ring. Prior to the battle he had announced that, win or lose, this would be his last appearance as a prizefighter. But his friends didn't believe him.

"John," they said, with many a sly wink and chuckle, "was too fond of championship honors to quit so long as he had a fight in him!"

The gamblers took a similar view, only their belief was based on the inability of those dollar-hungry gentry to understand how a man could possibly relinquish a title that would net him a small fortune whenever he cared to defend it. Many years later another occupant of the fistic throne, Gene Tunney, amazed the gambling fraternity and promoters of his day by following Morrissey's precedent, refusing to reconsider his retirement and gather in another million or so by fighting Jack Sharkey, or any other contender, for his abandoned title.

Having turned thumbs down on the ring, Morrissey opened gambling houses in Manhattan and Saratoga. The New York palace of chance was near the present Wanamaker department store on Broadway and Tenth Street. It boasted the additional attraction of a noted French chef who served dinners guaranteed to tickle the palates of epicureans, and became one of the town-sights for visitors to marvel over.

The Saratoga establishment was also magnificently equipped and its restaurant annex the last word in luxury. In a later generation it became the property of Richard Canfield, under whose management it gained a reputation as the most celebrated gambling resort on this side of the Atlantic.

Morrissey never lost his inherited love of cock-fighting. Former Senator Henry W. Genet had a similar taste and a main was arranged by the two devotees of the rooster-pit with six hundred fanciers present, admission being twenty dollars a ticket. Seventy thousand dollars exchanged hands in bets on this occasion. There were three contests with half a dozen birds pitted on either side in each bout. Genet's birds won in two out of the three battles, so "Prince Hal," as the senator was called by intimates, came off victor.

* * *

FINANCIAL success crowned Morrissey's business ventures but his ambitions were still unsatisfied politically, and in 1866 he received and accepted a nomination for Congress, being anxious, as he said, to get away from the notoriety he acquired as a prize fighter and secure a more dignified position socially. He was duly elected, served two terms in Congress and made a highly honorable record, little adverse comment being passed upon him by the press during his Washington career.

Up to the time of the Young Democracy revolt, he was an active Tammany Hall member. He severed his connection with Tammany until after the downfall of the Tweed Ring in 1871. Then, at the solicitation of Tilden, he joined John Kelly in the latter's efforts to rehabilitate the Tammany organization. He was Kelly's most trusted aid up to the election of Mayor William H. Wickham in 1874.

John Kelly's great liking for Morrissey was largely enhanced by the fact that Kelly himself had fought between the ropes when a youth. A man who had acquired the distinction of being heavyweight champion of America was the sort of person the boss had considerable respect for. Also Morrissey, like Kelly, had been a Congressman and possessed an extremely loyal following among the Gotham sports. The two Johns, therefore, formed an ideal team to pull together for the rebuilding of the Tammany that was wrecked by Bill Tweed and his associates.

But by autumn of 1875, Kelly and Morrissey came to the parting of the ways. Morrissey, joining what was known as the Irving Hall Democracy, determined to run for a State senatorship. As he and Kelly were on bad terms his only chance of success was to unite all the anti-Tammany forces. With his customary boldness, Morrissey audaciously selected for his political battle field the Fourth Senatorial District, which had invariably recorded 11,000 majority for Tammany.

The anti-Tammany factions all rallied to his support and his nomination was also endorsed by the Republicans, thus making the fight an open one between Tammany and its foes. Morrissey fought through the campaign with the same energy he previously displayed in the ring. In the district so long noted as an invincible Tammany stronghold, he won by a majority of 3,377 votes.

* * *

ALTHOUGH a sporting man, ex-fighter and gambler, Morrissey had a strong respect for religion and oddly enough, the first speech he made as a senator in Albany, was on a religious-political question.

A measure came before the Senate relating to a Roman Catholic institution known as the "Gray Nuns," around which a fierce controversy arose. After listening to a tirade of abuse directed against the Roman Catholics, John Morrissey rose to reply, but was suddenly seized with stage-fright.

He said afterwards that he would sooner have fought Yankee Sullivan and Heenan in the same ring than find himself in such a horrible position. He stammered, blushed, and was momentarily stricken dumb. Many men in a similar fix would have quit or been laughed down by an unsympathizing audience. But Morrissey was never a quitter and his Senate associates liked him. They waited courteously until he recovered his self-possession. This he did and delivered a sound, sensible oration that accomplished its purpose by saving the day for the Gray Nuns.

During his Senate term Morrissey introduced and voted for all the Reform (anti-Tammany) measures presented to the Legislature. The district he was elected from lay in the lower part of the city and its population was, for the greater part, made up of wage-earners. His detractors claimed no district except this, which had elected Tweed while the latter was under indictment in 1871, would have voted for an ex-prizefighter and gambler. The taunt galled Morrissey. He had not intended to seek another term, but circumstances willed it otherwise.

John Kelly, anxious to elect a Democratic senator from his (the Seventh) district, wanted the strongest man he could find. It was a most wealthy and ultra-fashionable section. Augustus Schell was a man of high standing in the community, rich and influential. He was a director in the Vanderbilt railroad and Grand Sachem of the Tammany society. Kelly selected Schell as his candidate. And Morrissey, much to everyone's surprise, announced he would run against Schell in the Seventh.

"They say no other district but the Fourth would have me," declared Morrissey. "Well, here's where I give them a hot run for their money. I'll fight Kelly right in his own uptown district and enter the contest with his great champion, Augustus Schell!"

* * *

FROM the ordinary political viewpoint, this adventure of Morrissey looked almost as hopeless a proposition for him to tackle as when, in his stormy youth, he undertook to clean up the whole Native American slugging brigade in the Americus Club. But he knew what he was doing. The Republicans of the district were behind him. Both sides were on their mettle and money flowed like water into greedily receptive channels.

It was a battle involving not so much

the actual spoils of office, as the prestige of victory. Morrissey made a tremendously vigorous canvass. He was violently attacked in print by John D. Townsend, a prominent lawyer, who accused him of having been indicted for assault and battery, for instigating prize fights, for burglary, and three times for assault with intent to kill, with especial emphasis laid upon his lurid career as a gambler.

Said Morrissey to a reporter who interviewed him regarding Townsend's attack:

"It's just the old story. They've published such stuff every time I ran for office. If I had my life to live over again, maybe I'd be wiser. I was a wild young fellow and got into many scrapes I've since been sorry for. But—I never stole and I never broke my word!

"I wouldn't take a certificate of election from any other senatorial district except the one I'm running in. I wanted to contest John Kelly's district and let the folks of that section say squarely if they are in favor of a man who tried honestly in the last Legislature to stop the squandering of their money, of a man who voted for all reform measures, or if they prefer John Kelly who, as Tammany leader, did his best to defeat every such measure!"

Morrissey triumphed decisively, winning a majority of 3,874 over Schell. But he had been ailing seriously for some time and never rallied from the strain incident to the political struggle. His shattered health grew more and more impaired. Physicians sent him South, he being unable to take his seat in the Senate, and he spent the winter in Florida. Returning to New York on March 28, he caught a severe cold. In the middle of April, he was removed to Saratoga. He seemed to improve, but a few days later, his right arm became paralyzed and he lost the power of speech, which, however, he regained in a few hours.

* * *

THE day following, all hope of recovery was abandoned, a fact of which he was well aware but faced with his usual stoic calm in the presence of danger. His last words were, "I am running a neck-and-neck race with death and tiring quickly!" After which he spoke no more, but sank into a coma, which continued to the hour of his demise.

The passing of Morrissey was announced to the Senate by Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, presiding officer. On May 1, when Senator Harris (Republican) of Albany proposed the appointment of a committee to draw up a memorial and resolutions respecting the deceased, he concluded his address by saying:

"John Morrissey was every inch a man. His marked characteristic was his great courage. It is doubtful whether such boldness and daring were ever shown as were displayed by him in his last political canvas. Let us place on record our respectful estimation of a superlatively brave man and colleague!"

In the Senate chamber on May 2, the desk and empty chair of the dead senator were draped with mourning crepe. On the desk rested a pyramid of white roses, lilies and spring flowers, as well as a large floral cross as tribute from the Gray Nuns, whose cause Morrissey had championed during his first year in the Legislature.

The New York *Tribune* of May 3, 1878, commented editorially on Morrissey's death as follows:

"If anywhere a glowing eulogy could be pronounced upon the character of John Morrissey it would be in the Legislature, where he always kept his hands clean and bore himself modestly. All the resources of the language have so often been exhausted in praise of men who were secretly corrupt and wicked in public life, as well as in private, that few will grudge the kind words bestowed yesterday at Albany upon the memory of a gambler who was never even suspected to taking a bribe!"

The closest parallel in prize ring annals to Morrissey's extraordinary career is that of John Gully, the one-time British champion, who became a member of the English Parliament, after retiring from the bare-knuckle ring.

But the Irish-American encountered and overcame greater obstacles than those hurdled by the Briton. Morrissey rose from the lowest ranks of life and fought grimly along the rough road he traveled to political fame and respectability. Gully was born and bred in a higher social strata, to which he returned with comparative ease after his temporary flight into the realm of pugilism.

New Faces

(Continued from page 31)

and Harry Wallach, would come around his neighborhood in St. John's Place and teach the youngsters how to box. They were good teachers, too, because at the age of 13½ years, Katz had learned enough from these boys to enter a local gymnasium, Sammy Aaronson's place, where he continued along the trail of glove tossing.

He looked like a great prospect in his workouts, and soon decided to enter into amateur competition. He had fifty-two scraps as a medal chaser, and was on the winning end in forty-eight encounters. Of these, he flattened thirty-five opponents. Katz is a hard-hitting youngster, with a good knowledge of boxing. He succeeded in capturing the King's and Queen's county championships before he decided to leave medal chasing alone and try his luck with the money fellows.

And he has made rapid progress while in the professional ranks. In twenty-five battles, he has lost but two decisions, one each to Whitey Schramm and Teddy Movan, and he has knocked out thirteen opponents. He is a colorful youngster, who knows practically all there is of the knuckle bending pastime, and needs only experience to polish up his natural ability. He is being well handled, and will not be rushed too fast into fistic destruction. Hymie Caplin knows how to take care of kids.

Caplin is high on the youngster's fistic ability at that. Hymie thinks that at this stage of the game, Katz has shown more stuff than any of his other fighters, and the smile that adorns the face of Caplin as he goes about his work can be directly traced to Katz's promise into developing into a good heavyweight fighter so that he can eventually challenge Joe Louis, if and when.

Watch Herbie Katz. He is worth a thought in your memory of promising kids.

A FEW years ago Charles Alexander Nickason was fighting to save his life, a life that had been blotted by practically every disease known to science. Today he is fighting to make a career in the resin-covered ring.

This young man, who was born in Wiseton, Saskatchewan, twenty-two years ago, is now a resident of Vancouver, British Columbia, the city which gave to the boxing world such stars as Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Townsend, Gordon Wallace and Sonny Buxton, among others. And if Nickason continues to show improvement, he may well be accorded recognition with the above mentioned scrappers.

As is, Nickason was afflicted with such ailments as double pneumonia, tuberculosis, influenza and others, but his fighting spirit staved off impending fatality, and today he is a hale and hearty young light-heavyweight, who shows signs of advancing along the pugilistic trail. He has beaten death after doctors had despaired of his life. How can he miss if he continues to wage such stubborn and desperate battles inside the hempen square?

* * *

IN the ring, Nickason moves about with the grace of a lightweight. He is a real good puncher, as the fact that he has kayoed some sixty per cent of his opponents will attest. The crowd goes for him, too. Not only does he confine his business to clever boxing and terrific punching, but he also possesses the "color" that has made him a prime favorite with the fans of the vicinity.

Nickason is a good drawing card. He packed every place in which he has shown to date, a fact that has caused the local promoters to continually seek his services. He is somewhat responsible for the revival of boxing in Vancouver.

The only mark he bears as a souvenir of the game is a broken nose he acquired in a gymnasium workout with Sonny Buxton. His opponents are paying dearly for that token.

He numbers among his knockout victims such men as Len Hytz, Jerome Lewis, Bearcat Baker, Bob Frazier, Kayo Swanson, and others. Already local sports writers are asking, "What has Louis got that Nickason hasn't?" But the writer is afraid it wouldn't be just the right thing for Nickason to find out at this stage of the game. Nickason looks like a fine prospect, and if they want to keep him as such, it would be wiser to avoid any Joe Louises, for the present, at least.

FALL GUYS

The story of the manipulations of the

WRESTLING TRUST

A book that tells the secrets of wrestling bouts and gives the lowdown on

America's Leading Promoters

IS WRESTLING A RACKET?

You will soon learn by reading

FALL GUYS

by MARCUS GRIFFIN, New York Sports Editor

Price $1.00

THE RING BOOK SHOP, 825 Eighth Ave. N.Y.C.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WHEN I was very young, I, along with all my playmates, got the notion into my head that Americans were not sportsmen in the truest sense of the word. I cannot say what gave us that idea, but as I grew older, I passed it off as childish fancy, and since, have seen that Americans are as sporty as the British. In the light of the recent mix-up of the Schmeling-Louis-Braddock triangle, however, I am beginning to think that my childish fancy was neither so childish nor such a fancy as may be imagined.

I honestly have never seen anything more barefaced than the way Schmeling was done out of his title shot. When Schmeling knocked Louis into a cocked hat, it was arranged that Braddock and Schmeling should meet in the following September. Braddock, however, very conveniently developed some trouble with his arm or elbow or something. I wouldn't think of doubting Braddock's ailment but it certainly happened at a convenient moment.

After this disappointment to Schmeling, it was thought that he would get his chance on June this year. Not a bit of it, nothing so easy as that for a man who had proved his worth, but whose only failing was that he was a German! So now we see the much boosted Louis, the "Brown Bomber," etc., the man whom Schmeling knocked out, now on top as the world heavyweight champion.

Max knocked out Steve Hamas, America's No. 1 challenger for Baer's title, but Braddock was brought in just to make certain that the crown would remain in America anyway. It is true that Schmeling was asked to fight Braddock in an eliminator but refused, but what has a man to do to be recognized as challenger, would you tell me? Knock out every pug within sight of the crown? Braddock certainly did not do this.

Now, for the second time, the German has been left out, either because of racial feeling or of fear of seeing the championship sail from American shores. Either way, it is the worst display of sportsmanship I have ever seen, and I hope that Louis and Schmeling can be brought together to give Max his deserved chance to win back the title he once held.

C. ALLEN,
Bangor, County Down,
Ireland.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

IN your magazine of June, I noticed a complaint from Jorge Brescia and his manager, Louis Soreci, in which they denied that Alberto Lovell and Brescia had ever met.

As sponsor for Lovell, I was very much interested in what Mr. Brescia had to say. However, Lovell, fighting amateurs in Buenos Aires at the English Mission, recollects fighting with Brescia three rounds and beating him. This, as I said, was when they both were amateurs. If Brescia, who is in the East now, is not the same Brescia that used to fight at the English Mission in Buenos Aires, then evidently there must be some mistake.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. Brescia's showing in the East and hope for his continued success.

PHILIP GILDRED,
San Diego, Calif.

* * *

SO much limelight has been focused on Leo Kelly in the last few months that I have uncovered the old "Remington" and tried my hand at drawing a thumb-nail sketch of the colored cruiserweight's activities in Australia.

I read in Eddie Borden's column, in one of your back numbers, that Kelly defeated Rosenbloom. In all fairness to Maxie, I must point out that this is incorrect. They participated in two contests in Australia. Rosenbloom won the first on points, at the Sydney Stadium. Their second meeting, which was at the Melbourne Stadium, ended in a draw.

I just opened the May issue of THE RING and I take pleasure in commending you and your staff on the excellent way it is compiled.

To use an old metaphorical adage—a prophet hath no honor in his own country—would be a fitting description of Leo "Deacon" Kelly, sensational colored American boxer.

After residing in the land of the Kangaroo for nearly two years, Kelly and his manager, Bill Newman, are now in England.

Kelly's popularity in Australia can be judged by the fact that the takings at contests in which he appeared at the Sydney Stadium were over the $100,000 mark. One would not be far wrong in estimating that the Kelly-Newman combination cleaned up something like $30,000 to $40,000 during their stay. Apart from the monetary survey of the campaign, the "Deacon" gave boxing in the Antipodes a much-needed boosting.

In his first contest, a few weeks after arriving, the Californian lost on points to Ambrose Palmer, highly-rated light-heavyweight. The fight proved to be a nightmare for the Australian, who came through the encounter with two broken ribs and a fractured nose. A return contest with Kelly was the instrument in ending Palmer's boxing career.

Maxie Rosenbloom, highly-rated American heavyweight, played dice in his dressing room before meeting Kelly. After the fight he lay prostrate on the rubbing-down table, trying to comprehend if his play-boy activities were, at last, taking toll, or if it was that this California Negro had improved tremendously. Judging by the good form Maxie was displaying at that period, it appeared that the latter was the only correct solution.

A loss and a win on points with Ron Richards, Australian middleweight king, followed by a lucrative trip to New Zealand, and a third mill with the Australian ended the campaign. It has been claimed that Leo Kelly possesses the longest reach of any light-heavyweight in the world today.

On returning to America, Newman plans a title fight with John Henry Lewis. If this bout should eventuate, it can be taken for granted that many Australian pound notes will be invested on Kelly.

ARTHUR E. KELL,
Sydney, N. S. W.,
Australia.

* * *

ALLOW me to congratulate you on the one and only true record of the matches and decisions of the true art. I am 100% for your magazine. Myself, I am an amateur mat-merchant but have decided to call it off on account of ear trouble.

A little local gossip as to doings here in New Zealand. Matmen from overseas here at present include Sam Stein, Ray Richards, McIntyre, Don McKenzie, Karilinkos, Rumberg, Spellman, and, of course, our one and only "Pig Islander," Lofty Blomfield, who, according to your January RING, has signed up for a tour of the Pacific Coast. I myself have visited Dreamland Stadium in San Francisco and had the pleasure of seeing Coleman, Kudo, Chewchki, Szabo, Hoolihan and Emil Dusek in action. Gee, Mr. Editor, I really love America, but immigration laws make it difficult for New Zealanders to come in.

The boxing game in New Zealand at present has not got the sway of "rasslin," although good men as Guildo and Pluto from Australia are causing considerable trouble to the local talent. As you know, the copies of RING are about four months old by the time we get them here, but, as I have tried to tell you, I do everything but eat it.

Wrestling rules here differ a lot and it is quite common for overseas matmen not to sit in their corner during one-minute spells. They are usually up and rolling the ropes in readiness for the bell. And another thing, Mr. Editor, I would like to add, is that I have seen in THE RING where one particular man in America gets the decision over, shall we say, Shikat, yet out here succumbs to perhaps a lesser man. I form my conclusions on the old adage of reading between lines and I sometimes find that two and two make 19½, meaning the nigger is loose in the woodpile.

ARTHUR G. HUMPHRY,
Wellington, New Zealand.

I AM taking this opportunity of writing to you in praise of your famous boxing magazine, THE RING, which is held in very high regard in this country. No doubt your claim of calling it the "World's Foremost Boxing Magazine" is certainly not overrating it by any means, as its general appeal to the sporting public throughout the world speaks for itself. THE RING, as a boxing magazine, in my opinion, stands out on its own and you, as the Editor, deserve the very highest of congratulations for putting such a fine, clean, interesting magazine on the market.

I've noticed in some issues where several correspondents have written to you severely criticizing you and your judgment in regard to Joe Louis, also your RING ratings. Personally, I think those people were a little hasty, as Louis has proved by winning the heavyweight championship. Personally, I consider your judgment and sportsmanship is the very best, as you have always given credit to every boxer where credit was due.

Eddie Borden, I consider, makes a fine job of his ratings, despite some shortcomings. His critics should bear in mind that he rates the fighters by what they've done, not what they are capable of doing. Before concluding, Mr. Fleischer, there is one little matter I wish to draw your attention to. I read the story of "Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin," in the March issue of your magazine and my friends and I here in Melbourne were greatly impressed by the story and the brilliant manner it was written by the author. We consider that story was a masterpiece of writing, and the author, a man who knows his sports, and is without doubt a very great writer. The same author also wrote a story of "The Life of Sam Langford" some time ago and I'm sure no one could have done better.

We would all certainly like to see more of Mr. Kyle's fine work in your magazine, for there is a very high regard felt for him and his writing in this country. Wishing you and THE RING every success.

MATT ATKINSON,
Melbourne, Australia.

* * *

I HAVE been an ardent reader of your very interesting magazine for quite some time. I am sure that you are bothered by many letters you receive on minor faults which no one can help making. I write this letter on a debatable subject which Dean Detton, who is considered world champion, wrote in his article on wrestling in your July issue. I don't quite agree with him on his statement that American wrestlers can "dish out," as you say, and "take" as well the toughest squeezing and pounding, better than any foreign wrestler.

I am quite sure that the Turkish "yagli gures" is rougher but very orthodox in itself as the rules are widely limited. Although it doesn't have the forearm smash, knee-kick, kangaroo-kick and others, such tricks as slapping the neck with the wrist and the lower part of the hand are within the rules. This kind of wrestling was made and is practised in the middle of a field covered with hay. The two contestants, before starting their engagement, oil their bodies, which makes it difficult to get a hold on each other.

AHMED ERTEGUR,
Washington, D. C.

* * *

I HAVE just finished reading the July issue of THE RING and consider it one of the very best issues of that fine boxing magazine.

I was pleased to see that you had published the truth regarding the incorrectness of Alberto Santiago Lovell's victory over Jorge Brescia. All too frequently managers of boxers have made similar false claims and I note that another appears in Eddie Borden's columns in the July issue of THE RING. Apparently Messrs. Joe Woodman and George Lawrence claimed their Austrian heavyweight, Hans Havelick, had whipped Dave Carstens, a South African heavyweight, who had beaten both Ben Foord and Tommy Farr. Firstly, Dave Carstens is a light-heavy; secondly, he has never fought either Ben Foord or Tommy Farr and never saw the day that he could live in the same ring with either. Havelick is nothing but an average second-rater whom I saw take the father and mother of a licking from a second-rate Scottish light-heavy named Bell, at the Earl's Court Stadium, London, the night Jack Petersen beat Jock McAvoy.

It seems that a fight manager should realize that no good purpose is served by giving out false records of his fighter. He is bound to be found out sooner or later.

It might interest these two managers to know that Tommy Farr's sole conqueror is Eddie Phillips, who, until beaten by the British middleweight champion, Jock McAvoy, recently, was light-heavy champion of Great Britain.

I was delighted to read your remarks regarding Ted Broadribb. Truly, he has done a lot for British boxing, and we all join you in hoping Ted has a real champion in Tommy Farr. Properly handled, this boy will go very far indeed.

I don't think THE RING will take much notice of Jack Doyle's win over Levinsky. The former is just a swollen headed and boastful third-rater and will never be anything else. His continuous running out of contracts has soured the English public.

Bob Pastor, without revealing any fighting ability, pricked the Bob Nestell bubble in Los Angeles. Nestell is possessed of a glass jaw and hasn't the semblance of a defence and Pastor, in my opinion, will never amount to more than a good trial horse.

This Argentine boy, Lovell, is a fair boxer whom I saw as an amateur in Buenos Aires years ago. Likewise possessed of a Dresden china chin, I shall be surprised if he ever gets by a real puncher. With best wishes to THE RING.

BRIAN RUSSELL
Los Angeles, California.

* * *

I AM very much interested in boxing, hence follow your magazine with intense interest. A recent letter on the readers' page aroused my ire, when I read "Max Schmeling won the title on his back and lost it standing up." Why continue to pick on Schmeling? In my opinion, he beat Sharkey fairly on June 21, 1932. No wonder boxing lost many of its supporters. I wonder what Mr. Gunboat Smith thinks of that decision?

The present heavyweight situation has not helped the sport any. There can be no doubt about the poor sportsmanship that deprived Schmeling of his right to fight Braddock for the title, and now that Louis has won the crown, I hope that Schmeling will not be given any more run-arounds. The title of Louis has a shadow hovering over it and that shadow is Max Schmeling. I congratulate THE RING on its stand in the Schmeling-Braddock case.

E. MIDDLETON,
Palmer, Alaska.

* * *

I WOULD like to know why, in the ratings of the month, Eddie Borden does not have Glen Lee of Los Angeles listed, as he has a win over Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Jannazzo. At one time you had Lee No. 4, and that was before his wins over Garcia and Jannazzo.

BOB INMAN,
Albany, California.

[*Editor's Note: It is true that Lee was rated in the welterweight class at one time but that was when he was a legitimate welterweight. Lee is a light middleweight at the present moment and cannot make the welterweight limit of 147 pounds. When he disposes of a few worthwhile middleweights, then he can be rated in that division.*]

* * *

PER medium of this letter, I wish to congratulate you on the particularly high standard of your magazine which, in my opinion, is the "All Weight King of the Boxing World!" Out of all due fairness, I must pay tribute to your consistently unbiased comments, which do not weaken at color or country and to your fine Editorial comments, to my mind, the highlight of your publication. Here in Australia, boxing is having a decided boom and title bouts are the visions of boxers, managers, promoters and fans.

ALAN T. MCINTOSH,
Digby, Victoria, Australia.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

HENRY ARMSTRONG, the mighty demon from the Pacific Coast, once again returned to the Metropolitan district to show the Eastern fans what a first class fighter looks like. On this occasion, he was paired with Alf Blatch, claimant to the Australian lightweight title. Henry did not waste any time in his attack and before the first round was finished, Blatch hit the canvas on two occasions and barely managed to beat the count of ten on the second knockdown.

From that stage it ceased to be a contest. Armstrong, with a relentless, two-fisted attack, backed Blatch around the ring, and scored a knockdown each time that he landed solidly. Alf went down three times in the second round for nine seconds.

Some of the blows that floored Blatch did not seem hard enough to cause that much damage. It may have been fright more than anything that caused him to hit the floor. On other occasions, Blatch took some heavy jolts on the chin without showing any ill-effects. He flashed a spidery left hand in spots, but the aggressive and ever-fighting Armstrong refused to give him any rest.

In the third session, Armstrong continued the assault and after scoring the third knockdown, Referee Billy Cavanaugh waved Henry to his corner and called a halt while Blatch was still stretched out on the canvas.

Charley Lucas, who brought Blatch to this country, used poor judgment in selecting Armstrong as the first opponent. Henry, weighing 132½ pounds, revealed sufficient evidence that he has outgrown the featherweight division and henceforth will concentrate on the 135-pounders. Armstrong today would be an even money choice to whip Lou Ambers or Pedro Montanez. As stated before in this column, Armstrong, pound for pound and inch for inch, is the greatest piece of fighting machinery in the country today.

Eddie Mead, who became interested in Armstrong's management about one year ago, has turned in a miraculous job in bringing Armstrong to the front. He has pitted him against all contenders and the increased improvement in Armstrong's fighting is mute evidence of the wisdom contained in Mead's campaign. It will take little short of a champion to whip Armstrong and he will have to be a mighty good one.

In the eight-round semi-final, Paul Junior, busy punching Portland lightweight, added to his prestige in taking Eddie Zivic over the hurdles in convincing fashion. Junior won without any difficulty but Zivic's gameness in defeat was a standout feature. Maxie Farber and Augie Gonzales renewed their feud in a six-rounder, which ended in a draw. Sammy Julian was credited with a technical knockout over Charley Diaz in the fourth round when the latter succumbed to a fractured jaw injury and was unable to continue. Paul De Bello won from Nunzio Bisogno in six rounds, while Ernest Hewitt disposed of Jimmy De Costa in the opening session of the four-round opener. The summer priced show drew $11,556.

Al Lang, Pacific Coast trainer, was unable to make the trip with Freddy Steele for his Washington engagement and Ray Arcel was delegated to assume charge of Freddy's training activities while in the East. Steele expects to be actively occupied in the East with possible engagements with Billy Conn and Teddy Yarosz for the middleweight title. It does seem funny to read about Marcel Thil's comeback attempts after he had definitely announced his retirement from the ring and is once again trying to claim his title. Several years ago, Johnny Dundee renounced his claims to the featherweight title and set out for the lightweight title. Subsequently, Dundee discovered that he could still make the featherweight limit but his claims were never recognized and the reigning champion at the time was still head man of the division.

The Interstate Sports League has been making strides during the past few weeks and election of officers was recently held at the Forrest Hotel. Charley Cook, popular New York manager and sportsman, was elected president. Sam Golden was named vice-president; Phil Rosen, treasurer, and Billy Stevens as secretary. Dues are $5 per year and membership is open to anyone who belongs in the boxing game, regardless of position. If some of their plans materialize, it will be the best thing that ever happened to boxing. Protection for the smaller fry and monopoly by a favored few will be done away with. If the boys stick together in this project, boxing will be organized efficiently and the small manager will have as much rights as the biggest individual.

Leonard Del Genio, making a comeback after several months of inactivity because of a bad hand, started off at the Queensboro Arena by whipping Mickey Duca in ten rounds. Del Genio's hitting distance was affected but his all-around class and hard punching was too much for Mickey. Tony Vaccarelli, in the midst of a comeback, disposed of Eddie Bangs in five rounds. Al Mancini kayoed Eddie Bowling in the fifth—Kid Chocolate, who is rapidly regaining his old-time form, outpointed the rugged Charley Gomer at the Dyckman Oval over the eight-round route. Jack Torrance disposed of Gene Muhlmeyer in one round. Louis Camps finished Alex Yanes in the second session—Maxie Berger, classy Montreal lightweight, outpointed Midget Wolgast in their eight-round duel at the Coney Island Velodrome. The Midget gave his opponent plenty of trouble in the early rounds, but youth was served at the finish. Italo Colonello scored over Joe Lipps in the eight-round semi-final.

George Parnassus is due to arrive in the East with Ceferino Garcia, his welterweight contender, and also Tony Chavez, hard-hitting Mexican featherweight. Chavez was recently purchased from Emmett Ledwith and George expects great things of Tony—Jimmy Erwin sends word in from South Africa that he has a busy campaign outlined for Petey Sarron, the featherweight champion. He has offers to meet Ginger Foran in Liverpool for the title and Johnny McGrory in Scotland—George Griffing reports the progress of his Indian light-heavyweight, Ernie Collins, from Reno, Nevada. Under the training care of Artie McCann, former Philadelphia lightweight, Collins has made such strides that Griffing is eying an Eastern campaign—W. T. Cox, who is running the Sportatorium in Dallas, would like to hear from managers who have something good to offer. He can be reached at Cadiz and Industrial Blvd., Dallas, Texas—Tom Gallery made a vacation trip to New York for the benefit of his son and daughter and they saw enough sights and met enough celebrities to give them something to speak about in Hollywood.

Al Roth took on his old rival, Pete Mascia, at the Canarsie Stadium, Brooklyn, and showed enough supremacy to capture the eight-round award. Herbie Katz disposed of Leo Red Finnegan in five rounds on the same card—Phil Zwick, former Cleveland featherweight, some time ago announced that his future abode would be in Johannesburg, South Africa. A short time ago he travelled to Liverpool, where he took on the British lightweight champion, Jimmy Walsh, and won decisively in twelve rounds, scoring a knockdown in the last round—Frankie Terranova outroughed Young Chappie in their eight-round struggle at Canarsie—Bobby Pacho scored a technical kayo over Lew Raymond in the sixth round at the Coney Island Velodrome, when Raymond suffered a cut eye and was unable to continue. Indian Quintana disposed of Sammy Garcia in the seventh round on the same card.

The first summer show staged indoors at Madison Square Garden, with prices of forty cents to $2.30, attracted eleven thousand spectators who saw a hair-raising scrap between Baby Salvy Saban, Greenwich Village product, and Bobby Pacho for ten rounds. This was a return meeting following their classic engagement at the St. Nick's, which resulted in a draw. On this occasion, Pacho won the verdict but was forced to travel at high speed. Saban's both eyes were cut at the finish, but he battled desperately until the final bell rang. Indian Hurtado disposed of Orville Drouillard in the third round when Orville suffered a cut eye. George Zengaras outslugged Al Casimini in a slashing eight-round affair. Emilio Magana, making his first start in New York, looked impressive in whipping Julio Gonzales over eight rounds. George Braded drew with Frankie Cavanna in six rounds while Al Bernard defeated Eddie Guerra in the four-round opener. The sum of $10,162 was taken in at the gate.

Sonny Jones, Vancouver welterweight, and Katzumi Morioka, Japanese flyweight, have returned from an extensive European campaign, along with their manager, Jimmy Jones. The trio made a favorable impression with our British cousins in both fighting and deportment outside of the ring—Claude Newman, sports editor of the Hollywood *Citizen*, vacationed in New York at the same time that Armstrong took on Alf Blatch, but wasn't surprised at the result—Larry Anzalone, Brooklyn welterweight, is being handled by Jack Kelly and is anxious to take part in the welterweight activity locally—Kid Chocolate played to a capacity house at Canarsie when he outboxed Young Chappie in eight rounds—Pete Scalzo scored over Al Reid in their return go at the Coliseum. Scalzo's rally at the finish clinched the verdict. Tony Ciaccio whipped Johnny Smith in the six-round semi-final.

Mike Belloise headlined the Garden show with Jimmy McLeod as an opponent. Mike scored a knockdown in the first round and finished his foe in the seventh with a cleanly delivered right-hand punch. Billy Beauhold and Eddie Zivic staged plenty of fireworks in their eight-round semi-final. Zivic dropped Beauhold in the second round but Billy arose and, with a savage attack, dropped Eddie twice for nine counts. It did not seem possible that Zivic would survive the assault, but he did amid the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience. Augie Gonzales staged an upset when he whipped Maxie Farber in eight rounds. Indian Quintana disposed of Pete Powell in the third round when the latter suffered a cut eye. Tommy Tucker scored over Larry Schuk. The sum of $5375 registered at the box office.

Julio Montes, located at 725 East Houston St., San Antonio, Texas, would like to make contacts with managers who have welterweights under their wing—Harry Balsamo required thirty-five seconds to put Jimmy Belmont away in their scrap at the Queensboro Arena. Balsamo is still dangerous with his right hand and expects to step into higher competition before the summer is over—Paulie Walker, Trenton welterweight veteran, is still going at a strong pace. He disposed of Eddie Carroll in four rounds at the Coney Island Velodrome—Maxie Berger took the measure of Johnny Morro, who stepped in as a last minute substitute for Eddie Brink at the Dyckman Oval. Morro gave his opponent plenty of trouble, but tired at the finish. Eddie Hogan disposed of Paul Pross in the second round. Havana Kid kayoed Willis Johnson in the first round, while Victor Vallee scored over Dominick Barone over the six-round trail.

Paulie Walker headlined another Garden card against Teddy Loder and proved too rough and strong for him in eight rounds. Saverio Turiello scored over Andrea Jessurun after eight scrappy rounds of the semi-final. Jessurun was penalized two rounds for low hitting, but furnished his classy foe with plenty of fight all the way. George Zengaras came on strongly at the finish to win over Red Guggino, but the verdict was far from popular. Guggino got off to an early lead but the dogged determination of the Greek asserted itself and he came on strongly when Guggino tired. George Bradad and Frankie Cavanna renewed their feud in another eight-rounder, but it still remained undecided as the verdict was a draw, as in their first encounter. Jack Tolson bested Joe Fauchi in the four-round opener. The net figures for this show amounted to $4858.60.

Tommy Farr, the British heavyweight, will provide plenty of copy for the sporting writers when he comes to this country. Farr is a Welshman with a stubborn mind of his own and cares nothing about the conventional behavior of his compatriots. He is a good fighter and cannot be sold short in his coming match with Joe Louis. It will be unnecessary to exploit him with false pretentions. His record proves that he can stand on his own merits. In the match with Max Baer, when he was literally crucified by the British press before the fight took place, that did not deter him from doing his best and giving Baer a thorough boxing lesson. He knocked out Walter Neusel in three rounds when it took Max Schmeling nine to do the same thing. His wins over Tommy Loughran and Bob Olin cannot be overlooked. He also has the advantage of a cagy, experienced manager in Ted Broadribb, who will see that no bets are overlooked in getting him into the best of physical condition.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Abraham Macklin, Houston, Texas

Q.—Recently I read an article in a magazine in which it was stated that Kid Lavigne was never known as the Sawdust Kid, but only as the Saginaw Kid. Some years ago, I recollect that you answered a query pertaining to that. Can you do so again?

A.—Charles F. Mathison, for many years an able writer for New York papers with which I was connected as Sports Editor, and also a scribe for THE RING, was a resident of Detroit at the time that the Kid was only a kid. Mathison, in a story on Lavigne printed in THE RING and also in the New York "Telegram," wrote as follows:

"As a resident of Michigan at the time Lavigne started his boxing career, I had occasion many times in my capacity as Sports Editor of the Detroit 'Free Press' to call him the Saw-Dust Kid as well as the Saginaw Kid. Saginaw at the time was a big lumber city and also was a city full of sawdust. Many of the stories I published in the Detroit 'Press' between 1882 and 1890 had reference to Lavigne as the Saw-Dust Kid and it was from my writing such articles that several poems on boxing contained references to the Saw-Dust Kid. In fact, one play was placed on the market based on Lavigne's experiences and was called 'The Saw-Dust Kid'."

That, I believe, should answer your query without leaving any further doubt about the accuracy of the appellation.

A Reader, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—Is holding the same as tying a man up?

A.—There is a great deal of difference. Tying a man up is a defensive piece of fighting which prevents the other man from doing some damage. Holding is a minor infraction of the rules which delays the action of a contest and calls for a warning from the referee.

Pittsburgh Reader

Q.—Williams bets Jones that Mack wins the fight. Jones says he doesn't. The fight is called a draw. Who wins the bet?

A.—Bets are declared off when a draw in rendered unless a stipulation was made "Draw I lose."

Andy Minter, N. Y. C.

Q.—Please tell me what year boxing was introduced. I would also like to know who was the first heavyweight champion and who came after him and so on down the line until John L. Sullivan?

A.—Boxing first began in England when it was introduced by James Figg in 1719. He was recognized as the first heavyweight champion and reigned until 1730. After Figg came Jack Broughton who was also recognized as "Father" of the first boxing rules in 1734. Jack Slack defeated Jack Broughton. Bill Stevens defeated Jack Slack. After Stevens, Bill Darts was recognized. Harry Sellers was the next claimant, after winning a heavyweight tournament. Tom Johnson entered on the scene as the next recognized leader. Ben Brain defeated Tom Johnson and died a short time after. Daniel Mendoza was the most serious entry for the vacated title and he was generally recognized. John Jackson defeated Mendoza. Jackson retired and James Belcher became the next leader.

Belcher lost sight of an eye and retired but was forced back from retirement to lose to Henry Pearce. After Pearce came John Gulley as the champion. Tom Cribb became the next champion. Tom Spring was the next ruler. Jem Ward claimed it next. Deaf Burke held claim after Ward. Bold Bendigo defeated Burke for the honor. Ben Caunt followed Bendigo. William Perry (The Tipton Slasher) reigned as the next champion. Harry Broome defeated William Perry.

In another go, Broome defaulted and Perry regained the title. Tom Sayers defeated William Perry. Sam Hurst claimed title after Sayers retired. Jem Mace defeated Sam Hurst. Tom King defeated Jem Mace but refused to give him a return match.

Tom Hyer won the claim to American laurels in 1841. After Hyer retired, Yankee Sullivan claimed the honor. John Morrissey defeated Yankee Sullivan. John C. Heenan lost to Morrissey but was refused a return bout and claimed the title. Joe Coburn was the next claimant. Mike McCoole claimed honors next. Tom Allen defeated McCoole. Joe Goss won on a foul from Allen. Jimmy Elliott next claimed the title but was beaten by Johnny Dwyer. Paddy Ryan defeated Joe Goss and won recognition as champion. John L. Sullivan knocked out Ryan in nine rounds in 1882.

Dominic Gaetano, San Jose, Calif.

Q.—Could you tell me where I can reach Tony Canzoneri?

A.—530 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Benny Deathpaine, St. Louis

Q.—What three fighters had the longest ring careers and with whom did they have their hardest fights respectively?

A.—Bob Fitzsimmons started in 1880 and finished in 1909. Jack Britton began in 1904 and stopped in 1930. Johnny Dundee began in 1910 and stopped in 1929. It would be impossible to give you their toughest fights because they fought the best and you can use your own judgement.

Phineas Philbin, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Isn't the statement made in some papers that Joe Louis is the first Negro to win the world heavyweight title in America incorrect? How about Jack Johnson?

A.—It is correct. Jack Johnson, an American, won the crown in Sydney, Australia, where he beat Tommy Burns. Louis, an American, won it in Chicago. Get the point?

Mae Fisher, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—How can Louis be the world heavyweight champion when he was knocked out by Max Schmeling? Isn't Schmeling's claim to the title justified?

A.—Certainly not. I like Max and have been extremely friendly to him as he will tell you if he could. I have stood by him in the Braddock-Louis controversy, but the fact remains, as he himself held at the Boxing Commission hearing in New York that he cannot win the title by default because of Braddock's actions without beating the man who beat Braddock. That is the only way in which Schmeling could win the crown. He must defeat the newly crowned king—Louis.

Don't forget, Mae, that when Schmeling beat Louis, Joe was only a contender and not the champion. Had Braddock weighed in on the day of his proposed fight with Schmeling and then refused to meet him, Max would have rightfully won the title but since Braddock informed the world for two months previously that he had no intentions of fighting Schmeling and did not weigh in for the fight, not by the widest stretch of imagination could Braddock lose that title by default to Schmeling. Louis and Louis alone, is the world heavyweight champion. And, Mae, I'm not prejudiced as you may see from the fact that I had prepared the blast on the air which the National Broadcasting Co. refused to permit Schmeling to use over the air. And on the day Max sailed for home, I awarded him with a medal, for being the outstanding heavyweight in the world. Yet I must side with Louis in the present controversy because he has won the championship by right of conquest and no boxing body can take it from him.

Emery Payne, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—When Petey Sarron recently lost on a foul in Johannesburg to Harry Mizler of England, was that a championship fight? Did Pete lose his title?

A.—No. Sarron is the world featherweight champion and Mizler is a lightweight who at one time held the British Empire crown. It was an over-the-weight match and no title was involved.

Kid Harlan, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Is Bat Battalino still fighting?

A.—No. He retired two years ago.

Martin Fessler, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Who refereed the fight for the heavyweight title between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling?

A.—George Blake of California, one of America's foremost officials, was third man in the ring.

Robert Kelsey, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Is George Godfrey the heavyweight champion of Europe?

A.—He was awarded that title by the International Boxing Federation after he had defeated Pierre Charles and to my knowledge, he still holds that crown. The same Federation recently dubbed Schmeling world champion, although two years ago they took the title from him to give it to Godfrey.

Glenn Gunter, Sidney, Mont.

Q.—Who was knocked out the faster by Joe Louis, Ettore or Leroy Haynes?

A.—Louis kayoed Ettore in five rounds but never fought Haynes.

Ernest Woods, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 6 feet tall and weigh 130 pounds. My chest is 34½ inches and reach 73½ inches. I don't think I will be much heavier as I just can't gain weight. Please tell me if you think I am too tall to be a boxer? If I am not, why are nearly all boxers so short? Do you think Jimmy Garrison has a good chance of becoming champion?

A.—You are above the average height but if you follow the proper food diet and exercise regularly, you will put on some weight. Al Brown, the former bantamweight champion, was five feet 9 inches tall and only weighed 118 pounds. That did not stop him. It all depends upon what ability you have. It is unlikely that Garrison will ever reach the lightweight title.

Paul Desrosiers, Liskeard, Ontario, Canada

Q.—I am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 145 pounds and am eighteen years of age. With a little training, do you think that I will grow into the middleweight class? Is it possible to gain that much weight?

A.—There is no doubt that you will grow two or three more inches and possibly develop into a 165 pounder. There is plenty of time for you to gain weight and build up accordingly.

Charles J. Lario, Greenlock, N. J.

Q.—The July issue of THE RING states that Joe Louis was kayoed by Schmeling in the eleventh while newspaper accounts say that it was the twelfth. Would you kindly tell me which of the two is correct?

A.—The twelfth round is correct. The correction was made in later editions.

Kirk Salley, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What information can you give about the fights between Leroy Haynes and Harry Thomas and Haynes with George Godfrey? I am 15 years of age 6 feet ¼ inches in height and weigh 140 pounds. What do you think I will weigh as a boxer?

A.—Haynes never fought Godfrey or Thomas. You should develop into a middleweight.

Val Valhoff, Alhambra, Calif.

Q.—Have you ever heard of Vic Foley, a former lightweight from Canada? Did he ever defeat Tony Canzoneri?

A.—Foley was a headliner around ten years ago. Canzoneri won a ten round decision over him in 1928.

Jack O'Connor, Cork, Ireland

Q.—What is the derivation of the word "southpaw"? How old was Yankee Sullivan when he emigrated to America? How many weights are there in wrestling and what are they? I don't remember reading about wrestlers other than heavies and light-heavies? Why is it that the welters and middleweights are not rated or mentioned?

A.—A southpaw is one who fights with his right foot and right hand extended. Sullivan was 31 years of age when he went to America. There are no other classes active other than heavies and light-heavies. Very little interest and little competition in the smaller classes. There are many star wrestlers in the smaller classes but the light-heavy and heavy are most popular.

Ray Ellery, Grass Valley, Calif.

Q.—My father saw a wrestling match in Australia where Ed "Strangler" Lewis was announced as the original "Strangler." I say the original Strangler was a man named Evan Lewis with a handle bar mustache and was only a middleweight. Am I correct? Do you think if Primo Carnera went back to wrestling he could stay with men like Detton, Lopez, Szabo and Olsen?

A.—The original Strangler Lewis was Evan and you are right but he weighed 187 pounds. Carnera might be all right as a freak attraction but he must have some ability to cope with the men you mentioned.

Peter Adeney, Victoria, Australia

Q.—I should like to ask some questions about Tommy Loughran. Is it true that he was one of the cleverest of modern boxers? In an article I once read, Jack Dempsey describes him as being a sweet boxer. I understand that he was once the light-heavyweight champion. From whom did he win the title? Who did he beat and who was he beaten by? Is there any life story of him and could you tell me where I can get more information about him?

A.—Loughran is everything that the critics say. He was a clever boxer and his scientific style was very appealing. He whipped Mike McTigue for the light-heavyweight title. His list of victories could never be written in this space. There was no book ever written on his life. The most accurate gauge on Loughran's complete record may be found in the Everlast and the Post Record Books for 1937 which gives you every contest that he engaged in. Get each from THE RING, price 35 cents.

Roy Hoon, Dayton, Wash.

Q.—Why are Tiger Jack Fox and John Henry Lewis in different classes yet they are about the same in weight? Fox is rated with the heavies while Lewis is the light-heavyweight. Under past performances, which is the best fighter Tiger Jack Fox, Bob Pastor, Bob Nestell or Maxie Rosenbloom? Who would win in a fifteen round bout between Lou Ambers and Pedro Montanez?

A.—Fox has been confining his efforts in the heavyweight class and has fought very few light-heavies. Lewis is the light-heavyweight champion yet likes to mingle with heavyweights. Rosenbloom would have to be rated the best. I think Montanez should win after a tough scrap.

Leslie Blaylock, McKinney, Texas

Q.—I am fifteen years of age, weigh 130 pounds and am 5 feet 7½ inches tall. Do you think I will ever be a heavyweight? Will I weigh as much as 180 at the age of 21?

A.—It is doubtful whether you will reach heavyweight proportions. You might develop into a middleweight.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

WHILE the world heavyweight championship fight attracted the greatest amount of fistic interest, there was plenty doing in other divisions to keep the fans on edge throughout the month. Naturally the loss of the title by Braddock and the victory by Louis held the upperhand, but right down the line in all other divisions, there was plenty to become enthused over. For example, John Henry Lewis added to his prestige by whipping Al Ettore and Willie Reddish. Billy Conn, the Pittsburgh youngster, hurled a bombshell into the middleweight ranks when he took the verdict over Teddy Yarosz, previously recognized as the leading contender.

Barney Ross turned in knockouts over Jackie Burke and Chuck Woods in overweight contests. Henry Armstrong, now a definite lightweight contender, gained additional prestige through knockouts over Alf Blatch, Jackie Carter and Mark Diaz. Jimmy Warnock gained an overweight victory over Benny Lynch, the present flyweight title-holder.

Beginning with the activity in heavyweight circles, Joe Louis' eight-round kayo over Jimmy Braddock to win the heavyweight title was the top performance. Tommy Farr, the British entry, stepped right into the picture with a three-round knockout over Walter Neusel. Nathan Mann scored over Charley Massare. Red Burman stepped back into the elite circle with a victory over Eddie Blunt. Leroy Haynes disposed of Buddy Knox in three rounds. Harry Thomas disposed of Jorge Brescia in four rounds, while Brescia defeated Bob Tow. Tony Galento drew with Eddie Mader and was beaten by Arturo Godoy. Jimmy Adamick kayoed Johnny Erjavec in the third round.

Maurice Strickland was declared the victor over Gunnar Barlund on a foul in seven rounds. Jim McVey kayoed Pepe Del Rio in seven rounds but was kayoed by Domingo Valin in the first. Andre Lenglet kayoed Bill Allen in seven. Lou Nova whipped Sonny Boy Walker, while Walker kayoed Johnny Nelson in three. Al McCoy outpointed Natie Brown. Big Boy Bray disposed of Hank Hankinson in eight. Hans Haverlick drew with Abie Feldman. Max Roesch whipped Steve Carr. Junior Munsell kayoed Scotty McLean in one and Billy Treest in two. Eddie Hogan disposed of Paul Pross in the second. Italo Colonello scored over Joe Lipps. Eddie Wenstob won from Art Oliver while Freddy Fiducia whipped Don Petrin.

Among the light-heavyweights, John Henry Lewis' victories over Al Ettore and Willie Reddish stand out. Al Gainer disposed of Red Bruce in seven rounds. Allen Matthews whipped Emilio Martinez. Gus Lesnevich defeated Young Stuhley. Alabama Kid kayoed George Nichols in the fourth session. Marty Simmons scored over Sammy Christian. Tiger Warrington scored a knockout over someone answering to the name of Terry Mitchell. Melio Bettina defeated Joe Knight and kayoed Jimmy Mendies in five rounds. Buddy Ryan kayoed Frank Donofrio in four rounds. George Brothers disposed of Nick Masters in four.

In the middleweight class, Fred Apostoli heads the list with a two-round kayo over Tommy Jones. Billy Conn stepped into the limelight with his victory over Teddy Yarosz. Ben Brown, a new face, defeated Carmen Barth. Harry Balsamo kayoed Jimmy Belmont in one and scored over Caspar La Rosa. Walter Woods finished Joe Duca in the fifth period. Al Romero triumphed over Swede Berglund. Honeyboy Jones gained the award over Vince Dundee. Kid Tunero defeated Karel Muller and Antoine Christoforidis. Paul Pirrone won over Anson Green. Al Quaill whipped Johnny Duca. Tommy Freeman drew with Al McCoy. Johnny Folio defeated Bob Turner.

Barney Ross indulged in some activity when he put Chuck Woods away in four and Jackie Burke in five rounds. Izzy Jannazzo scored over Freddy Dixon. Saverio Turiello defeated Andrea Jessurun. Holman Williams scored over Johnny Lucas. Bobby Pacho disposed of Lew Raymond in six rounds and defeated Baby Salvy Saban. Paulie Walker won from Teddy Loder and kayoed Eddie Carroll in four heats. Bert Colima defeated Abie Miller. Bep Van Klaveren kayoed Wegner in six rounds. Kid Azteca scored over Midget Mexico and Willard Brown. Mickey Makar whipped Wildcat O'Connor. Gustave Eder scored over Nestor Charlier.

Andy Callahan disposed of Nat Bor in nine rounds. Leonard Del Genio defeated Mickey Duca. Vittorio Venturi disposed of Sammy Meadows in the eighth. Tod Morgan whipped Herb Bishop and Bert Osborne. Frankie Genovese scored over Gordon Wallace. Frankie Sagilio kayoed Chester Rudy in six rounds. Ralph Zannelli drew with Freddy Camuso and kayoed Johnny Studley in six rounds. Harold Brown won from Vincent Pimpinella. Joe Gelinas bested Frankie Paul. Frankie Cinque defeated Nick Pastore. Ralph Vona whipped Andy Belasco. Dick Demeray scored over Sonny Boy Akers.

Pedro Montanez, outstanding lightweight contender, scored over Frankie Wallace. Henry Armstrong finished Jackie Carter and Alf Blatch in three rounds each and Mark Diaz in four. Billy Beauhold whipped Eddie Zivic, Johnny Bellus and Snag Trowbridge. George Zengaras scored over Al Casimini and Red Guggino. Casimini was also beaten by Paul Junior, who also whipped Eddie Zivic. Guggino whipped Lew Feldman, who scored over Midget Wolgast. Wolgast drew with Dick Welsh and was beaten by Maxie Berger. Berger whipped Paris Apice and Johnny Morro. Welsh whipped Gene Gallotto.

Chino Alvarez disposed of Charley Burns in eight rounds. Tommy Speigal kayoed Baby Miller in one round while Miller disposed of Young Lefty in three. Indian Hurtado stopped Orville Drouillard in three heats and whipped Snag Trowbridge and Sixto Morales. Benny Bass whipped Tommy Cross. Irving Eldridge scored over Paris Apice and Buss Breese. Al Roth won from Pete Mascia and Willie Davis. Hubert Dennis defeated Floyd Morey. Jimmy Walsh scored over Joe Connolly but was beaten by Phil Zwick. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Albert Esser in one round.

Davey Abad whipped Nick Peters and Chico Romo. Wally Hally won over Nick Camarata. Ritchie Fontaine bested Young Rightmire. Joey Alcanter defeated Jimmy Vaughn. Eddie McGeever whipped Bobby Britton. Frankie Terranova drew with Johnny Cabello and whipped Young Chappie. Cabello scored over Harry Morris. Lou Lombardi defeated Phil Baker. Dominic Mancini kayoed Larry Greb in five rounds. Emilio Magana scored over Julio Gonzales. Red Cochrane lost to Tippy Larkin but kayoed Johnny Alba in three rounds. Tiger Humery kayoed Pierre Momont in eight rounds. Johnny Bonito scored over Phil Siriani. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Chief Paris in seven rounds.

Petey Sarron, featherweight leader, lost on a foul to Harry Mizler in the first round of their South African engagement. Jackie Wilson scored over Pete De Grasse and Speedy Dado. Mike Belloise disposed of Jimmy McLeod in seven rounds. Johnny Cusick defeated Benny Caplan. Kid Chocolate, making a fine comeback, whipped Joe Marciente, Charley Gomer, Young Chappie and disposed of Al Gillette in four rounds. Mickey Miller, Australian featherweight champion, kayoed Norm Green in three and Billy Gill in five rounds.

Victor Vallee whipped Dominick Barone and Dennis Moody. Pete Scalzo stopped Henry Hook in three rounds and won from Al Reid. Hook was also beaten by Nat Litfin. Pablo Dano won from Frankie Covelli. Covelli was also beaten by Al Citrino. Lou Farber scored over Snooks Lacey, Al Gillette and kayoed Connie Holmes in three rounds. Jimmy Lancaster was beaten by Jackie Sharkey and Bernie Friedkin. Friedkin drew with Johnny Pena. Jimmy Christy scored over Edwin Waling. Christobal Jaramillo defeated Ray Ingram. Joey Archibald disposed of Nickey Jerome in ten rounds. Lloyd Pine defeated Wishy Jones while Lou Camps disposed of Alex Yanes in two rounds. Spider Kelly scored over Jim Palmer.

Sixto Escobar, bantamweight title-holder, kayoed Pat Robertson in eight rounds. K. O. Morgan won over Georgie Holmes. Lou Salica drew with Pancho Leyvas. Indian Quintana kayoed Charley Green in two, Pete Powell in three, Al Gillette in four and Sammy Garcia in seven. Baby Yack whipped Frankie Martin and Angelo Collura. Tommy Forte defeated Sammy Garcia and kayoed Damesco Seda in one round. Boy Romero scored over Speedy Dado.

Benny Lynch, flyweight champion, was beaten in an overweight meeting by Jim Warnock. Peter Kane kayoed Maurice Huguenin in one and Petit Biquet in nine rounds. Huguenin scored over Young Gonzales. Mickey O'Neill kayoed Pat Palmer in ten rounds. Palmer also lost to Jim McStravick. Tut Whalley scored over Tommy Tune. Johnny Jurich defeated Star Frisco. Tommy Burne won from Bobby Magee but was beaten by Jake Carr.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Harry Silver, England.
Bantamweight—Alex Lyons, England.
Featherweight—Jackie Sharkey, New York City.
Lightweight—Dick Humphries, England.
Welterweight—Tancy Lee, Australia.
Middleweight—Jean Besley, France.
Light-Heavyweight—Ernie Collins, Reno, Nev.
Heavyweight—Bombardier Markwick, England.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending July 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Ken Overlin	Jack Carroll
2—Jimmy Braddock	Jock McAvoy	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
3—Tommy Farr	Leo Kelly	Billy Conn	Izzy Jannazzo
4—Bob Pastor	Tiger Jack Fox	Teddy Yarosz	Fritzie Zivic
5—Alberto Lovell	Fred Lenhart	Lou Brouillard	Gustave Eder
6—Maxey Rosenbloom	Jack Gibbons	Ben Brown	Cocoa Kid
7—Nathan Mann	Allen Matthews	Solly Krieger	Saverio Turiello
8—Al Ettore	Gus Lesnevich	Harry Balsamo	Holman Williams
9—Roscoe Toles	Alabama Kid	Walter Woods	Andrea Jessurun
10—Red Burman	Melio Bettina	Al Romero	Bobby Pacho
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Jackie Wilson	K. O. Morgan	Jim Warnock
2—Henry Armstrong	Freddy Miller	Harry Jeffra	Peter Kane
3—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Lou Salica	Tiny Bostock
4—Enrico Venturi	Tony Chavez	Indian Quintana	Small Montana
5—Davey Day	Joe Conde	Baby Yack	Valentin Anglemann
6—Billy Beauhold	Pete De Grasse	Frankie Martin	Pierre Louis
7—Paul Junior	Ginger Foran	Aurel Toma	Mickey O'Neill
8—Eddie Cool	Spider Kelly	Johnny King	Ernst Weiss
9—Norment Quarles	Johnny Cusick	Horace Mann	Tut Whalley
10—George Zengaras	Kid Chocolate	Jackie Brown	Johnny Jurich

A Few More Left

During the past month, we have returned 46 orders for **"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer.** The entire issue of 16,000 has been sold. There are still available, however, **22 De Luxe Editions,** autographed by Jack and the Author and printed on heavy, India paper with a beautiful Blue Leather binding. These will be sold until disposed of, at **$10 each.**

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

NEWS of Texas rings ever continues to be encouraging and as we enter into the summer months we find five clubs operating regularly. Houston, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Port Arthur and Galveston are all in good shape to continue throughout the summer months and as all of them are endeavoring to develop local talent, the fall crop of material promises competition for all weights of fighters.

Houston is a mecca for promising material and Promoter Hugh Benbow seemingly has a touch of genius in matchmaking and bringing out hidden ability of his preliminary boys. In the past few weeks he has brought to light the potentialities of Pat McDuff and Jack Thompson in the heavyweight field; "Tiger" Pelon, Tommy Carroll and Pete Girolamo in the welterweight class, and Jimmy Elder and Jo Jo Passante in the lightweight division. All of the above are newcomers in ten round competition but every one of them has made a profound impression on Houston fans and will be well backed against any kind of competition that Benbow finds for them.

Jack Thompson, a young heavyweight from Dallas, showed to a great advantage in winning from Pat McDuff in Houston and was rewarded with another main event in Dallas two weeks later. In his bout in Dallas, Thompson repeated with a convincing win over Tommy Blanton and put himself in line for a bout with Tom Beaupre.

Although Pat McDuff lost to Thompson, the local red head showed great improvement in boxing form and convinced skeptics that he will be heard from later in the year.

"Tiger" Pelon, Mexican; Tommy Carroll, Irishman, and Pete Girolamo, Italian, are three welterweights who have come through preliminary bouts in Houston in convincing style and will pack the huge Olympiad arena any time they are matched. Jimmy Elder and Jo Jo Passante will do likewise in the lightweight class.

Kid Azteca of Mexico City and our local welterweight, George Salvadore, are both standing by in hopes of getting an overweight match with Barney Ross. Conflicting dates have kept Azteca and Salvadore apart for the past two months and will continue until at least the latter part of August.

Kenny LaSalle, Los Angeles welterweight, is due here within the next week or so and Ben Brown of Atlanta, Ga., Joey Parks of St. Louis and Tony Bruno of Milwaukee are all headed this way to stimulate interest in the middleweight division.

W. W. Cox, owner of the Sportitorium in Dallas, has taken over the promotion of boxing in that arena and has turned over the matchmaking duties to Travis McCall. McCall has been prominent in managing fighters in Dallas for a number of years and is a reliable fellow to do business with. He is fully qualified to give Dallas the kind of fights that they rightfully deserve and can be depended upon to give an honest effort.

Fred Lutz and Bob Klein are doing splendid work in Corpus Christi and showing a steady increase in attendance each week. Starting at zero they are now drawing close to the grand mark.

Youngsters who have pugilistic ambitions and no particular proving grounds to develop in will do well to contact Jack Thurmond at Benbow's Gymnasium, 805½ Commerce Street, Houston, Texas, for sound advice.

The writer also, will be very glad to give first hand information regarding boxing conditions here. The address is: Bill Davee, c/o Houston *Press*.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

WITH the invasion of new promoters below the line that Messrs. Mason and Dixon made so famous, boxing and wrestling seem to have taken on new life. Cauliflower Lane once more is becoming the leading sport.

For reviving boxing at Jacksonville, Fla., Jimmy Murdock must be given due credit. From scratch, he has brought the sport up to where he is drawing gates of 1,000 to 2,000 fans, according to the standing of the combatants. Here's wishing you good luck, Jimmy.

George Moye and Carl Sivers fought a torrid ten-round bout, with the former receiving the judges' and referee's decision. Sivers dropped Moye to his knees for a nine-count in the third canto, but Moye came back in the seventh and dropped his foe for an eight-count and followed again for a nine-count. Immediately following the bout, the fans demanded a return go. They are bantamweights.

In the semi-final, Jimmy DeWitt K.O.'ed Red Turner in seven sessions. Red tried hard but could not cope with DeWitt's experience. They are welterweights.

Jimmy Powell T.K.O.'ed Deacon Burnett in five rounds in a preliminary bout. They are lightweights.

Bobby Lyons, 118 pounds, defeated Bobby Smith, 118½, in another preliminary. Lyons holds four amateur championship titles.

The following week, plucky Carl Sivers dropped an unpopular duke to Frenchy Rouselle, a former topnotch battler of the South. Sivers had the Frenchman down for the nine-count in the fourth.

Jimmy DeWitt again came through in the semi-final by flattening Ernie Swift in the first round with a left hook to the body.

Leon Greelish won the nod over Vernon Rowe. It was a gate-swinging affair with little science.

Red Turner scored over Jimmy Vinzant.

Jimmy DeWitt came back the following week to put Tex Hawassee of Texas away in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round main bout. Young Carl Sivers scored over Sonny Yates of New York in the semi-windup.

On the same card, Hugh Smith, 170, won from durable Terry Hogarth; Johnny Durden and Bobby Smith boxed four rounds to a draw.

ENCOUNTERS OF THE PAST MONTH—Wally Hally, 134, Los Angeles, outpointed Nick Camarata, 131½, of New Orleans at Hollywood . . . . Chief Baby Miller, 137½, Tampa, knocked out Young Lefty, 138½, in three rounds at Wheeling, W. Va. . . . . At Miami, Johnny Cruz, 137, Havana, and Dick Hernandez, 137, Tampa, drew in eight rounds; Joey Raymond, 127, Tampa, knocked out Johnny Freeman, 133, Hartford, Conn., in three rounds . . . . At Philadelphia, Chino Alvarez, ex-Southern lightweight kingpin, flattened Charley Burns of Michel, Penn . . . . Ray Nash, 140, New York, outpointed Ace Dundee, 139, Baltimore, at New York. On the same card, Ralph Hurtado, 133½, Panama, outpointed Snag Trowbridge, 137, Miami . . . . The up-and-coming Texas Joe Dundee, 162, Dallas, Texas, decisioned Ray Lyle, 158, Akron, Ohio, at Charlotte, N. C.; Al Massey, 195, Charlotte, won a split decision over Carl Knowles, 181, Savannah (8); Norman Cohen, 141, Norfolk, Va., decisioned Clyde Roberts, 137, Charlotte (6) . . . . At Miami, Melio Bettino scored over Joe Knight, who is making a comeback. Knight was once a leading contender and we would like to see him up there amongst the best once more.

At Raleigh, N. C., Ray Matulewicz, 172, Raleigh, T.K.O.'ed Red Collins, 180, Charlotte (2) . . . . Odell Jackson, 183, Durham, N. C., knocked out Tom Johnson, 180, Cary, N. C. (5); Red Lewis, 164, Richmond, Va., knocked out Westley Dean, 165, Columbia, S. C. (5).

Obie Walker, once a topnotcher, is back home at Atlanta, his fighting days about over . . . . In James Harvey Butler, W. L. Wittich of Pensacola, Fla., has hopes of some day taking up where the late W. L. Stribling left off . . . . Loru Wilson, 210-pounder, is seeking opponents. Loru can be reached through your scribe . . . . I wonder what became of Jack Denning? . . . . To all promoters: Please mail your notes to me before the sixth of each month for publication. Address, Pinkie Lou Masters, Post Office Box 1396, Savannah, Ga.

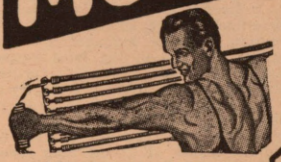
LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

BARNEY ROSS, world's welterweight champion, demonstrated to New Orleans fans just why he has held the reins in his class for the past few years. In penetrating sun and sapping heat he quickly proved his caliber by stopping Jackie Burke, Ogden, Utah, taking but five rounds to do it in. Burke, one of the most durable fighters performing, could do little and became a bloody mess in no time. A disappointingly small crowd witnessed the overweight contest.

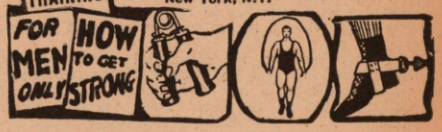
Louis "Kid" Cocoa, New England Negro welterweight, proved he has just enough to beat Holman Williams, Chicago Negro. In their fourth bout, Cocoa eked out a fifteen-round decision at the Coliseum Arena in New Orleans. The series now shows three wins for Cocoa and one to Williams' credit.

Other bouts resulted as follows: Andrew Henry kayoed Oscar Matthews, heavyweights. Ace Corley stopped Eddie "Kid" Manuel; Moise Howard beat Carlos Phillips, light-heavyweights. Jumbo Rovira decisioned Wesley Martin; Harvey Massey outpointed Jackie Elverillo; Roland Brown beat K. O. White, welterweights. Charlie Baxter kayoed Ervin Berlier; Snooks Lacey defeated Tiger Rosey Greer; K. O. Brown stopped Kid Spibbens; Carl Coste decisioned Elliot Lamarault.

RELIEF TO ROYALTY
Life of James J. Braddock. Price $1.25
THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

GET BIG HUSKY MUSCLES!
SAVE OVER HALF
$2.99 SEND NO MONEY

AMAZING NEW 38 FEATURE
Big Muscle Building Training Course.
Save over half on this big, amazing course of Physical Culture
WALL EXERCISER Ideal builder. BIG HUSKY 10 cable exercisers, 200 Lbs. resistance adjustable. Real 10 Cable Handles built for 10 cables, not two 5 cable Exercisers. Husky CABLES woven in extra heavy strands, the new and better way. Two Heavy Hand Grips. CHARTS. Illustrated. BIG BICEPS. REDUCING WAISTLINE. BOXING FOR PROFIT. GAINING WEIGHT. GREAT SHADOW BOXER. SKIP ROPE. ROWING MACHINE attachments. TRAINING TIPS. HAND BALANCING TRICKS. Head Harness (adjustable) and Foot Harness for strong necks and ankles. Food Facts for Vitality and Power. RIGHT LIVING FOR BETTER HEALTH. HOW TO STRENGTHEN YOUR BACK. Secrets of CHEST EXPANSION. How to Strengthen Stomach Muscles. WRESTLING FOR PROFIT. DEVELOPING STRONG, SHAPELY LEGS. "FOR MEN ONLY." No more Secrets. "HOW TO GET STRONG." Illustrated. STIRRUP EXERCISES FOR HUSKY LEGS. MUSCLE GAUGE. Test your own strength. SPECIAL "30-Day Training Schedule." What to do each day. DEVELOPING A CRUSHING GRIP. SECRETS OF JIU-JITSU. Illustrated. BOXING. FEATS OF STRENGTH. FAMOUS WRESTLING HOLDS. Illustrated. BECOMING POPULAR. GAIN SUCCESS. THIS IS THE ORIGINAL "HERCULES EXERCISES". Money back guarantee on courses returned in 5 days. Be sure to get the original.

All this—For Only $2.99. Act quickly before offer expires. Send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $2.99 plus postal charges. Outside U. S. cash with order.
HERCULES EXERCISES
49 East 21st St., Dept. H-12
New York, N.Y.



ATHELETO

ATHELETO 'MUSCLE TONE'
Atheleto is a special preparation for not only Athletes, but an extremely efficient remedy for every member of the family. It has proven its efficiency in the treatment of such ailments as sore muscles, Charley horse, sprains, stiffness, stiff joints, as well as a general rub for after training purposes, or the after effects of any over exertion. One application will immediately relieve any stiffness, ache or pain.
60c and $1.00 size Bottles
If your druggist has not yet stocked Atheleto send your order direct to
SUPER PRODUCTS COMPANY
11 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

GEORGE GODFREY, venerable "Black Shadow of Leiperville," has been granted a license to fight in the state of California. Godfrey, at one time recognized by the International Boxing Union as the world's heavyweight champion, will be managed by Frank A. Garbutt, southern California millionaire and one of the most respected boxing instructors in the country. Godfrey gave his age as thirty-five when he applied for a license. The boxer's limit in California is thirty-eight.

Giant Godfrey submitted to a thorough examination and was pronounced in "perfect condition" by Dr. Harry Martin of the boxing board. Garbutt has been training Godfrey secretly for several weeks.

Godfrey reached the zenith of a long ring career in Los Angeles in 1928 when he drew $138,000 with Paulino at Wrigley Field.

Bobby Yannes, lanky Los Angeles middleweight, copped the Mexican middleweight title when he flattened Sal Herrera at the Los Angeles Olympic. Suey Welsh would like to pit Yannes against Al Romero or Gus Lesnevich. Johnny Bertiz developed the promising Latin in the amateurs and since turning pro has lost but one fight in twenty-six starts.

DOTS AND DASHES—Walter Friedman is on the Coast with a hard-hitting Italian heavyweight from New York named Jimmy Cutrone . . . . in the gym the 185-pounder has looked mighty impressive . . . . George Parnassus now has a key man in almost every division with Pancho Leyvas, bantamweight; Tony Chavez, feather; Nick Peters and Peter Jackson, lightweights; Ceferino Garcia, welter, and Swede Berglund, middleweight . . . . Bob Cowan, who promoted the Louis-Ramage bout in Los Angeles, has bobbed up with a corking Negro heavyweight named Big Boy Bray, who stiffened Hank Hankinson in San Francisco and whipped Bob Ford at the Olympic . . . . the strapping Negro also kayoed Cleveland's Joe Bauer in San Diego . . . . Hollywood fans like the style of Joey Alcanter, the "Dust Bowl" kid from Kansas City, Mo., who flies the colors of Frankie Gatto . . . . Making his first start under the management of Bud Taylor, Montana's Ritchie Fontaine won a ten-rounder from Everett Rightmire at Hollywood . . . . in a ten on the same card, Pablo Dano, the Manila Menace, flashed rare form to whip Frankie Covelli.

Gus Lesnevich, Jersey's socking Russian, continues to pile up wins on the Gold Coast . . . . his latest victim was Young Stuhley, the classy Kewanee, Ill., boxing master . . . . they staged a thriller at the Olympic . . . . the fight grossed $4,876 . . . . Baron Henry Stumme's Denver Mexican handed Claude Varner a lacing in ten heats at Bakersfield Arena; the Baron is getting a stable of white hopes together and has quartered the big fellows at his mountain camp near San Fernando . . . . Young Joe Roche, crack San Francisco bantamweight, has joined Charley Martin's fight stable in Los Angeles . . . . Lou Salica returned to New York for a brief visit, accompanied by his wife, but is expected to return to Los Angeles in September to resume fistic duties . . . . the black-haired Brooklyn Italian has a legion of admirers out this way.

Jimmy Vaughn, the gilt-edged Cleveland featherweight, was left in the able hands of Whitey Eckwert when Manager Eddie Mead went East with Homicide Henry Armstrong . . . . the greatest sports staff on any daily is that of the New York *Journal-American* . . . . what a crew of writers! . . . . I'd like to see Eddie Frayne writing fights again . . . . he was tops when he was sports editor of the Los Angeles *Record* and ran a daily fight column . . . . Bill Miller and Matt Gallagher did the press work for Promoter Joe Levy's Montanez-Ramey show at Gilmore Stadium last month and turned in a splendid job . . . . Phil McGraw, the one-time lightweight terror of Detroit, operates a sandwich shop in Los Angeles and is doing right well . . . . Shang Welch has added Al Citrino and Johnny Basanelli to his stable . . . . Citrino, the Frisco Kid with a dynamite left hook, is one of the best featherweights on the Coast . . . . Basanelli is a hard-socking welterweight and a great club fighter . . . . It's Art Lasky, photographer, these days . . . . he is looking for a job at the studios and may click soon . . . . the eye which he almost lost is almost as good as new, but Art is through with the ring forever . . . . when he was fighting, his hobby was photography and he became quite accomplished at it . . . . Al Lang plans to go in partners with Carlo Curtis at Manhattan Gymnasium in Los Angeles . . . . the former Baltimorean is now handling Al Romero, the Mexican middleweight, who can really fight when he is in the mood . . . . Suey Welsh has not given up hopes of making an Ambers-Armstrong fight for the lightweight title at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles . . . . the paper boys are back of Welsh to a man and predict the "natural" would hit $125,000.

Pat Frayne, gifted sports editor of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, comments as follows on the Pastor-Nestell fight:

"One finds two schools of thought on the relative merits of Bob Pastor and Bob Nestell and their fistic futures.

"One argument has been settled, however . . . . Pastor is a better fighter right now than is Bob Nestell . . . . He has done wonders with his 182 pounds . . . . But he certainly figured to beat Nestell so that win doesn't come under the heading of any major accomplishment.

"Nestell is a nice prospect for a young heavyweight . . . . Those eleven straight kayoes he had in southern California look nice on paper, but the majority of the kayoes were against unknown and unrated opponents . . . . His most important win was his ten-round kayo of Lee Ramage, the lad who at the time was staging something of a comeback.

"Pastor, on the other hand, had a good record against far more experienced opponents. We rate his seven-round kayo of Ray Impellitiere an outstanding performance in punching, and his staying ten rounds with Joe Louis as another outstanding performance in pedaling.

"On his Nestell win we would give him credit for being a very good hitter and a smart ring general against an inexperienced prospect.

"Pastor might have scored a one-round kayo over Nestell except for the fact that he came in too slow after having Nestell down for the first time . . . . Nestell said he didn't remember anything until he heard the count of six, but he fairly scrambled to his feet at the count of eight.

"Over-cautious is Pastor . . . . He fairly studied Nestell before trying to feint California's Bob into action. Then, when sufficient time had elapsed, he went to lead himself but Nestell caught him with a right hand and Pastor was on the deck momentarily.

"It seems that Pastor has been decked by Frankie Simms in a previous bout, proving little more than that they all go down when properly slugged.

"Nestell was given credit for having a china chin because he has been on the floor in so many bouts . . . . It appears to this writer that Nestell goes down from lack of experience in the ring . . . . He can be suckered into a punch . . . . The young man is not a lost cause among the heavyweights . . . . Not yet, at least."

Abie Miller, the talkative Jewish boy, lost his state welterweight crown to Bert Colima II at the Olympic . . . . the arena was well filled with $7,900 in the house . . . . Joe Waterman, former matchmaker at the Olympic, is the new manager of the new Mexican rave . . . . Joe will make plenty of dough with Colima as a good Mexican fighter really packs them in Los Angeles . . . . Joe Vella, manager of Tappy Walsh, the Jersey belter, calls his protege "Machine Gun" Walsh.

Baron Henry Stumme is on the lookout for promising white hopes who are coming to the Coast. They can contact Stumme care of Olympic Auditorium, 18th and Grand, Los Angeles.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

OF major importance during the month past was the return of Fred Apostoli to the San Francisco rings following his successful invasion of New York, where he lost a decision to Ken Overlin, won a decision over Solly Krieger and then stopped the Brooklyn slugger in five rounds of a rematch.

Apostoli made his homecoming debut pitted against Dale Sparr, a graduate of Uncle Sam's Navy, who learned to sling leather on the battlewagons. With only fourteen professional bouts under his belt, the red-headed ex-gob was conceded little chance of whipping the formidable ex-bellhop, recognized as number one contender for the middleweight championship. At ringside, some of the boys were offering odds that Sparr wouldn't be in there for the sixth round—and they had few takers.

Sparr didn't win. He was beaten, and decisively so by Freddie. But when the last bell signaled finis to the scrap, the carrot-topped youngster was still coming in, still pitching gloves—as he had been pitching them for ten furious rounds that had the capacity house in a lather from bell to bell. The crowd roared its praise as Sparr wearily left the ring, beaten, but with his colors still flying.

The sailor boy is the nearest thing to perpetual motion seen in these parts for quite some time. He just punches from any angle, opening or none, and more often than not he connects. Apostoli pounded his body to a brick red with punishing, jolting left hooks and right uppercuts, he sent him back on his heels with vicious straight lefts and he was on top throughout, but Sparr, who is a walking "don't give up the ship" exemplification, just wouldn't keep away. He fought every second he was in there and by doing so, provided the jaded San Francisco fight public with more action than they've seen in a month of Sundays. At times Apostoli was positively bewildered as the ex-gob flailed away with torrents of punches to the head and body.

In winning, Fred Apostoli put on display one of the sweetest left hands I've ever seen. He can jab, hook, even uppercut with that portside flipper and he nailed Sparr time after time with punches that would have dropped a less courageous opponent. Sparr put on a display of intestinal fortitude that won't be equaled for quite a spell, and could never be surpassed.

Johnny Marquez, 1937 A.A.U. welterweight champion, made his professional debut in the semi-windup and knocked out Benny Santiago of San Jose with one well-directed punch—a left hook that dropped Benny as frigid as a North Pole Christmas.

There's a saying relative to the fact that a prophet never is appreciated around his home town, or words to that effect. Truer words were never spoken when applying them to Horace Mann, San Francisco bantamweight, who has been burning up Stockton and San Jose rings with smashing victories and yet can't seem to get a fight in this city.

Developed in the local amateur tournaments, Mann has certainly compiled an enviable record during his young professional career. He holds victories over Star Frisco, who whipped Small Montana; Speedy Dado, the smartest Filipino of them all; Santos Hugo, a tough customer for anybody's money, and Pablo Dano, the brown boy who has licked all the topnotchers at one time or another.

It isn't as though Horace is a colorless ringman—of the stand-up, safety-first type. He is aggressive, is a wicked puncher and will take one to land one. He is managed by William Gilmore. How about it, you magnates of maul? Give the home town boy a chance!

A new "black hope" was unveiled one balmy evening in the main event of Al Young's inaugural show, when Al "Big Boy" Bray, 214-pound darky from San Diego, knocked out towering Hank Hankinson, Akron, O., Swede, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round main event. Bray showed plenty of real class and punching power in giving Hank a one-sided pasting before winding up the evening's work with a left hook that sent the Swede down for the count.

The second ten-round feature lasted quick, Sonnyboy Walker of Arizona kayoing Johnny Nelson, San Diego light-heavyweight, in the third round. A few weeks previous, Walker had belted out a win over Gentleman Bob Ford in a ten-rounder at the Dreamland Arena.

"Kid" Ray, veteran Stockton welterweight, provided the big crowd with a stunning upset by knocking out Earl Booker, classy San Jose colored boy, in the final round of their six-rounder. Ray clipped Booker with a payoff left hook to bring the curtain down on a furious battle.

Johnny Sylvester, the enterprising Oakland promoter, staged a small-sized heavyweight tournament with the following results: Domingo Valin, Hayward Portuguese, trounced Karl Walker, Denver German; "Sunny Jim" McVey, Pittsburgh Negro, stretched Pepe Del Rio of Mexico in seven rounds; Valin and McVey were matched and Domingo proved something or other by flattening the Negro in one round. Valin seems to be going great guns since starting his comeback with a win over Lee Savoldi a few months ago. If he can do nothing else, he can *punch!*

Just for argument's sake, I'd like to rate the northern California ringmen:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Sonnyboy Walker, Big Boy Bray, Andre Lenglet.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—No activity here.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Fred Apostoli, Young Corbett, Dale Sparr.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Joe Bernal, Eddie Booker, Al Manfredo.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Kid Ray, Earl Booker, Joe Gavras.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Nothing doing.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Horace Mann, Young Joe Roche, Pablo Dano.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S opening ring show of the summer season was none too auspicious, with less than two thousand paying their way into the Forum to see Maxie Berger and Dave Castilloux display their wares in the ten-round features. Berger whipped Paris Apice, veteran Providence lightweight, in a rather monotonous setto, showing little of the fiery form expected of him, though undoubtedly having a big edge.

Dave Castilloux had his work cut out for him in his clash with Yambo Andrades, the fiery Puerto Rican southpaw. Yambo's tricky and awkward style made Castilloux look less effective than he was and the crowd booed the verdict in Castilloux's favor. A couple of short spurts, with both hands flying, during practically every round, made Yambo a favored principal with the fans. These bouts did not serve as a very good build-up for a Berger-Castilloux match for the vacant Canadian lightweight title, which would have been a "natural," and Orville Drouillard has been signed to meet Berger in a rubber battle to headline the next card, for which Matchmaker Sylvio Mireault is seeking title recognition.

The preliminaries were fairly entertaining. Harry Gerson, former bantam star, staged a comeback successfully to score a knockout over Joey Soldato of Plattsburg Barracks in the fifth. Doug Marsh scored a technical knockout over K.O. Coons, Plattsburg welter, when the latter's eye was severely cut in the second round. Al Castilloux, Dave's promising brother, impressed in the opener when he outscored Roger Lapointe, willing local bantam.

Frankie Genovese retained his newly won Canadian welter title by a split verdict in his return joust with Gordon Wallace, Vancouver's former wearer of the crown. It is possible that Torontonians will see a third battle between the pair as the decision was not any too popular. The young Toronto Italian will be favored to retain his laurels in more clean-cut fashion as he is improving rapidly, getting more confidence that a fighter acquires after winning a title, while Wallace is apparently slipping. Tommy Bland is also gunning for the crown and will likely be the next challenger, since he scored over Sammy Luftspring.

Baby Yack was awarded a fromageous decision, and the Canadian bantam crown along with it, after taking a pummelling from Frankie Martin, who still is a champion, however, as he still holds his newly acquired featherweight title.

Sylvio Mireault and his backers have ambitious plans for the coming shows.

A battle between Lenglet and Al McCoy would be a good attraction here in the fall.

STRAY SHOTS—Elmer Ferguson, *Herald* sports editor, took Toronto for a spanky ride in his daily "Gist and Jest of It" . . . . his gentle sarcasm, tinged with a humorous vein, must have had the Queen City writers burning up . . . . "Fergie" did a good job of showing why Toronto reserves first call on the name of "Hogtown" by their devious methods of seeing that the hometown boys get the breaks . . . . Fred Osborne is in Seattle with his promising middleweight, Mickey McGuire, seeking action . . . . the game is dead in Edmonton until the fall, so McGuire is seeking action elsewhere now that his hand is healed . . . . Osborne did not bring his heavyweight, George Shank, or his other middleweight, Eddie MacSporran, along to Seattle . . . . Oliver Shank suffered for the matchmaking debility of his New York mentors when he was shoved into a match at Buffalo with Jimmy Adamick, the Michigan lad who's been slapping them down with amazing regularity, a real K.O. king . . . . the Canadian put up a game struggle, taking terrific punishment, but went down in the fifth as another knockout victim for Adamick, who is a popular main bouter in Detroit . . . . Shank came back shortly after, though, to score a two-round kayo over Joe Setz in New York . . . . Joe Gollob is returning to Canada after going over to England . . . . found that lightweights have a hard time getting fights there unless they have a good reputation . . . . Jimmy Jones and his proteges, Sonny Jones and Katsumi Morioka, are back from the other side after a successful sojourn.

HOT OFF THE WIRE—Sylvio Mireault called off his second show of the Montreal boxing season when official recognition was not granted for the Maxie Berger-Orville Drouillard bout for the vacant Canadian lightweight title . . . . Raoul Godbout, manager of Dave Castilloux, who now holds a decision over Drouillard and who split a pair of dukes with Berger, insisted that his fighter was being sidetracked . . . . refused promise that Castilloux would fight winner for title, figuring that Castilloux would have to take small terms in role of challenger . . . . another important point was that none of the parties had made official challenges, particularly in posting certified checks along with their claims . . . . is Montreal trying to outdo Toronto in these title m . . . . Mireault was justified in figuring th would draw an insignificant gate with title attraction . . . . what next?

ONTARIO, CANADA, NE
By G. A. M. TUTTY

FIGHT fans in Nova Scotia who ha Nemis when he pounded out a decision over Bobby Orr of Jog may have the opportunity to witness in another bout within a short whil George Lewis is casting eyes at Don of Stony Ridge, Alberta, who is nov regions of Cape Breton. Carmicha ered his rangy form with brawny m grain fields of the West, arrived in from Halifax, where he was halte funds on a one way trip to Englan passage, Carmichael went to wo thing he can do well—his ability t His one and only Nova Scotia rounder with Gordon (Kid) Mc with Don getting the nod. The W weight is given at 146, a favorab with Nemis. Press clippings in h him the champion of Alberta a the grain growing country. In has won sixteen, eight of them b

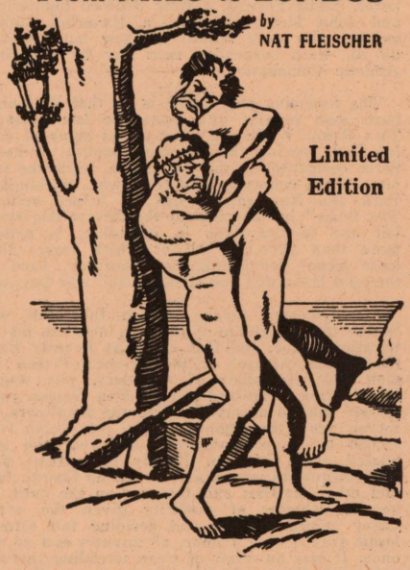
Liverpool, N. S.—Terrance ton left for Boston after a month which time he rested up an inj Tiger is booked to fight Harry ring soon. Warrington had a ring in 1936 and hopes to hav season.

Oliver Shanks, who hails traveled 3,000 miles on a c his way to the Canadian lig pionship and the right to the Olympics, turned profes New York under the joint McCormick and Bill Hamilt and one of the best in the b not have gone under a better well known pilots.

Kid Hart of Moncton, N. B McIntyre at Saint John, N. B. The Ring as third leading fea Dominion, next to Billy Marqua

From MILO to LONDOS

From MILO to LONDOS



The story of wrestling through the Ages, from 2000 B.C. to 1936.

Contains a complete history of the heavyweight championship from William Muldoon to Dean Detton.

A complete history of early wrestling traced through every country.

Beautifully bound — Autographed by the author Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of THE RING.

100 illustrations—old masters—present day stars.

Only 995 copies of this limited edition printed.

Order now so that you won't be disappointed.

Send check or money order to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
825 8TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me ..... copies of your Limited Edition of "From Milo to Londos to Detton," for which find check or money order for $3.25.

Name .....

Street .....

State or country .....

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

McCOY, N. E. heavy champion, as the lt of months of idleness and accumulation ring rust, narrowly escaped a defeat e hands of Natie Brown of Washington, e bout, a 10-rounder, and the second out- ng for the season by the Goodwin A. C., d at Fenway Park, about 5000 fans ut. In the first round, Brown hooked a Coy's jaw that knocked the latter off nd partly through the ropes. He was ce without being counted, but the ex- s a new one for him. It was not until hat McCoy got going—really fought self. He won that round and several rs but, at the end of the 10th, his so small that the officials disagreed. O'Connor ruled for Brown, but the judges gave Al the decision.

-amateurs made their "pro" debut card. One of the lot, Walter Cun- Roxbury, 170, stopped Rolly Rana- ston, in two heats. Another, Yancey d Lynn heavy, defeated Dick Hogan, n six rounds. A third, Roy Kelley 170, gained a split award over opolous, the "Greek Tiger," in st bout on the card saw Bobby ova Scotia, hold Dante Yanetti, an eight-round draw.

" Callahan of Lawrence once nto the winning limelight when Nat Bor, the Fall River welter by Dave Lumiansky, that the in the ninth, the award going ow, staged at the Boston Na- the first for the season pro- ldie Mack. Because of counter tendance was small. Bor, the r boxer, was simply fought continuous hurricane attacks m by Callahan. Also, Andy's d the Fall River boy in the or stepped back to get a tell- ght, his best weapon, at Andy's s in on top of him, digging to g with both hands to head. In Bor was badly messed up about Joe O'Connor stopped the affair n the decision.

-final, George Martin, Boston, 144, Colantonio, 135¾, of Walpole, put ripper. They fought for a definite purse, winner-take-all, with a side stake up—an innovation in Boston. It was a two-fisted, see-saw battle up to the eighth and final stanza when Martin, hooking a terrific right to the chin, dropped his foe for the full count and "out." On the same card, Yancey Henry of Lynn, filling in as a "sub," won in four chapters over Gene Bonin of Willimantic, Conn., the clash being stopped because of an injury sustained by the latter. Eddie Forrest, a New Bedford lightweight, and John Henry Johnson, a Haverhill middleweight, who were booked to show but failed to do so, were suspended next day by the State Athletic Commission.

The foregoing ring action is all that Bostonians have seen in this city since the last issue of THE RING. While the sport shows signs of coming back, during these summer months it has a fierce competitor in the dog tracks, while the running of the ponies at Suffolk Downs, Rockingham Park and Narragansett has not helped matters. The "take" in one night at the Revere dog track, but one of the three in operation, is usually more than $100,000, all of which leaves little loose money for boxing. On Saturday, June 26, the total horse and dog track "take" was $943,227.

The horse-dog craze, now in full blast with Boston the big source of revenue, also has hit the wrestling game, and that hard. At Fenway Park, the annual carnival of the Crosscup-Pishon Legion Post—an affair of wrestlers, was staged. Steve Casey of Ireland and Ed Don George, twice former world's champion, were the headliners. In former years the Legion carnival has drawn from 10,000 to 20,000 spectators—one year the gate totaled about $60,000. Hardly more than 5000 cash customers witnessed the Casey-George bout and other matches and features on the card, all despite columns of publicity given the event. Casey gained the one and deciding fall after a hectic fray lasting 1 hour, 28 minutes and 36 seconds. It was an affair of clean wrestling throughout, with George leading almost up to the end. In the windup, Casey crashed him twice with lifts and slams into the canvas and when Ed Don came up wobbling, was handed a pull-in and shoulder heave, termed by Casey as the "Killarney flip," for the down and out.

Though hardly a boxing or wrestling item, George Clark and Danno O'Mahony, prior to their appearance against other opponents on the grappling mat, tested each other's strength at weight-tossing. The Scot won the distance events, while that for height went to Danno, the Irishman. Clark tossed the 28-pound weight 62 feet, 10 inches, and Danno, 60 feet, 8 inches. The Scot flung the 56-pound weight 35 feet, 11¼ inches, and Danno, 33 feet, 11 inches. Next, O'Mahony, in a test for height with the 56-pound weight, the same all by his lonesome, put it over the bar set at 15 feet, 3 inches. Clark next tossed a section of telegraph pole, called the "caber," 34 feet, 9 inches. The writer is not an authority on weight or caber tossing, but the marks put up by Clark and O'Mahony, June 29, will take some trying before they are beaten.

There's a chance that before many weeks Steve Casey and Danno O'Mahony will clash for the Irish heavyweight mat title. Such a contest is now on the fire with bids coming in from Irish and American promoters. Inasmuch as Casey is under contract to show for Bowser, the local promoter has the inside track unless he waives on the contract or sells it.

Claremont, N. H., a busy fight town, saw an unusual ending of a bout there late in June, the winner being down and out when he received the decision. The contestants were Babe Beattie of Sherbrooke, Can., and Buck Tracy, Everett, Mass. Five seconds before the gong ended the 10th and final round, Beattie, who had been behind in the points, crashed Tracy with a right to the jaw. Tracy hit the deck and was out for several minutes. However, as he was not counted out, the bell ending the bout, the referee awarded him the decision on the showing he had made in the other rounds. Frequently under such circumstances the decision goes to the chap on his feet. As we recall the Baer-Schaaf ending at Chicago, Aug. 31, 1932, Schaaf was ahead when kayoed by Max a few seconds before the final bell. Max received the verdict.

Yvonne Robert, the Canadian heavyweight matman, continues to claim the title which he contends he won from Danno O'Mahony in a Montreal ring early last summer. His claims, however, will require a lot of priming before they really take, even in this neck of the woods. While it is true the Canadian defeated Danno at Montreal, prior to that event Shikat settled the Irishman in a New York ring, all of which is now history. Last March at Washington, D. C., Cliff Olsen not only flattened Robert in a so-called titular match, but in the melee, broke the Canadian's leg in two places, retiring him from the mat for months. But despite this and that, Robert is now warming up to defend his "title."

Ed Don George's match with Steve Casey, mentioned in another item, was made possible through his win over George Clark of Scotland, registered at Boston Garden. It was a one-fall affair, the former world's champion taking that in 33 minutes, 45 seconds, with an inside crotch lift and slam. While Clark was there with his usual assortment of classy holds, toward the end of the fray when he realized the battle was going against him, he resorted to a lot of rough stuff and thereby "lost face" with the spectators.

Considerable ballyhoo is being passed around concerning a meeting in Boston between Bob Pastor of New York and Al McCoy, the N. E. champion. While, as we have pointed out, boxing has been up against it thus far this summer, a Pastor-McCoy contest would go over the top. McCoy regards Pastor as a soft touch, all of which remains to be determined. It might prove the other way around.

Dave Egan, formerly writer of boxing on the Boston *Globe* and Boston *American*, is now hooked up as press representative for the Valley Arena —Homer Rainault's very successful boxing and wrestling organization at Holyoke, Mass. Egan has been doing a fine job there all season.

Bill Brennan, manager of Al McCoy, is reported as having bought a half-interest in Terry "Tiger" Warrington, the Liverpool N. S., colored light heavy. The latter is an able performer, seemingly a bit too able as opponents are not clambering over each other to encounter him.

While the following may be a bit personally egotistical, in view of what happened at Chicago, we are taking the chance by re-printing a brief excerpt from the column of the Boston daily which we contributed on Feb. 2—"In view of the huge reported offer of $500,000 for Braddock's services against Louis at Chicago, the same coming atop of the Louis-Pastor affair, it would seem that there was some connection between the two. The $500,000 for Braddock, who has not fought for two years, and who has every chance of being knocked out by Louis if the contest is waged on its merits, sounds large." Braddock, as all know, did not receive $500,000 at Chicago, but he was kayoed.

...ces-
sional, especially the beginner should get the latest edition of "Training for Boxing."

New Features

"How to Skip the Rope," "How to Punch the Bag," "Rubdowns," "How to Reduce Weight," "How to Increase Weight," What to do on the Day of a Fight," "Daily Programme."

"Training for Boxing" and "How to Box" are used by Spike Webb for his Annapolis students.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys.
He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.
What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.
Get on the band wagon now.
Send for these three books.
Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of

"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey. New Ninth Edition.

"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.

"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

WANTED . . .

Have you any old-time fight or other sports pictures which were given away years ago with cigarettes? If so, get in touch with

NAT FLEISCHER, The "Ring" Editor
Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. City

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JIMMY VAUGHAN punched too hard for Peter Clarke of Liverpool, and after being floored several times, the referee was forced to stop the contest in the 7th of a 10 rounder, in Vaughan's favor.

This was the chief contest in the Romford, Wellwishers Charity show, at Romford Greyhound Track, which drew a very large crowd.

A large and excited crowd at Sydney Hulls' promotion, the Harringay Arena, stood and shouted themselves hoarse when Max Baer, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, knocked out Ben Foord, the South African, and former Empire heavyweight champion, in the 9th of a 12 round contest.

Baer looked as if he could have done the job in the second round when he floored Foord, and had him tottering around the ring, but the playboy clowned and allowed Foord to win the next round, and it was not until the eighth round that he showed his hand, and Foord came in for a great deal of punishment.

The end always seemed in sight, but the antics of the playboy had the big crowd in fits of laughter, but when a serious expression crossed his face, Foord received the heavy shattering punches, and a right and left to the jaw finished the contest at the end of the ninth when Foord rose at nine and fell again without receiving a blow and was counted out.

Peter Kane, the Golbourne flyweight, again defeated Ernst Weiss of Austria, in a 10 round contest, winning every one of the rounds.

Dave McCleave was considered unlucky when he was forced to retire in the 4th round of an 8 rounder, owing to a damaged mouth when it seemed that he was going swell against Eddie McGuire, of South Africa.

A new heavyweight find was Bombardier George Markwick, heavyweight champion of the Army, who gave a polished performance in his second professional contest, when he kayoed Tommy Allen of Leicester in the second round with a right uppercut.

Gustav Eder gave a smart performance at the Rheinland, Halle, Berlin, when he met the colored Belgian, Al Baker, in a return contest at 147 lbs. The contest terminated in the 11th of a 12 rounder when the Belgian's seconds threw in the towel.

The Italian middleweight champion, Mario Casaedi, defeated Erwin Bruch of Berlin when the doctor would not allow the latter to come up for the 7th round, owing to a badly cut eye.

Ginger Sadd and Hans Weisner, of Austria, put up a sparkling bout over 10 rounds at Herne Bay, with the result a draw.

Gustav Humery of France won the European lightweight championship when he stopped Maurice Arnholt of France, who had held the title only one month, in the third at Jeff Dickson's promotion at the Salle Wagrame, Paris.

Johnny King of Manchester retained his bantamweight championship of Great Britain when he knocked out his former stablemate, Jackie Brown, in the 13th of a 15 round contest, at Belle Vue, Manchester, in the open air, that was attended by 20,000 people.

Jack Lord of Bolton earned the right to meet Jake Kilrain for the welterweight championship of Great Britain when he defeated Norman Snow of Northampton in the 8th of a 12 rounder when the referee stopped the contest. In another contest, Johnny Cusick of Manchester outpointed Alex Alston of Preston after 10 rounds of clever boxing.

Ben Valentine (Fiji Isles) outpointed Bill Hardy in the main bout of 10 rounds at the Stadium Club, Holborn. In the chief supporter, Katsumi Morioka, the Canadian Jap, scored a clever win over Pat Warburton, fly champ of Wales, over 10 rounds.

Jimmy Jones, that polite colored manager of Sonny Jones, his nephew, and the Canadian Jap, Katsumi Morioka, returned to Canada and the U. S. A., and will return with them in the fall for the indoor season. The two Jones' and the little Jap, Morioka, will always be welcomed here for their gentlemanly behavior and sporting tactics, in and out of the ring.

Jimmy Warnock, Belfast's little stick of dynamite, proved beyond all doubt that he is the master of Benny Lynch, world's flyweight champion, by scoring another points win over him in a 15 rounder at Celtic Park, Glasgow.

Mr. George Dingley, the promoter, first arranged this contest for the world's title, but the British Boxing Board of Control said that they would not recognize it as such. The contest was arranged after many difficulties, the weight to be 112 lbs., 4 ozs.

The first surprise was at the weigh in when Lynch came in 30 ozs. overweight and although allowed one hour to reduce failed to show up in the stated time and paid £150 forfeit.

Warnock now meets Peter Kane, and the winner has to meet Lynch for his British, European and world's flyweight titles.

Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, showed a return to form by beating Joe Connolly of Glasgow over 10 rounds at 137 lbs. Connolly came in overweight, and had to pay forfeit. Ginger Foran was very lucky to receive the decision over Spider Kelly of Belfast in another 10 rounder.

Cyril Pluto, welterweight champ of Western Australia, made his debut in Europe when he met the Scotch champ, Frank Erne, in a 12 rounder at Liverpool Stadium. The contest was fought at a fast pace, with the Scot proving the better stayer and won on points.

Boy Boon of Chatteris, at present domiciled in London, won a hard bout against Jack Lilley of Congleton when they met at Hackney.

Ginger Sadd outpointed Butcher Gasgoine of Sheffield in a 10 rounder at Great Yarmouth.

On the same card, Jim Lawlor of Lowestoft kayoed Mick Miller in the 6th of a 10 rounder.

Johnny Holt of South Africa was unlucky to lose the decision in his bout with Billy Walker of Stratford at the Mile End Arena.

The crowd showed their disapproval in no uncertain manner at the end of the 12 rounds.

Fred Morris forced Phineas John to retire at the end of the 8th of a 10 rounder after the latter had taken three counts from body blows.

A very fine performance by Johnny Softley, who kayoed Angus McGregor of Scotland in the ninth of a 12 rounder, and Douglas Kestrell of Wales won cleverly over Phil Bevan of Poplar over 10 rounds.

Jack Manning and Smudger Smith, both of Dagenham, met in a scheduled 12 rounder at Merry Fiddlers, Dagenham, but the contest only went six rounds when a right to Smith's jaw put him down and out.

The Stadium Club, Holborn, staged another of its young heavyweight nights and the outstanding competitor was the 21 years old Army champion, George Markwick, who scored his third K.O. in three professional bouts when he put the promising Tom Kennedy of Durham away in the 3rd of a 4 rounder, with the neatest right-hand punch to the body I have witnessed in years after peppering Kennedy's face and body with left-hand punches.

The other results were as follows: Len Chinnery of Leyton boxed very well to defeat Jack Fitzpatrick, ex-amateur champion of Wales, on points after 8 rounds; Ted Barter of Kingston and Bob Scully of Glasgow boxed a draw over 8 rounds; Pat Burke kayoed Ron Haskett in the 2nd; Billy Blythe kayoed Fred Manken in the 1st; Alf Couzins outpointed Tommy Luscombe, and Bill Partridge outpointed Tiny Woodhouse over 4 rounds.

Joe Zeman of the U. S. A. outpointed Pinkie Jenkins in a heavyweight contest at Swansea over 12 rounds.

Sydney Hulls could well be proud of his achievements at Harringay Arena for on top of his former successes, the Tommy Farr-Walter Neusel contest scheduled for 12 rounds, drew a record crowd of 13,800 fans, who paid $71,000, and saw an improved Tommy Farr gain a kayo over the blond tiger Walter Neusel of Germany in the 3rd.

Neusel carried the fight to the Welshman in the first round, but was met with a few straight lefts that put his head back.

The 2nd saw Farr take the fight to Neusel, and batter him with straight lefts and rights, and finished the round with a good lead.

The third had hardly started when Farr scored with a hard left hook that staggered the German and a right cross to his jaw put him back on his heels. When it was seen that his legs would not function, Farr went in with a do or die attempt, putting Neusel down with another right. He struggled into a sitting position at 3 and in reply to his manager's pleas to get up, he motioned with his hand that he was through. The referee, Jack Smith, counted him out amid great excitement, and Neusel rose on the out, walking to his corner a beaten man.

Johnny Cusick, Manchester's crack feather, gained a narrow points victory over Benny Caplan in an 8 rounder.

Dave Finn was again adjudged the loser in a return bout with Frankie Hill over 6 rounds.

George Markwick won his fourth successive K.O. win when he stopped George Sampson of Nottingham in the 3rd and received a great reception from the big crowd. Bill Wainwright kayoed Max Hodgetts in the 1st of a 4 rounder.

Jimmy Lester suffered a 2 round K.O. at the hands of Frank McCudden of Glasgow, who planted a right to Lester's chin. After taking more punishment the referee stopped the contest in McCudden's favor.

Jackie Hurst gained a clear points victory over Dick Titley after 10 rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Billy Brooks fought a game fight to win on points over 10 rounds against the hard hitting Liverpool lightweight, Jack Lydon, at the Mile End Arena.

Battling Hayes and Bob Bates put up a rousing battle over 10 rounds at West Hartlepool before Hayes received the decision.

Young Becket of Treorchy outpointed George Marsden of Notts after a splendid bout of 10 rounds at Sam Powell's promotion at Shrewsbury.

It took Peter Kane, the young Golbourne flyweight, just two minutes and one second (including the count) to K.O. Maurice Huguenin, former flyweight champion of France, in a bout scheduled for 12 rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

A left to the body followed by a right to the jaw spelled finis for the French boy, who took some time to recover and leave the ring.

In the chief supporter, Ernie Roderick of Liverpool avenged a points defeat by Cyril Pluto, Western Australian welter champion, by stopping Pluto in the 7th when the referee intervened.

Battling Hayes and George Powell put up a sparkling scrap at the Merry Fiddlers, Becontree, that the fans enjoyed, with Hayes winning the decision.

Billy Walker won by a narrow margin over Fred Morris in a sparkling 10 rounder at the Mile End Arena.

Jackie Hurst outpointed Johnny Peters and Tommy John drew with Dave Penfold over 12 rounds.

The return bout between Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, and Harry Mizler, former British lightweight champion, ended in a fiasco at Johannesburg, South Africa, when Sarron was ruled out from an alleged low blow after two minutes of fighting in the first round.

George Francombe showed his cleverness to cope with the southpaw Griff Lewis of Aberdare in the 12 rounder at Bargoed in which he won on points.

Tommy Dowlais outpointed Billy (Darkie) Williams after a hard punching 12 round contest at Pontypool.

Wandsworth Greyhound Track's first open air boxing show was a great success and the matchmaker, Jack King, served up an excellent program for the big crowd.

George Daly was outpointed by Frankie Hill of Barrow after a good bout of 10 rounds.

Stafford Barton of West Indies scored a 2 round K.O. over Dave McCleave, who was put down with a hard left hook to the jaw followed by a right.

Harry Gains stopped Roy Mills in the 7th when the latter looked the worse for wear in a scheduled 10 rounder.

The surprise of the evening was caused when Mickie O'Neill kayoed Pat Palmer in the 10th and last round of what can be described as two miniature Dempseys throwing punches. O'Neill lasted the better. Palmer succumbed to a right to the jaw, and failed to beat the count.

Dave Kellar was lucky to receive full honors when he met Johnny Griffiths of Wales over 8 rounds and the crowd did not take kindly to the referee's decision.

Frank McCudden of Glasgow, boxing in good form, stopped Charlie Bint of Croyden in the 10th round of a 12 rounder at the Stadium Club, Holborn, and Freddie Carr outpointed Peter Clayton over 12 rounds of hard fighting.

A farewell party was given in honor of Max and Buddy Baer at The Standard Brasserie, Piccadilly Circus, by the proprietors, Jack Harris and Alfred Freeman, formerly of Montreal, Canada.

A large gathering of sportsmen gathered, and Max's speechmaking was a "wow" and Buddy crooned a love song dedicated to his big brother, for the happy event that will shortly be celebrated in the Baer family.

Emanuel Abrew, Scottish born colored heavyweight, who has been denied the right to box for a British title owing to his color, gained an easy points victory over Alec Bell for the third time after 15 rounds at Edinburgh.

Paddy Ryan (Manchester) won on points over Frank Bonsor of Nottingham at the end of 12 good rounds at Rotherham.

Tut Whalley, the southpaw flyweight from Hanley, called the tune in his contest with Tommy Tune of Barnsley and won on points after 10 rounds at Smethwick.

Get THE RING Magazine monthly by sending Postal Order one shilling and fourpence to the writer, 3 Edward St., London E.1. and you will not be disappointed at not being able to get the world's best boxing and wrestling magazine.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

JUAN HERRERA, our idol and worthy light-heavy king, in a return bout defeated Domenic Ceccarelli, Italian light-heavy champ, confounding the opinion of many critics of the decision in his favor in the bout ten days previous.

Herrera beat Ceccarelli by a wide margin, outpointing the clever Italian in every way.

Arnaldo Cuevas, our sturdy, hard-hitting middleweight, defeated Kid Vassel in six rounds.

Pal Silver, considered one of the leading lightweight contenders, stepped down a peg when he lost to Lefty Madden. This bout was rather a listless affair with fans turning loose the "razz."

Breezy Boy dropped the decision to Baby Al Brown, although Breezy scored an early knockdown. He was unable to do enough to catch the eyes of the referee. Battling Downs won from Vin Grant.

Any good light-heavy and middleweight desirous of taking a trip abroad should visit Jamaica, as there would be a few scraps which could be arranged for them.

Syd Brown, after his sensational K.O. of Ambrosa in Panama, returned to Jamaica, and fans are looking forward to a bout between Cueras and Brown, which is a natural. It is hoped that this bout will be staged soon.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA fans saw Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis featherweight, and Joe Coego, local lightweight champion, go ten furious rounds to a draw at the Cristal Arena. Baby Louis, promising Cuban bantamweight, scored a knockout over Julio Recio, veteran local scrapper.

Goyo Rico, former Cuban heavyweight king, scored a three-round knockout over Kid Carvajal, one of the new Cuban boys, who looked promising up till now. A hard right to the jaw did the trick.

Conrado Conde, known here as "Conguito," won a ten-round decision over Johnny Defoe. Conde's rush and wallop appeared to be too much for Defoe, and Conde had things his way all during the fight.

Wrestling was a little slowed up on account of the rain. Tiger Long beat O'Sullivan, Barrena and Becera drew in a fifteen-minute scrap, and Segui Hayamaka won from Abe Stein.

Fillo Echeverria is signed up for a return bout with Jimmy Lancaster of New York. These boys recently fought a ten-round draw in a very hard battle.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WRESTLING stars strutting their stuff and winning popular acclaim from the fans every Tuesday night are as follows: Chief Little Wolf, "Terrible Tony" Felice, Ted (King Kong) Cox, Floyd Marshall, Juan Selassie Amnerus and Bob Kruse.

Honolulu—The fickle boxing fans of Hawaii again resorted to physical opposition when the crowd disapproved of the referee's decision in the semi-windup bout between Dommy Ganzon and Anson Rego. The fight was clearly won by Rego when he took the well-earned verdict. However, the Filipino fans, who constituted a majority of the 3,500 or more spectators, greeted the decision with hoots and hisses and general riot.

Because of this outburst, the main event attraction featuring Jackie Jurich and Star Frisco was not staged. Instead, the semi-final was the last event of the night. Many fans were disappointed, but those holding the stub were to be admitted the next time these two clash at a later date. This was announced through the newspapers a few days later.

There's a comebacker to the island, who, incidentally, is a fighter of note along the Pacific Coast and who goes by the moniker of Georgie Hansford. This is the same fellow who fought here two years ago.

Jack Singer of the Los Angeles *Times*, one of the best boxing scribes in that city, is now in this fair city with Mrs. Singer on their belated honeymoon.

Jackie Jurich, flyweight, is the only real money-maker among the six San Jose boys who are managed by Emory McLaughlin.

Tony Gora, a heavy, and Tiny Tommy, former flyweight titlist, are attempting a comeback.

Referee Andy Biddle, who refereed the Ganzon-Rego bout, was asked by the commission to take a vacation. In other words, the august body will lay him off until the dissenting fans cool off. It seems all the blame is being put on Referee Biddle, which is an unjust thing.

Honolulu—Jackie Jurich climbed a notch higher by trouncing Star Frisco, conqueror of Small Montana, then American champ, in a ten-rounder before a crowd of more than two thousand fans. This bout was originally scheduled on April 30, but was postponed till two weeks later. Jurich outboxed his opponent most of the rounds and proved to be in better condition than his highly rated opponent. Frisco knocked down Jurich in the fifth but the game Coast boy weathered the storm without flinching. Kid Alejandro and Young Calistro fought a draw.

Honolulu—Before a disappointing crowd of less than two thousand fans, Featherweight Champ Adolph Samuels and the challenger, Young Tony, staged one of the greatest slugfests ever seen in the island since their last meeting three months ago. This was the return match for the crown which Tony won in a great display of punching ability and superb condition.

In the semi-final, Flashy Sebastian took an early lead and the decision from Manuel Bochan in six rounds. Had Bochan been a quick thinker he would have finished Sebastian in the late rounds when he had his man reeling about the ring. Banzai Kawahara won a well-earned draw with Rusty Ramirez of San Jose. Kid Waianae T.K.O.'ed Young Benny Leonard in the second heat. Harry Higa T.K.O.'ed Kid Federico in one, due to cut eye. Young Goldie and Andy Alcala, a draw.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

PROMISING to fight instead of running away, the Chilean dancing ringster, Raul Carabantes, who rose to prominence here a few weeks ago when he won a surprise verdict over Baby de la Paz of Cuba in a ten-round scuffle at the Manco Capac Boxing Pit, put on a strong battle here in a return bout against the Cuban champion. Baby de la Paz was really anxious to win this particular fight, so as to clear up any doubts about his ability; but Carabantes fought one of the most clever fights of his career, landed solidly this time, and outpointed the Cuban welterweight champ quite handily. The ovation which Carabantes received after his victory will linger in that fighter's memory for many a long, long day.

The semi-final between the Frenchman, Alf Ross, and Fausto Vicuña was not up to mark. Both fighters were slow and monotonous, but Vicuña got the decision after banging away at the Frenchman for eight rounds. The preliminaries on the Carabantes-Baby de la Paz card were interesting. Manuel Villalón received an unexpected setback when he was knocked about by José Huaynalaya, who carried away the decision after six hot stanzas; and Juan Barrera, Peruvian welterweight, scored a well-earned victory over Marcial Lenz, Chilean slugger, who, though beaten, gave a good account of himself.

The return match between Baby de la Paz and Raul Carabantes being now over, fight fans in Lima are busy talking about Mr. Ruggero de Santis' card to be presented at the "Manco" on or about the middle of June, featuring Simon Guerra and one or other of the imported boxers now in Lima. Guerra is a real crack, is a fast puncher, aggressive, and is a marvel of resistance. His record shows a long list of K.O.'s. Whoever his opponent may be, knowing him as I do, I think I can safely say that his fights will serve fans dishfuls of action.

The All-America Sports Magazine
A new 128-page book
A Sports Fiction Magazine
written by
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SPORTS WRITERS
for
AMERICA'S SPORTS READERS
The book of the day! Surpasses any magazine on sports now on the market. In a class all by itself. Read it and you will agree with us.
Price 15 cents
The Magazine of Thrills in Sports Fiction
Another Nat Fleischer publication—
That Means Class

A Story with a PUNCH

The Most Stirring Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

Revised Edition

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana

with additional chapters, bringing the life story of the most popular fighter since John L. Sullivan's time, up-to-date.

Heaps of pictures—Enjoyable reading. Even if you have a copy of the original edition of this famous book which had a record sale of 16,000 copies, you'll want the latest, newly revised edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana,** for your library.

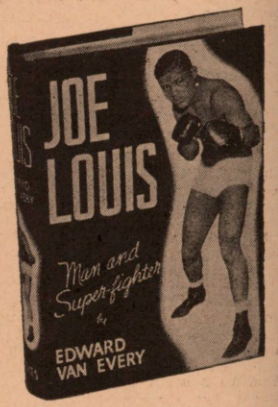
Send Money Order for $1.25 to **Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP,** 825-8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

Enclosed find Money Order (Foreign subscribers should make certain that a MONEY Order, not a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in America, is sent) for $1.25 for a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest, Revised Edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana.**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....



The authentic story of Joe Louis, the detail of all his fights, the policy of his managers,—an indispensable book for fight fans and fighters. A book every boxing fan should have.

Send $1.00 to THE RING BOOK SHOP, 825 8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y., and get a copy of this interesting book of 200 pages.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA
By BERT COHEN

A CROWD of eight thousand boxing fans, which packed the Wanderers Stadium, Johannesburg, on the night of June 19, witnessed a sorry fiasco when the bout between Petey Sarron, American world's featherweight champion, and Harry Mizler, British lightweight ace, lasted only two and a half minutes.

At the sound of the gong, Sarron tore out of his corner and chased Mizler furiously around the ring, raining punches at the Britisher from every conceivable angle. Close on the end of the round, Pete crashed his opponent to the boards with a right to the jaw and a volley of body punches. To the consternation of the Americans, Sarron's K.O. blow was ruled to be low and the fight was awarded to Mizler on a foul. This singularly unfortunate ending to so eagerly-awaited a fight rendered the promotion a complete flop. Weights: Sarron, 133½ pounds; Mizler, 136½ pounds.

Following the fight, Jimmy Erwin, Sarron's manager, immediately challenged Mizler to a return with a sidestake of £1,000, but Mizler's manager, Berliner, has to date refused acceptance.

Prior to his departure to England, Sarron engaged in a bout with Andy Martin, Boston featherweight. At no time in the fight was Sarron in any trouble, and a one-sided affair ended in the fifth round when Andy was put away for the full count.

Martin rehabilitated himself in convincing fashion a few weeks later, when he encountered "Babe" Smith, South African featherweight champion. After enjoying the upper hand for the greater part of the first seven rounds, Martin ended the fight in the eighth when he shot over a perfectly executed right cross which put the Babe away for the full count with plenty to spare.

This good victory boosted Martin's stock considerably but he suffered a second setback on the night of the Sarron-Mizler fray, when he was clearly outpointed by Charlie Catterall, young South African featherweight finalist at the Berlin Olympics, whose professional career is as yet untarnished by defeat. Against an opponent who was certainly the heavier puncher, Catterall put up a splendid display of calm, unflurried boxing ability. Though staggered in the seventh, when Andy landed a stinging right, Charlie was never at any other time in real danger, and boxing brilliantly throughout, was well ahead on points at the end.

Local boxing was enlivened of late by the visit of two Finnish boxers, Onni Saari and Bruno Ahlberg, both willing welterweight fighters.

In his South African debut, Ahlberg scored a clear-cut victory over the local middleweight, J. L. Smith, while on the same card Onni Saari held Teddy Braun, the young South African welter champ, to a draw.

In a return fight at Durban, the pair again split the decision, though Braun may be accounted unlucky not to have gained the verdict. Ahlberg won his fight at the coast convincingly, outpointing De Villiers over ten rounds.

A good crowd was attracted to the Johannesburg City Hall when the Union Sporting Club, promoters of the Finnish tour, matched the hard-hitting Ahlberg against Teddy Braun, and supplemented this attraction by an encounter between Saari and Len Delaport, a highly promising young local. A good evening's entertainment was provided, both fights being fought at a cracking pace over the full distance.

Braun, who put up the best fight of his career to date, was given a stern battle by the hard-hitting Finn, but was full value for the decision—a draw. Both men showed up well and a draw was the fairest verdict in the circumstances.

The professional debut of Robey Liebbrandt has been another important event in local boxing of late. In his first fight, Leibbrandt struck a snag in Tom Porter, a sturdy local heavyweight, and gained the decision only by the narrowest of margins after a hectic mill.

His next fight, against "Tiger" Pohl, Robey won without difficulty, the fight being stopped in the eighth round after Pohl had taken considerable punishment.

Leibbrandt's most notable victory to date is a first round K.O. over "Tiny" deSwart. The fight, staged at Potchefstroom, lasted in all only thirteen seconds. Sandy Cairns, South Africa's crack referee, claims that this is a world's record.

Leibbrandt's most recent victory was over Al Conquest, former Canadian champion, who now resides on the Rand. The fight ended tamely, when at the end of the fifth round Conquest was forced to retire with a broken hand, Robey having had slightly the better of matters up to that stage. Incidentally, Leibbrandt is managed at present by Phil Zwick, formerly of U. S. A.

OTHER FIGHTS OF THE MONTH:

It took James J. Britt, another heavyweight in Zwick's stable, only two rounds to end the aspirations of the coast heavyweight hope, J. Labuschagne, who was K.O.'ed in quick time.

Tiger Burns, 146 pounds, dropped his first decision when he lost on points to Peter Adelaine, 145½ pounds.

Rex Philippson was easily outpointed by Alec Hannan, rising young bantam, and was later T.K.O.'ed by Jimmy Webster in four rounds.

Among the welters, Len Delaport outpointed Jack Goosen, and Bob Bradley T.K.O.'ed Wilf Lubbe after four furious rounds.

JOTTINGS—South African boxing is being rejuvenated by a crop of promising young fighters . . . . Notably Charlie Catterall and Alec Hannan in the lighter divisions, both undefeated . . . . Also Teddy Braun and Len Delaport, two possible welterweight stars of the future . . . . There is much activity amongst the heavyweights where Jimmy Gentz, Robey Leibbrandt, James J. Britt and Tom Porter are all intent upon the title—vacant since Ben Foord left our shores . . . . Local fans are disappointed at Foord's fall from grace, but his conqueror, Tommy Farr, is warmly praised here for his fine victories over Foord, Baer and Neusel . . . . A clash between Sarron and Freddie Miller will be staged here shortly . . . . This column has been discontinued during the past three months owing to a motor accident in which your correspondent was involved, but will be in THE RING regularly hereafter . . . . St. John Dean, veteran matchmaker of the Transvaal Sporting Club, is planning a busy fall and winter . . . . He has engaged Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, as representative in America . . . . Nat will see that only the best of talent is shipped there.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Hazleton—In the featured bout of eight rounds at Feely Hall, Rex Fallabell decisioned Steve Kahley, both boys hailing from Hazleton. The winner was proclaimed welterweight champion of central Pennsylvania. In the six-round semi-final, Johnny Sayers of Shenandoah beat Chester Martin of Kulpmont. In the other bouts, Vic Ford of Kulpmont drew with Patsy Gall of Freelan, Jimmy Fedulla of Pottsville beat Brunno Perruzzi of Jessup in a hard-fought six-round bout. In the curtain raiser of four rounds, Leo Ponzi of Hazleton, former amateur champion of northeastern Pennsylvania, made his pro debut in kayoing Al Beck of Tamaqua. Jack Krasig of Harrisburg was third man in the ring for this show and handled it to perfection. Promoter Jack Reno finally got a good break, playing to a capacity house.

At Rocky Glen—In the second show at the new Rocky Glen Bowl, which played to a house of $331 net, with two strangers featured, Nick Pastore of Brooklyn lost a split eight-round verdict to Frankie Cinque of New York City. In the six-round semi, Jimmy Young of Dunmore beat Jackie Carter of Philadelphia. Rego Dell of Dunmore beat Charles Sabatella of Scranton. Al Lewis of Scranton kayoed Mickey Barron of Dickson City in one round, while Joe Tassie of Scranton drew with Len De Andrea of Dunmore in a return bout.

In another show at the Glen Bowl, Al Lewis of Scranton made his debut as a star bout performer pitted against Joie Stach of Philadelphia, whom he decisioned over the eight-round route. In the remaining bouts, Joe Orlosky of Carbondale kayoed Tony Prince of Philadelphia in the first round of a scheduled sixer. Al Nevers of Minooka drew in six rounds with Grover Hayes, another Philadelphia battler. Tom Callahan of Taylor, protege of Abe Addell's, continued his kayo streak by belting out Tony Simnovich of Dunmore in three rounds. In the opener of four rounds, Tommy Scavo of Old Forge beat Joe Tassie of Scranton.

Arthur Thomas, nationally known handler of amateurs, showed his team before a local audience for the first time. Bill Speary, flyweight champion of the United States, kayoed Andy Simko of Taylor in two rounds. Joe Kelly, national lightweight champion, beat Johnny Yacko of Swoyersville, in a hard struggle over the three-round route. Dick Powell, international featherweight champ, beat Al Ianouzo of Dupont. Mal Lewis, featherweight champ of Pennsylvania, kayoed Jimmy Romano of Minooka in two rounds. In the upset of the night, Fred Lewis, runner-up in the finals of the National A.A.U. tournament, was held to a draw in the welterweight bout by Jim Corbett of Minooka. All of Thomas' "champs" hail from Nanticoke and represented the United States against Italy at the Yankee Stadium.

JUST RAMBLING—Jackie Munley of Old Forge is the best looking prospect in this territory since the days of Pete Latzo . . . . In twenty pro battles, Munley was defeated once and held to a draw on one occasion . . . . In his first pro fight, he had the honor of engaging in a star bout which he won . . . . He is schooled and managed by Pete Farrell, former lightweight scrapper of Scranton . . . . With proper handling he should be the biggest drawing card hereabouts . . . . Only twenty years old, weighing 160 pounds, Munley is not far from being ready for the best middleweights in the world . . . . Jackie Gormley, former bantamweight, is now managing Stezar's Gym in Scranton . . . . Wildcat O'Connor, Coal Region welter champ, lost a ten-round verdict to Mickey Mahar at Holyoke, Mass. . . . . Chester Palutis, light-heavyweight from Scranton, is now making Detroit his headquarters.

When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner Linden and Wyoming Avenue.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 23)

Properly protected, no fighter should find it necessary to squirm on the canvas while the referee awards him the fight. A foul blow cannot incapacitate a boxer who wears the Taylor Cup or a similar contraption. In New York, before the foul rule went into effect, the public became fed up with the nightly claims of one or more boxers. Since its adoption, only once has a fighter refused to go on because of a foul claim.

The recent case of Petey Sarron, world featherweight champion, is an example. In South Africa, Sarron was disqualified because his opponent, Harry Mizler, declared he was hurt by a foul blow in the first round. Let's make it impossible for any fighter in any country to win a fight on a low punch. Penalize him, but by compelling proper protective methods, no boxer need be hurt sufficiently to compel disqualification.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY had better look to his restaurant laurels. Another champion is catering to the Park Avenue and Broadway gourmets now that Benny Leonard has thrown open the doors of his swanky eatery on Broadway and 72nd Street, New York. The retired and undefeated lightweight champion reveals that his hostelry is the last word in modern architecture. Something like $87,000 was spent to complete the artistic job.

The restaurant is ideally located. It has two floors 24x102, with a seventy-foot Half Moon bar. It will accommodate 250 guests comfortably. There is a cocktail lounge in the main dining room. The place lies right on your lap, so to speak. The mezzanine floor is also a work of art. Huge mirrors have been built along the walls.

Associated with Leonard in his new enterprise is the famous restauranteur, Max Engler. They have hired Pierre J. Muller, who used to work for Oscar in the old Waldorf, as chef-steward.

* * *

THE recent untimely death of Cecil Como, former Southern lightweight of note, was a shock to his many friends in the States. Como, who went to South Africa several years ago to make his fortune in the fight game, wound up by working as a skipman in a mine, and on May 31 of this year, he fell six hundred feet to his death when the skip tow hawser snapped. The cage in which he was stationed dropped five levels, and when his body was recovered at the bottom of the mine, he was unrecognizable.

Como was one of America's leading Southern lightweights about ten years ago. He had a good string of knockouts and was the first boxer to defeat the South African featherweight king, Willie Smith. He retired from boxing two years ago and had decided to return to America at the end of this year.

Here is another treat!

With a complete sell-out of

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

A newly revised edition has been printed and now is for sale

Following the requests of many of our wrestling students, we have added several chapters and photographs to our unexcelled wrestling book.

For the same price that you paid for the first edition of our book, you can now buy the

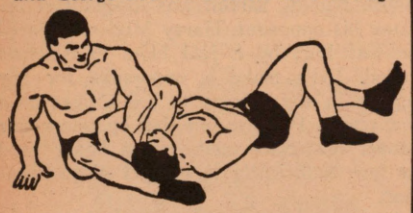
REVISED EDITION

with special chapters on

Frank Gotch's Famous Holds Explained

and Fully Illustrated,

and George Bothner's Hints on Training.



Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds, in addition to 80 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling" By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter, and

Nat Fleischer

***Editor and Publisher of* THE RING**

The addition of the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Invaluable Hints on Training for Wrestling, makes this book the most prized textbook on wrestling ever published.

Nothing like it ever brought out nor attempted before.

A book that tells you all there is to explain on training methods, your gymnasium workouts, how to build up your muscles for wrestling, what to eat and what not to eat when in training in addition to explaining in minute detail the following:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Deseribes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present-day and old-time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Even if you purchased the First Edition, you can't miss by investing an extra dollar for the New Revised Second Edition of

"MODERN WRESTLING" Its Methods and Its Holds,

You Get Everything that was in the old edition which is now out of print, and new material on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Training Hints.

You can't beat that for one dollar. Other concerns ask from $2.00 to $5.00 for books on wrestling that cannot compare to "Modern Wrestling." Get on the band wagon now.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in money order to

Nat Fleischer

THE RING BOOK SHOP

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Ave. and 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "The Revised Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," with the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds Explained and Bothner's Training Hints.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... **State** .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

YUSTIN SIRUTIS of New York won a ten round decision over Frankie Connolly of Boston. Connolly had the best of the first five rounds but Sirutis carried the fight during the balance of the journey.

Frankie Paul won a decision over the rugged Tony Gouvia of Brockton in the six round semi. Frankie Cambell of Boston and Stanley Morris of Brockton fought a very interesting fight, with the decision going to Cambell.

Charlie Gordon of Boston stopped Jack Delaney (a Negro sub) in the fourth round. Delaney subbed for Barney Villa. In the opener, Lou Blondie of Thompsonville won a decision over Jackie Callahan of Boston.

Nat Bor of Fall River upset the dope when he stopped Joe Gelinas of Athol in the main bout at the Valley Arena. It was Gelinas' first defeat here in some time.

Johnny Barry of Dalton won a decision over Nate Edels of Boston.

Joe Gelinas of Athol won an eight round decision over Frankie Paul of Worcester in a close fight.

Tommy Rawson won over Felix Garcia in eight rounds. Doug Murshie lost a close decision to Tommy Brouillard of Worcester in eight rounds.

North Adams, Mass., put on another card with Mike Kaplan of Boston winning over Tony Sacco of Worcester in the main bout of eight rounds. Alex DeAngelo of Worcester stopped Patsy Motto of Albany in the second round of a scheduled eight rounder. Fiore Murrocco of North Adams stopped Abie Baker of Boston in the sixth round of the other eight.

Johnny "Bingo" Barry of Dalton won a six round decision over Charlie Parr of New Bedford; Terry Rogers of Amherst won on a technical K.O. from Naylor Taliafaro of Pittsfield in the first round of a four.

Ruby Bradley continued his winning streak by beating Al Mancini of New Bedford.

Tommy Grady of Springfield is training for a comeback. Jimmy Stathis is also back in the gym and expects to meet the best in the bantam class. Tommy Burns of Springfield is a very good prospect in the 120 lb. division. Leo Salvas, who used to fight out of Chicopee Falls, is now fighting again after a two year layoff.

MAINE NOTES
By CHARLEY MILLER

THE biggest crowd that ever jammed into the Bath Arcade saw Kayo Castillo of Bath put the skids to Abe Nathan of Portland in four heats. Jackie Davis of Bath defeated Lee Anderson of Portland in the semi-final, while Lou Cooper of Bath chalked up his seventh straight victory by putting the K.O. onto Mark Harrington.

At Portland—Eddie Alzek of New York, substituting for Augie Gonzales, gave Dave Castilloux the surprise of his life at the Exposition Building. The bout went ten rounds. This writer gave the New York fighter four rounds, the Maine boy four, and two even.

Paul Junior of Lewiston, weighing 137, knocked out Mickey Page of Providence, weighing 138, in two rounds. Page was knocked down twice in the first round, and for keeps in the second with a left to the jaw.

At Lincoln—Jerry Duprey of Bangor and Jimmy McDougall of Augusta battled a six-round draw before five hundred boxing fans at the Lincoln Arena. This was one of the greatest middleweight fights seen in this section for a long time. Johnny Ward of Millinocket boxed a draw with Joe Mandell of Hampden. In another fast bout, Bill McKenny of Patten knocked out Frankie Merrill of Augusta in the third round.

A promising young fighter in these parts is dynamic little Bobby Campbell, hard-punching lightweight from Brewer. This little battler won several fights recently and has proved he can hold his own with any of the boys in this section. Another boy who looks good is the hard-hitting heavyweight, Ernie Brown.

There is room up in this state for a good lightweight . . . . If you are not under contract and want to keep busy, get in touch with the writer at the Windsor Hotel, Bangor, Maine . . . . Dave Castilloux, Paul Junior and other lightweights have been boxing to capacity houses here in Maine . . . . Chick Hayes of Portland is the most successful promoter in these parts . . . . Nick Maholas of Bath ranks second . . . . Phil O'Hara of Bath has the greatest collection of fight pictures this writer has ever seen . . . . They are at his hotel at Bath.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

OSCAR GARDNER, clever junior welter, became Cleveland's most popular boxer when he pounded out a clean cut eight round decision over Red Lyons in Euclid, Ohio.

Young Gardner won the fight twice. After being floored by Lyons in the sixth round he got up and floored Lyons. The timekeeper counted Red out and the referee counted eight. After a little excitement the referee raised Gardner's hand as the winner on a K.O. Lyons' handlers protested so Gardner continued the fight, winning the last two rounds, by flooring Lyons four times and also hitting the canvas himself twice. It was the most thrilling fight seen in these parts for years.

Mickey Gamiere, a boy who is ready for the top spot with the leading lightweights of the country, stopped Ray Sharkey with a left hook to the body and a short fast right hand to the chin in the fourth round of their scheduled ten round fight.

Lou Laurie scored a ten round duke over Ed Di Luzio in a bang-up fight that pleased the fans.

Hank Pershin defeated Al Sivillo and John Skelly kayoed Steve Smith in two rounds. The show was promoted by Chief Charley Fox, former wrestling star, and was matched by Jimmy Katz. This combination intends to run every month.

Joe Basco has been doing a nice business with his two boys, Lloyd Pine and Jackie Burke. They both go good around New Orleans. Burke was a consistent winner until he met the champion, Barney Ross, at New Orleans, Ross winning via the kayo route in five rounds.

Lee Slaughter of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, is promoting pro shows and is drawing nice crowds. His main attraction is Mickey O'Dell, who has had twenty-five bouts. He won fifteen by kayoes and lost four. Other boys going good there are Willard Rice, 135 lbs., Howard Stevens, 147 lbs., and Young Schmeling, 135 lbs.

Babe McCoy, who, incidentally, is a first cousin of your scribe, is keeping a stable of boys busy around Mexico City, which includes fighters like Jackie Wilson, Jackie Carter, Baby Casanova, Baby Matheson and others.

The Sheppard brothers made quite a hit in Chicago when Johnny knocked out Andy Scrivani and Lee stopped George Dixon. They want both boys back in the Windy City. George Pace, who is well liked up in Canada, is trying to get a shot at Baby Yak, newly crowned Canadian champion. It seems as though Yak wants no part of Pace.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Vaughn boxed a ten round draw with Joey Alcanter at L. A. . . . . Lou Jallos lost his first comeback fight after his accident to Tony Paul at Buffalo . . . . Paul Pirrone boxed his twentieth bout in Philly, defeating Anson Green nine out of ten rounds . . . . Tommy O'Neil and Herb Strunk have settled down to a domestic life and they both claim to be able to cook a real meal . . . . Bryan Downey is busy with his gym where the pro boys work daily . . . . Johnny Papke is also busy with the amateurs . . . . Whatever became of Jackie McFarland of Canton? . . . . On the day of the Louis-Braddock fight the following gathered on Cauliflower Alley to argue as to who would win the big fight: Matt Brock, Tubby Gardner, Lew Silverman, Skipper Sayneck, Billy Welch, Roy Reese, Freddie Rogers, Phil Soloman, Pop Widen and Johnny Papke.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 3913 Denison Ave., before the first of the month.

WANTED

I am appealing to my army of RING readers for stamps of all varieties from their country. I am proud of the vast reading clientele of THE RING and am making up a special album of stamps to show where RING readers are located. Can I count on you? Thanks for your kind cooperation—**NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING, 825 8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.**

Your Help Wanted

RING readers from British territory. Will you honor me with any Souvenirs of the Coronation from your country? I will appreciate anything you have to offer. I want these souvenirs for my RING Collection of trophies from the British Empire. Thanks and tell me what you want me to send you. **NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING, 825-8th Ave., Madison Square Garden, New York City.**

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

THE outdoor boxing season is in full sway around this section, with cards being held in many of the larger cities, and a number of small ports. Reports are that a banner season is in store for both promoters and boxers.

Des Moines, Ia.—Tony Cianciola, Milwaukee, Wis., welterweight, won a five round decision over Chuck Brodus of Des Moines in the feature bout of a dandy boxing card here.

Sioux City, Ia.—Jimmy Legron, Des Moines lightweight, and Al Pahl of Sioux City battled to a six round draw; Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, fought a draw with Henry Schaft of St. Paul, in six; Albert Manriquex, Sioux City feather, punched out a decision over Sammy Musco of Omaha in six; Speedy Clayton, Sioux City lightweight, won a four round decision over Don Davis of Waterloo, Ia.; Don Espenson, Minneapolis lightweight, scored a four round decision over Mickey Slater of Sioux City. In the opener, Earl Herron, Sioux City middleweight, scored a three round T.K.O. over Jimmy Carr, also of Sioux City.

Des Moines, Ia.—Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg middleweight, knocked out Pret Farrar of Des Moines in five heats; Tony Cianciola, Milwaukee welter, disposed of Johnny De Cruze of Des Moines in four rounds.

Sioux City, Ia.—Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, copped five out of eight rounds to win a decision over Sammy Musco of Omaha. Al Field, Hurley, S. D., welter, dropped a four round bout to Lloyd Rawson of Sioux City; Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, scored a kayo over Forest Burton of Battle Creek, Ia.; Newsboy Brown, showing improvement, scored a T.K.O. over Eddie Reynolds of LeMars, Ia., when the latter was forced out with a cut eye; Earl Herron, stopped Gus Sleminger of Lima, Ohio, in the first round. Ray Mann punched out a six-round decision over Jimmy Caffery, Omaha, in the semi windup.

Des Moines, Ia.—Henry Schaft, Minneapolis and St. Paul welterweight, punched out a 10 round decision over Dixie Taylor of Waterloo, in the feature event of a boxing card staged here. Schaft rocked Taylor several times with hard rights and lefts, but was unable to stop the rugged Negro.

Boxing promoters, managers, and fighters with news for this column are urged to mail same to the writer not later than the third of each month. Send same to us at either our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., or the Sioux City *Tribune*, c/o Sports Department.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS — Several well-known men from this section attended the Jim Braddock-Joe Louis bout in Chicago . . . . included in the list were Pinkie George, Des Moines boxing promoter; Roy Gillman, Fort Dodge, Ia., promoter, and Earl Puryear, Omaha, boxing promoter . . . . Sioux City was represented by Frank Buckwalter, Leslie Haley, Ryal Miller, Bert Olson, George Kane, and the writer, who represented the Sioux City *Tribune* . . . . John Eliades, popular Sioux City wrestling promoter, will promote a series of outdoor wrestling cards in the Uptown Arena . . . . Pinkie George, Iowa's leading boxing promoter, is one of the hardest working fellows this scribe has ever lamped . . . . Much of the success of the fistic sport in Iowa is due to the ability of Mr. George . . . . Liked by all, he is the main cog in the boxing sport in Iowa . . . . The Iowa Boxing Association held its third annual meeting in Des Moines, where champions for the state were selected in the various divisions . . . . Sioux City was represented by Ty Dillon . . . . Other cities which had representation were Waterloo, Ottumwa, Fort Dodge, Newton, and Cedar Rapids. Will see you next month.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

JOHN HENRY LEWIS, always at the top of his game when the chips are up, blasted both Bob Olin and what remained of his title aspirations out of the St. Louis Arena. Twelve thousand rainsoaked fans paid $24,000 to watch the current title-holder batter his predecessor into utter helplessness. The time: eight rounds.

Battling Bob fought the dogged, grim kind of battle that was expected of him, but actually he was little more than a stooge for a great performer. John Henry outboxed, outsmarted and outslugged him. It remained for the referee to "out" count him. This the official neglected to do; with the ex-champion crumpled on the floor, Referee Heisner immediately raised Lewis' hand without bothering to toll the fateful ten.

Lewis started off tactfully. For two rounds he remained at arm's length and made Olin miss with his Sunday shots. The champion opened the third with a vicious body assault. In the fourth he put Olin down with a terrific right cross under the heart. (Subsequent examination revealed that one of Bob's ribs was fractured by this blow.) Lewis continued his savage body attack throughout the fifth, sixth and seventh. A sudden and well executed shift to the head ended the fight in the eighth.

Though in no sense extended, Lewis looked the part of a great champion this night. His hitting was sharp and to the point and his boxing, as ever, was superb. Certainly John Henry is too strong meat for the countless hooligans in heavyweight guise. Every time he shows he convinces more legions that Gus Greenlee has one of the really great fighters of our time.

From the contest point of view, the semi-final stole the show. This constituted a rematch of the Honeyboy Jones-Joe Parks thriller. It was one of the most exciting fights ever to be staged here. Parks was down three times but appeared stronger at the finish. The verdict, a draw, was strictly a home grown decision, nevertheless. Jones got all the worst of everything but Parks. He beat Joe, but not the referee.

The fight was a vindication for Parks, who was knocked out by this streamlined speedster a month ago. And in the light of Honeyboy's later win over Vince Dundee, Joe deserves his share of credit for giving the rippling rhythmist the fight of his life.

Junior Munsell, the feathered fellow from the Osage, had entirely too many guns for Johnny Miles. This young Indian hits with shattering effect, and though John showed the courage of a Bayard, he was never in the picture. Pepper Martin's fishing partner just had too much power for him.

Allen Matthews is scheduled to headline the next Pete Fabro-Jack Callahan show with Carmen Barth as the opposition. Finding no middleweights interested in meeting the colored clouter, the promoters are having to push Allen out of his class as usual. This boy's best weight is 157 pounds.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT—Larry Amatee, trainer for J. Henry Lewis & Co., is one of the shrewdest we've ever beheld at the trade. Larry was associated with Jack Blackburn and Brother Joe for a year and eight months before going over to Gus Greenlee. Prior to that, he handled Gorilla Jones, whom he still calls the old master . . . . and did you know that Greenlee is the only colored manager to ever pilot a title-holder? . . . . and that he offered to let John Henry go in there with Max Schmeling for two sweepstake tickets? . . . . Could it be that Marshall was one of the stars that fell on Ali Baba?

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

CHARLES "CHUCK" NICKASON, Vancouver's sensational light-heavyweight, who has taken local boxing circles by storm with his clever, dynamic, two-fisted attacks in the ring, once again headlined two cards this month out here "where the West begins."

Tiny Cooper, who eight months ago went ten rounds with Sonny Buxton and has since chalked up nineteen straight victories, caught Nickason on the chin in the first with a short right hand. Nickason went down, got up at nine and bored right into Cooper. Chuck Nickason fought and won the second, third, fourth and fifth rounds by instinct, as he was still suffering from the effects of the punch. When he regained his senses at the end of the fifth round, the Canadian kayoed Tiny with a half dozen clean punches.

Carl Lowery, the highly touted Springfield, Illinois, heavyweight, making his first start in the Northwest, only lasted two minutes, thirty-two seconds in the ring with Chuck Nickason.

Eddie Norris, up-and-coming young Portland junior welterweight, fought eight action-packed rounds to a draw with Tim Kiest of Victoria, B. C. Norris was a little ahead at the half way mark, but Kiest's sensational recovery in the seventh and eighth rounds earned him the draw. These are good looking prospects and both Norris and Keist bear watching.

Eddie Ryan, claimant to the Canadian and Northwest featherweight championships, was awarded a very deserving win over Frankie Pliska of Oregon after eight rounds of furious milling. Ryan landed the more solid punches and is a greatly improved battler over his previous starts. The pair fought a hard fight and merited the appreciation of the large crowd in attendance.

Ernie Swartz moved into the six round class successfully by knocking out Martin Kivi of Portland in the third round. Swartz held the upper hand throughout the fight and dropped Kivi twice in the third canto before Tommy Moore stopped the fight.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Ernie Swartz decisioned Phil Trudeau . . . . Danny Murray kayoed Al Ross . . . . Tuffy Thomas kayoed Frankie Burkett . . . . Eddie Ryan was given a draw with Frankie Pliska in a six round affair after Ryan won five out of the six rounds.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Eddie Norris has won sixty-two out of sixty-four fights . . . . forty-eight via the kayo route . . . . Oregon wants to see Chuck Nickason, who kayoed their pride and joy, Tiny Cooper . . . . the pair will meet again some time during July . . . . Frank Reggie is after Danny Pahl on a winner-take-all basis . . . . just as this issue of THE RING is coming out on the stands, Chuck Nickason, Eddie Ryan and Ted Moore will be on their way to San Francisco for a series of fights . . . . this writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Denver, Colo.—The Alabama Kid, flashy Columbus, Ohio, middleweight, made short work of Colorado's middleweight king, Joe Jaramillo, scoring a technical knockout in the opening round of their scheduled ten round go.

Flashing out with blinding speed, the Ohio colored warrior dropped Jaramillo twice, and then knocked him through the ropes with a barrage of lightning blows. At this juncture, Referee Joe Russell halted the one-sided fracas.

In the semi-windup, John Petry, fast coming heavyweight from Florence, knocked out Ted Raymer of Loveland with exactly two punches in the opening round.

This kid Petry, a 185-pound ex-miner, will bear watching.

At Denver, Colo.—This Alabama Kid continues to be a riot. A week or so after dropping Jaramillo down the chimney, he gets in there and wallops the daylights out of old George Nichols, the lad who, at one time, held somebody's light-heavyweight crown.

Nichols was dropped for the full count early in the fourth after he had visited the canvas three times in the previous session.

At Fort Sumner, N. M.—Joe Perry, New Mexico state lightweight champion, banged out a ten round decision over Pete Regal of Borger, Texas. Perry was down in the third, but came on to win the unanimous decision.

Dick Vick, Fort Sumner, stopped Battling Griego of Las Vegas in the third heat of the semi-windup. The pair are welters.

At Silver City, N. M.—Jimmy Sherrod, highly touted Fort Bliss soldier, ran up against a stone wall in the person of Joe Perry. Sherrod, who has made several sensational fights in and around El Paso, was knocked out in the second round of a scheduled eight rounder.

Les Showers, genial maestro of the amateurs, has just completed another whiz-bang of a meet at McCook, Neb. Les, along with his capable assistant, Dick Russell, certainly gets these Simon-pure meets over in big league style.

Eddie Mack, one-time lightweight idol of the Rockies, has taken over a job with the New Mexico Department of Justice. Eddie's new role is special investigator. His headquarters are in Santa Fe.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE fourth world champion to hail from Michigan was crowned at Comiskey Park in Chicago when dusky Joe Louis battered his way to an eighth round kayo over Jersey Jim Braddock.

Joe is the first heavyweight champion to hail from this state, but in other classes world titles were won by Stanley Ketchel, Kid Lavigne and Ad Wolgast.

Dynamite Jimmy Adamick ran true to form when he stopped game Johnny Erjavec in the third round of an Arena Gardens show. Two knockdowns preceded the kayo.

Karl Kriss, formerly known as St. Louis Kid, is boxing in the East. Kriss, who boxed practically all the mid western lightweights, is doing well around Maine. Manager Johnny McIntyre also has his star 133-pounder, Bobby McIntire, going good in bouts at Bangor and Portland in the Pine Tree State. Kayo Morgan, leading bantam contender, easily defeated Irish Georgie Holmes, New York, in a ten rounder at Arena Gardens.

Andre Lenglet, French top-notcher, won on a seventh round technical kayo over Bill Allen of Detroit.

Carl Vencequerra stopped Spike Franks and Willis Johnson beat Jay Turner.

Nat Fleischer's Universal BOXING COURSE

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing

« Nine Lessons »
that's all ! ! !
Two Weeks for Each Lesson

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

For $6.00

you get two sets of booklets, either every two weeks until the nine have been sent, or all at one time, according to your choice, and you also get two pairs of boxing trunks and two shirts, one for yourself and one for the pal who is going to train with you.

If you don't want two sets of books (ONLY ONE), then the price for the complete set of nine books and the two trunks and two shirts is only $5.00.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the nine booklets the same as you are to get.

Study Together *and* Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

If you don't want the trunks and shirts, then send only $3.98 and get one set of booklets without the trunks and shirts.

The Universal Boxing Course contains also special exercises, such as boxers use to keep in trim and to prepare for the strenuous sport.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books and 2 trunks and 2 shirts; or $6.00 for two sets of books) and 2 sets of trunks and shirts; or $3.98 for one set of books, no trunks or shirts.

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... **State** .....

Size of Trunks ..... **Pal's Size of Trunks** .....

Size of Shirt ..... **Pal's Size of Shirt** .....

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

FIVE thousand Baltimoreans turned out to see Red Burman stacked up against Eddie Blunt, 220-pound Negro fighter from North Carolina. Blunt had the better of the early rounds but Burman stuck to his guns and was the master of the situation after round four. Red surprised his most ardent followers when he took Blunt's terrific right-hand smashes in the first two rounds. Blunt was doing real pitching before Burman's body punching had taken effect.

John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight champ, had his hands full in Washington against Willie Reddish of Philadelphia. Only a last minute spurt on the part of Lewis saved the duke for him and at that, the majority of the fans thought Reddish entitled to a better fate. Willie did weaken in the stretch and it was at this stage that Lewis made his flash that grabbed the duke. More than eight thousand fans turned out for the show with the gate going $8,930.43. In the eight round semi-final, Christobal Jaramallo, Puerto Rican featherweight, handed Ray Ingram a lacing. The Washington lad, who had previously licked the Puerto Rican, was no match for Christobal this time, and only through his bulldog courage, did he stick the eight rounds out. Ossie Stewart, Pittsburgh middleweight, polished off Tiger Smith of Baltimore in three heats. George Abrams flattened Toney Livingstone in the third round and Johnny McDermott bested Bill Marriner in the opening six rounder.

Joey Archibald of Providence, R. I., handed Nicky Jerome of New York a terrific beating at the Griff Stadium in Washington, beating the New Yorker helpless in nine rounds. Jerome gave Archibald a tussle for a few rounds, but from then on gamely took a sound pounding until the fight was terminated when Jerome failed to answer the bell for round ten, the final round. In defeat, Jerome made a hit with the Washington fans and gave Archibald his best fight thus far in Washington, where he has flattened the four opponents that have faced him. In the ten round semi-final, Buddy Scott won handily over Red Lewis of Richmond, Va.

Tommy Spiegal of Pittsburgh turned the tables on Baby Miller at Richmond, Va., when he flattened the Baby in one heat, before the largest crowd ever to witness a fight in Virginia. Miller complained of being sick prior to the bout but the Commission thought otherwise and ordered him to go through with the bout. The Commission also ruled that Miller took a dive in this one and has suspended him for life. Ben Brown of Atlanta handed Carmen Barth a licking in the ten round semi-final. In another ten rounder, Midget Wolgast and Dick Welsh fought on even terms.

PICK-UPS—Joey Archibald, the Providence featherweight, is just about the hottest thing in this locality these days. Joey came to Washington in a six rounder four months ago and in his two main events thus far he has flattened both Ray Ingram and Nicky Jerome in convincing manner. Joey is now booked to met Lew Gevinson in Washington and it is a cinch the match will do ten grand or better. Sam Sobol, the veteran fight manager from Atlanta, has a very promising middleweight in Ben Brown. In Brown's two years of professional boxing he has licked all the southern middleweights except Ken Overlin, who trimmed Ben in a hectic struggle. Sobol and Brown are now camping in Richmond in hopes of getting a return bout with Overlin. Washington has a young promising middleweight in George Abrams. Abrams has licked all the opposition Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn has offered him. Freddie Steele, the middleweight champion, is training in Washington for his coming bout with Hobo Williams, which is expected to draw in the vicinity of 20 grand. Max Waxman is bending every effort to get Sixto Escobar, the bantamweight title-holder, to stake his title in a match with Harry Jeffra, the Baltimore boy who has already licked Sixto in two non-title affairs.

Promoter Joe Turner and his matchmaker, Goldie Ahearn, are having a wonderful outdoor season thus far and with Bob Tow meeting Jorge Brescia and Joey Archibald-Lew Gevinson matches lined up it looks like a banner season for them. Bill McCormack, Washington boxing writer, is doing the matchmaking for the charity show featuring Freddie Steele and Hobo Williams. McCormack should be a capable matchmaker, since he is personally acquainted with everyone of any importance connected with the fight game. Nick Camarata, Virginia featherweight, has joined his manager, Chris Dundee, on the Pacific Coast where he is working with Ken Overlin and Phil Furr. Ben Finkel, southern fight manager, is making Washington his headquarters and can be reached through Goldie Ahearn's Shirt Shop, Washington, D. C. Finkel trains Joe Archibald and the Scott brothers, Cowboy and Buddy, for their bouts in Washington. Sylvan Bass, the former middleweight boxer, of Baltimore, is doing a good job of matchmaking in the Monumental City.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DON KOONS, one of the best pieces of heavyweight machinery developed in the Buckeye State since Johnny Risko, looks to have the advantage over all of the present prospects. Don cocked Wild George Reed of Dayton out of the photo in three sessions at Hamilton's spacious Fairgrounds Arena.

Following this was his battle with Bartell at the Parkway Arena under the Katz banner.

This battle perhaps was the prize upset of the season. Bartell, figured to be on the short end of the entire roundage, came back to score a pair of knockdowns and drive in to a decision in six rounds. Koons started fast and looked as though he was going to outscore Nate, but the latter could not be denied and came back stronger than ever.

Bartell weighed 204 pounds, compared to Koons' 182 pounds.

All in all it was a good fight and showed that heavyweight interest is not lacking here in Herman Katz's cauliflower domain.

With Mueller, Boone, Whiteford and Knox, as well as several other lesser heavyweights coming in fast, Promoter Katz should have an abundance of heavy battlers to supply plenty of outdoor action and perhaps wind up with a possible serious "white hope."

Jess McMurtry and Davey Kaufman, a Los Angeles middleweight, drew in one of the prelims while Franky Gilmore sounded his threat at Johnny Steven's local lightweight title by scoring a surprise technical knockout at the expense of the highly-touted Jimmy Schlank.

Less Huffman with his Alabama Kid from Columbus is back in this territory after a successful jaunt to the western states. Alabama Kid knocked out George Nichols but John Henry Lewis wanted none of the 'Bam Kid's ability.

The latter part of the Mueller-Bartell card was forced out due to a heavy rainstorm which swept the city immediately after the main event was staged. Mickey Brown won on a technical knockout in the second round over Patsy Huber when the latter suffered an old cut over his eye. Gene Clark, Houston, Texas, battler, looked impressive in one round against Jess McMurtry before rain put them both out of the ring.

James J. Boone, the Kentucky light-heavy, held Jerry Whiteford to a draw on one of the American Legion programs at Milford. Boone looked good against the Cincinnati 175 pounder, who previously at the same arena knocked out Kid Harris of Chicago. Boone weighs but 170 pounds but is only 19 years of age and has a promising future ahead of him.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Herman Katz tells me that Braddock was colder than cold when Louis hit him in the eighth at Chicago . . . . Wendall Bubp boxed Johnny Barbera a great fight in Chicago, the semi-final to the Frankie Misko-Eddie Pierce tussle . . . . although losing the verdict, Bubp proved he has the goods to step with the best . . . . Bubp beat Simon Nebloski on a recent Michigan City menu . . . . Joe Sekyra, Dayton heavyweight, making a neat comeback, stopped Scotty Fuller in five stanzas on one of Hindeman's recent programs at Richmond . . . . Johnny Kid Buck, Cincinnati welter, recently joined the ranks of benedicts . . . . Bill Schieve, Vine Street sportsman, was interested in a Price Hill picnic which staged a 10 round boxing bout between Kid Harris and Young Marvel . . . . Joe Ashton's column in the *Post* is always interesting to boxing fans . . . . Joe knows his fighters . . . . his comment on the Chicago heavyweight, prior to the contest, with the views of local managers and promoters and leading fans drew favorable comment from all angles . . . . Red Thornburgh is doing a cute job of announcing the sporting events for WCPO . . . . co-announcing with veteran Harry Hartman . . . . the writer would like to hear from fighters of all weights, chiefly the heavyweights . . . . contact me at 2257 Rice Street, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Jack Lofthouse and his Peoria, Ill., crew of scrappers are anxious to show here . . . . Jack has some good material, headed by Henry Huerta, the fighting Mexican lightie, Joe Milnor, the fighting German light-heavy, and Don Custer, a good welter, who is gunning for Wendall Bubp . . . .

The Gilmore boys of the East End are rapidly gaining a foothold in the spotlight. Frankie turned in a neat draw with Garfield Rice of Terre Haute, Ind., on one of Bill Sefton's recent fine Mt. Washington shows to earn himself recognition as No. 1 challenger for Johnny Stevens' idle Greater Cincinnati lightweight title.

Herb Gilmore beat Pete Huber in six rounds to turn in No. 7 consecutive win at Lockland. Herb is fast earning the monicker of "iron man."

Good fighters of all weights wishing to work in this section should contact Joey Wolfe at the James Hotel, Sixth and Walnut Streets, Cincinnati, O., at once.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BERT COURAGE, fighting son of a Utica Methodist minister, may be the big box-office attraction of pro fisticuffs in this section this coming winter. Bad Bert, as he is called, because of his rip-tearing, hammer-fisted style of milling, will wind up his amateur career this fall, and will join the paid to punch pugs sometime in November.

Courage is only 21 years old, weighs 180 pounds, and last June graduated with high honors from Hobart College with the degree of D.D. (Doctor of Divinity). He had planned to become a missionary and travel to Liberia for social welfare work, but the call of the ring proved too strong for Bert, and he has decided to try his luck as a paid assassin before hanging up the upholstered mitts for good.

As an amateur, Courage has been the biggest box-office attraction in Central, Western and Southern New York. He has a world of color and a good press agent. Few of his bouts go the limit. In fact, Bert has compiled the greatest record of knockout victories credited to a fighter since the palmy days of Paul Berlenbach. Courage has flattened 40 odd foes, some of them being splendid prospects, good boxers and hitters. Bert uses a powerful left-hook to annex his slumber punch wins, and few of his opponents have been able to withstand the destructful battering of Courage's paralyzing portside blast.

Joey Brown, crack local featherweight club fighter handled by Curley Van, has been laid up for a month with a broken knuckle in his right hand, the aftermath of his battle with Jackie Wilson at Lancaster, Pa. The injury forced Joey to decline a shot at the Broadway Arena in Gotham with Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin. Brown is again in training and reports himself fit and ready for action again.

A scheduled ten-round battle between Babe Risko and Thys Menger, slated for the Utica Stadium had to be cancelled when rain forced a postponement and Gabe Genovese and his fighter had to leave for Seattle for the bout with Aal Hostak. Risko was in fine fettle and intended to use the Menger bout as a tune-up for the go with Hostak which Promoter Nate Druxman figured would pull a $30,000 gate. The winner of this one will probably meet Freddie Steele in a title match at Seattle this fall.

LEFT HOOKS—Our good friend, Lawrence Skiddy, sports editor of the Syracuse *Herald*, has recovered from a serious attack of sugar diabetes that nearly cost good old Skid his life .... Just a few weeks prior to Skid's illness, Francis R. Woolever, his assistant, was laid low with an illness that put him under care of the men in white .... Two swell guys .... Bob Kenefick, Jr., son of the *Journal-American* sports prexy, has a daily 15 minute sports broadcast over WFBL that is a honey .... Young Bob gives boxing a great play .... Babe Risko, Gabe Genovese and Chauffeur Paulie Knapp drove all the way to Seattle in Gabe's big luxurious LaSalle, stopping off en route at various cities for workouts .... The sartorial correct Gabe informs us by mail the gyms were crowded whenever word got out Babe was due to train .... Billy Conn's win over Teddy Yarosz at Pittsburgh was far from a popular one, according to press dispatches from the Smoky City .... Yarosz is still one of the best middleweights in the division.

Joe Moran, Jimmy Bronson's ex-collegiate middle, is now a teacher of physical education at Auburn, N. Y., and doing very well .... International League baseball, with the Syracuse Chiefs going great guns, is the big sports attraction in Syracuse this summer .... Capacity crowds have attended each game .... Boxing would prove a serious counter attraction if the right matches could be made here .... A new bankroll man is reported ready to back the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., with fresh money this fall .... The July issue of THE RING caught on here in a big way .... Expert opinion, and many well written advance stories on the Braddock-Louis title go enabled the betting fraternity to pick Louis to win .... Although wagering on the outcome at Chi was not heavy, the boys hereabouts took the strings off their bankrolls .... We liked the Brown Bomber by a kayo and said so .... Personal nominations for the best fistic writers: Nat Fleischer, Eddie Borden and Hype Igoe .... Your correspondent will be delighted to answer queries, but must insist you enclose a stamp .... At the present time, Buffalo is the best fight town upstate, but Syracuse will be the hot spot of boxing this fall .... Ralph De John, Joe Netro's ace middleweight, may tackle Freddie Steele in a six-round non-title bout in Buffalo this month, according to genial Joe .... Johnny Nelson, local Negro heavy, ran into a tartar when he faced Sonny Boy Walker at San Francisco and was handed a lethal dose in the third .... Bob Capocey, Chi manager, tried to annex a Leo Rodak bout in the Windy City for Joey Brown, but was unsuccessful .... Jackie Brady's gym is getting a big play from flabby business men intent on removing excess blubber these hot summer afternoons.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

IRISH EDDIE DOLAN surprised a lot of fans by licking Jimmy Clark, Negro middleweight, in their six-round bout, which was the last offering of the indoor season. Clark made a big mistake in accepting a match with a southpaw like Dolan. Irish Eddie is a shifty fellow, a good puncher, and has a peculiar style. He was much lighter in weight than Clark, but Jimmy couldn't fathom the left-hander's method of shooting in hooks and lost the verdict.

Clark has had a good season but his managers have shown him too many times in the same city. Clark made money in boxing often at the Auditorium, but in the long run it will not be profitable.

Ralph De John is a light-heavyweight, not a middleweight, and he should box light-heavies at catchweights. If he does this, he will go along better. Ralph is due for some important ring work. They say he will box Eddie (Babe) Risko at Syracuse and may also tangle with a topnotcher in Buffalo.

Willie (Knockout) Brennan, the old war-horse of the ring, is doing mighty well as a referee. Willie still holds his big East Side following, is a colorful character and a splendid addition to the official family of the State Athletic Commission.

A new fight club will be in the field here next season and it will be welcomed by the fans, who are sick and tired of the same old faces in the ring each week. Buffalo has been served with prelim boys for star bouts. Competition is surely the life of trade. When the Crescent Club was bucking the Queensberry some of the world's greatest ringmen showed their wares in this city.

Note to R. J. Maginnis, Vallejo, Calif.: Frank Erne, former lightweight champion of the world, is a Buffalo boy, born and bred, and fought many of his important matches here, including the winning of the championship from Kid Lavigne, which was fought at Cheektowaga, near the Buffalo city line. Erne is now living in New York City, but I do not know his present address. He occasionally comes to Buffalo to visit his aged mother, who still resides in the old home here. I imagine Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, may be able to secure Erne's New York address for you.

The end of Jim Braddock's rule as heavyweight champion recalls his fights with two outstanding Buffalo light-heavyweights, Jimmy Slattery and Lou Scozza.

Braddock stopped Slattery in the midst of his meteoric career by knocking out the Buffalo Irishman. Later on, Braddock fought Lou Scozza of this city in San Francisco. Scozza won on a technical knockout when a deep cut in Braddock's eye prevented the bout from continuing. Scozza was out in front when hostilities were halted by the referee.

Slattery and Scozza, who fought fifteen rounds here in Buffalo for the world's light-heavyweight title, drew a record gate. Almost 70,000 was poured into the box-office to see this fight. Slattery got the decision but didn't deserve it. Scozza had him down for two nine-counts in the thirteenth round and should have scored a kayo.

Scozza was an unlucky fighter. He was one of the best 175-pounders in the world, but earned nothing in comparison to the mighty bankroll that passed through Slattery's hands. "Slats" must have made around $500,000 in his ten years' fighting in the ring.

Young middleweights and heavyweights who have no managerial tie-ups or contracts will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo., N. Y. A fortune awaits a young white heavyweight here—if he can fight.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Elmer Doane, splendid little featherweight of fifteen years ago, died at his home here on June 23 after a short illness .... Elmer was a prime favorite in the days of Dick Loadman, whom he fought several times .... Loadman, by the way, is now living in Homestead, Pa., and doing well with a billiard business .... Jack Herman is building up the wrestling business again .... Old Jack is a fox when it comes to making mat stars .... Ed (Don) George beat Cy Williams in Herman's last show and drew 3,400 paid admissions, which is excellent for indoor shows in summer .... The Irish Eddie Dolan-Jimmy Clark set-to was a bust financially .... Promoter Charlie Murray lost about five hundred .... The Joe Louis-Jim Braddock fight pictures were shown here and did a slim business .... George Bird, former amateur of St. Catherines, Ont., has turned pro and will fight under Billy Mitchie's management .... He has taken the name of George Burke for professional reasons .... Bird's father, Harry Bird, formerly promoted professional shows in St. Catherines.

Playfair Brown is doing very well with his welterweight fistic carnivals at Toronto .... Mr. Brown has had a very successful season and the open air promises to be as good as the indoor season .... Jack Corcoran, ace wrestling promoter of Toronto, is also in the boxing game again and has staged splendid shows in Hamilton and Toronto .... Corcoran is trying to build up some new fistic talent in all weight divisions .... Tommy Moore has tried a few pro shows in Jamestown, but only with fair success .... Moore believes the town would boom again if he could unearth some local lads with ability .... Tommy used to pack them in at Jimtown, and will do so again .... Bobby Clary, old bantam star, is returning to the game as a manager .... He has Billy Ryan, a promising young 128-pounder, just out of the Simon-pures .... Jack Kearns came on from Detroit to see Jimmy Adamick in action .... The old doctor is doing right well with his fight offerings at the Olympia in the Automobile City .... Adamick appears to have a lot of stuff .... Jimmy Brady should make some money with this lad.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

WITH no club running at the moment, Rochester fight fans will have to turn to other sports for their share of thrills. The writer is certain that fair gates can be drawn provided good bouts are arranged for a couple of outdoor shows this summer.

Quick sale of THE RING and other monthly or weekly boxing papers and the interest shown in the recent Braddock-Louis championship bout, all confirm my statement.

The Kodak people are expecting to run a show on the 9th. Bouts at Watertown, N. Y., are drawing good houses due to the arrangement of cards by Joe Brennan. At the last show there, Hughie Smith of Rochester beat Ralph DeCastro of Rome; Babe Gagnon, Montreal, defeated Mello Nucello; Ross Armstrong lost to Jimmy Moore of Montreal. Cape Vincent, planning to run amateur shows, will present a Canadian vs. U. S. card. Bud Creesy has a likely looking boy in Jackie McFarland of Canton, Ohio. Tiger Smith, rugged Rochester middleweight, is bowling them over in his recent bouts around New York. The return Frankie Genovese and Gordon Wallace bout in Toronto is a sure sellout.

Eddie Hacley, Toledo, O.—Have received your letter and am doing everything in my power. Will let you know soon.

Johnny Aicher, Pittsburgh—Glad to hear you are winning steadily. Jackie Polvino tells me he may visit you.

Joe Calucci—Paulie Levantino is back from camp, but has not seen action as yet.

Mildred Mix, Texas—New York State does not allow women seconds.

Harry Fine, Oakland, Calif.—Jack Savage is not fighting any more. Bad eyes.

Fighters, managers or promoters will do well to write in for information concerning fighters or fight results in this vicinity. Address the writer, 136 Ontario St., Rochester, N. Y.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

FIGHT interest in the Smoky City last month centered around the presentation of the 12 round middleweight contest at Forbes Field between Teddy Yarosz, ex-champion, rated No. 1 contender for Freddie Steele's title in last issue of THE RING, and Billy Conn, up-and-coming youngster from East Liberty.

Conn received the decision at the conclusion of a closely contested battle. The 14,000 fans, who paid $26,000 to witness the bout, first cheered Conn's triumph then became unruly, as the many admirers of Yarosz thought Teddy was entitled to the victory.

However, Conn proved to be the finer puncher and was in better condition at the close of the brawl. No knockdowns were recorded. Each fighter scaled 161 pounds.

The three Duca brothers from New Jersey featured the prelim events. All lost. Al Quaill, making a comeback, turned in a win over Johnny Duca, middleweight. Joey Duca, also a middleweight, was stopped in the 5th round by Walter Woods of New York. Mickey Duca, lightweight, bowed to Billy Miller of Lawrenceville in the eight round opener.

Honeyboy Jones, Smoky City Negro middleweight, who has fought Billy Conn on three occasions, gained the verdict over Vince Dundee, former champion, in 10 rounds at Hickey Park, Millvale. Listless as the bout was, nevertheless Honeyboy's victory was more convincing than Conn's triumph over Dundee in a previous encounter.

DECORATE YOUR BARS
with Photos of Boxers and Wrestlers—Get them from
THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MEET THE CELEBRITIES

at

JACK DEMPSEY'S CORNER

"The Sports Headquarters of the World"

WHERE JACK GREETS YOU IN PERSON

●

Popular Prices

Complete Luncheons from 65c

DINNER Entrees from 85c

●

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF JAN BRUNESCO AND HIS ORCHESTRA Nightly After 10:30 P.M.

●

Ladies' & Gentlemen's Bar and Cocktail Room

●

50th St. cor. 8th Ave.

OPPOSITE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

DON PETRIN has fought his last fight. The brilliant Newark boxer was in the game for ten years and fought top-notch contenders in all parts of the country with honor. He made a good record and always tried his best, which is the best thing anyone can say about a retired athlete. Don is now in business with his manager-brother, Emmett, at the Petrin Rendezvous, 17 Hedden Place, in Newark.

Paulie Walker of Trenton made the greatest strides of any New Jersey boxer during the month when he flattened Eddie Carroll and decisioned Teddy Loder in Madison Square Garden in a ten round bout.

Tippy Larkin, Garfield lightweight, managed by Angelo Pucci, at this writing has won 38 out of 40 fights, including 25 knockouts. He scored two good victories when he stopped Jimmy Armstrong, also known as Cogman, and decisioned Freddy (Red) Cochrane of Elizabeth for the third time, both fights being held at the Ocean View A. A. boardwalk arena in Long Branch.

Willie Skidmore fought Chang Collura three times within five weeks, losing the first, drawing the second and winning the third, all at Elizabeth. Danny McNicol of Merchantville accepted Skidmore as an opponent for a six at Long Branch but then his temperamental manager demanded to be paid twice as much as Skidmore was receiving. As a result the bout was called off and McNichol will not get any more bouts in North Jersey. Such "holdups" by fight managers hurt the boxing game considerably.

Mickey Duca lost an eight round decision to Billy Walker in Pittsburgh on the Conn-Yarosz card, and Joey Duca retired in the rest period between the fifth and sixth rounds to Walter Woods of New York. Brother John also lost his fight.

There is a need in New Jersey for willing and capable heavyweights and light-heavyweights. Boxers desiring to make good connections here should get in touch with the writer at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. We are broadcasting a weekly sports program featuring boxing news over station WHBI, Newark, 1250 kilocycles, every Sunday at 9:15 p.m.

Lou Lombardi outpointed Phil Baker of South Norwalk in a torrid bout at Braddock Arena in Jersey City where the Johnson brothers, Bill and Charley, and Jackie Farrell are the promoters . . . . In the semi-final, Snag Trowbridge of Miami, outpointed Jackie Stewart of Paterson in an eight . . . . Mickey Juliano lost a six to Quinteen Breese, Manhattan, Kansas, lightweight, in New York . . . . Al Grosso of Newark is developing rapidly as a middleweight prospect . . . . Ralph Griffin, handled by Red Lambert, looked impressive in outpointing Joe Sciarra of Union City in his first six round bout at Elizabeth.

Joe Wagner, former Cleveland heavyweight, now fighting in Newark, has been bowling over his opponents but his opposition could be much improved . . . . Nunzio Bisogno kayoed Andy Blasco of New York in the third at Long Branch . . . . Allie Wolfe of Newark is in the midst of a successful comeback . . . . The rotund Babe Culnan of Newark would like to match Barney Ross and Pedro Montanez for the welterweight championship of the world at Ruppert Stadium, home of the Newark Bears, if the fight doesn't go to New York.

Jack Torrance, 245 pound world's shot put champion from Baton Rouge, La., showed his fistic ability in Elizabeth twice. He stopped Lou Fink of Paterson in three and Al Penkunis of Elizabeth in one. In the latter fight the time was 2 minutes, 41 seconds, but the round actually lasted 11 minutes, 5 seconds because fouls committed by both boxers necessitated several rest periods. Torrance is a game youngster but he will never go places in the game. He is too slow and can't defend himself. It seems a pity to the writer that an athlete who gained such fame for his country as did Torrance should not have been awarded a position in business by some enterprising firm.

Paul Kiernan of Freehold is one of the reasons why boxing is booming in Monmouth County. Paul is under sheriff and has an interest in Mike Piskin . . . . Jerry Rothberg, Newark sportsman, is looking for a "white hope" . . . . Bill Colton is one of the state's best trainers . . . . Promoter Will Hilberg of Newark is making a success at his Ocean View A. A. boardwalk arena in Long Branch.

Joe O'Gatty, Toms River heavyweight, showed he has recovered from an injured hand when he battered Hans Kohlhaas of Germany into a six round defeat at Irvington. O'Gatty, managed by Sam Rose of Newark, has been living at Maurice Crul's Pen-E-Bryn training camp at Sparta for three months. Joe is a great prospect.

Billy Beauhold of Jersey City, rated fifth leading lightweight by the N.B.A., outpointed Snag Trowbridge of Miami in eight rounds at Jersey City and then bested Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh in an eight at Madison Square Garden . . . . Buddy Ryan of Roselle Park continues to sweep aside all opposition. He technically stopped the promising Frank Donofrio of Philadelphia in the third at the Quaker City . . . . Pete Mascia held Mike Piskin to a draw at Long Branch and on the same card in another eight, Ralph Vona of Asbury Park started a new campaign by trouncing Andy Blasco.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Johnny Buff, former bantamweight champion of the world, is now a WPA worker in Hudson County. Buff defeated Pete Herman for the title in fifteen rounds in 1921 and lost it to Joe Lynch in New York the next year . . . . Joe Jeannette, one of the greatest fighters of all time, has a gym and garage at 534 Summit Avenue, Union City, and manages several good prospects including Freddy Caruso and Hans Kohlauss . . . . George Ward, who defeated Mickey Walker and other greats, is in the insurance business in Elizabeth . . . . Al Thoma, who handled Steve Hamas in his best fights, is trying to develop Fred Castle, a preliminary boy, who is also managed by the ex-fighter, Solly Castlelane.

Charles Roden, veteran Jersey City bantam who fought back in the 90's, works in the Hudson County engineer's office and often directs amateur exhibitions. His address is 475 Bramhall Avenue, Jersey City . . . . Dave (Ju-Ju) Kurtz, another great New Jersey fighter, is a bartender in Newark . . . . The original Jack Sharkey, not of Boston, is developing his son, Jack, Jr., as a boxer in Union City.

Harry Carlsen, Los Angeles, Cal.—The largest gate ever drawn in New Jersey was the Jack Dempsey-Georges Carpentier bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City on July 2, 1921. It drew $1,188,603, and was the third largest gate in history. Other big money matches in Jersey included Firpo-Wills, $509,135; Firpo-Willard, $430,939; Leonard-Tendler, $367,862; and the Carpentier-Levinsky bout in 1920, $120,000.

Dick O'Connor is much in demand as a capable second and trainer in North Jersey . . . . Bobby Jones is the favorite middleweight in Atlantic City fight circles . . . . Bucky Jones, former Morristown boxer, has a good prospect in Jimmy Markey of the same town. Bucky tells us that Jimmy studied for the priesthood for two years before taking up glove work . . . . Jimmy Krug is one of North Jersey's most popular managers.

Jesse Lyons is a great booster for the boxing game in New Jersey and always has a good word for those who deserve it . . . . Tony Fisher, who had a good record as a middleweight around Newark, is getting work as an extra in Hollywood . . . . Abie Bain is living at the Hotel Rose, Los Angeles . . . . Joe Grace's stable now includes Mickey Moran, Danny Tauriello, Billy Miller and Frankie Della.

Pete Van, Newark—We're sorry that we reported Buster Hardy was managed by a "phoney." The impositor mentioned tried to do business for Hardy illegitimately. Van developed Hardy from his days as an amateur and is doing a good job advancing him as a professional.

Don Johnson, Dayton, Ohio—Yes, the writer was in Miami last year for seven months. We remember seeing you fight at the Miami Beach Arena.

George Anderson, London, England—Roy Lazar, who defeated Ben Foord, Norman Baines and Eddie Wanstob in your country, is now living in Newark. You can reach him by addressing your letter in care of the writer at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Thanks very much for your comment. It was a pleasant surprise receiving a letter from a foreign country. Other foreign readers are invited to write.

The three Duca brothers of Paulsboro fought on the opening card at the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch . . . . Young Terry of Trenton was credited with a five round knockout when Joe Duca sustained a cut eye . . . . Knute Capabianco of Asbury Park and Mickey Duca fought to an eight round draw, and Johnny Duca outpointed Mickey Bottone of Red Bank in another eight . . . . The Duca boys are managed by Cliff Bent of Philadelphia but represented by Willie Gilzenberg, the bearded individual from Newark.

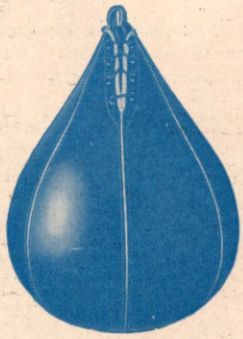
After losing half a dozen decisions, Red Cochrane finally came through a winner when he stopped Johnny Alba of the Philippines in the third round at the Adelphia A. A. in Elizabeth, but then he lost to Tony Morgano in Philadelphia and to Tippy Larkin in Long Branch.

Eddie Mader, tough New York heavyweight, fought a ten round draw with the rough Tony Galento of Orange at Ollemar Stadium, outside of Newark. The majority of fans thought Mader was entitled to the verdict. The fight drew well despite the threat of rain. Danny Sullivan, a New Jerseyan, who hibernates in Miami Beach for seven months a year, was the referee.

SPECIAL VALUES

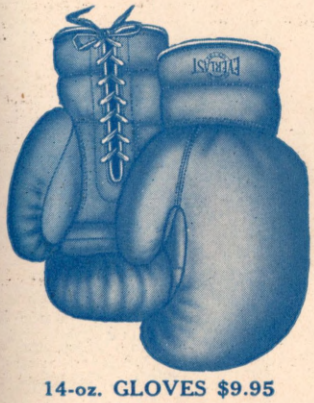
in EVERLAST EQUIPMENT

NOTE THE STRIKINGLY LOW PRICES



STRIKING BAGS $4.95

SOLID COLOR TIGHTS 59c



14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

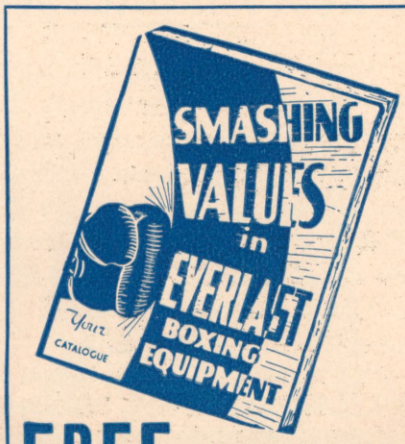
JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE	$ .39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	"	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	"	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	"	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	"	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	"	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	"	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	"	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	"	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	"	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	"	6.95
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	"	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	"	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	"	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	"	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	"	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks—				
	Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	"	.95
	Special colors to order	"		"	1.25

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

ALL C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a deposit of 35% of the amount of order.
Add 10% to cash orders for postage.
On Foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

Get Your Copy of the 1937 Record Book TODAY!

On Newsstands 35c, by Mail 40c



FREE CATALOG!

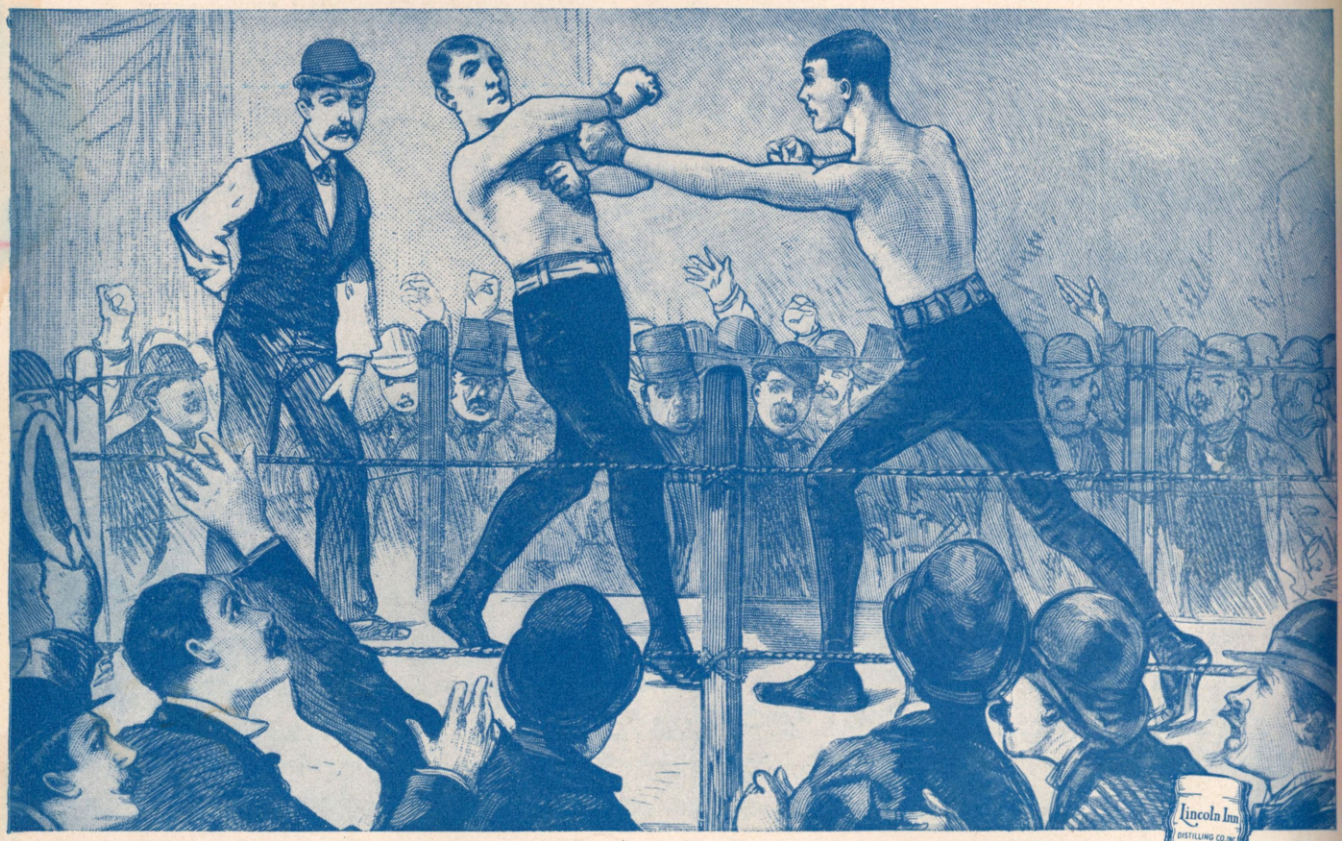
Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.

29 W 14th Street **EVERLAST** New York City

WHAT WINS PRIZE FIGHTS? RIGHT! A SMOOTH PUNCH

Smooth Punch—that's what makes a crowd stand up and roar—and a fighter stand out to win! Preliminary fighters seek it—headliners need it—a champion has it! In the ring, they pay off on *smooth punch!*

Remember when Ike Weir, featherweight champion, fought Frank Murphy for 80 rounds back in 1889? Weir retained his title.



SMOOTH PUNCH WINS IN A WHISKEY, TOO!

HERE's the record: Nearly 6,000,000* bottles of Silver Dollar Whiskey sold! And here's the reason: SMOOTH PUNCH! This fine Straight Bourbon is EXTRA mellow—sure! But *you know it's there!* Buy GOOD whiskey . . . save GOOD money . . . step UP to Silver Dollar today. You'll know then why this great whiskey won the West . . . won the East . . . and today is clicking from coast to coast!

P.S. Silver Dollar is swell in a Mint Julep!

*All Sizes.

Copyright 1937, Lincoln Inn Distilling Co., Inc.

LINCOLN INN DISTILLING CO., INC., LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

IT'S GOT A SMOOTH PUNCH!

SILVER DOLLAR

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY